THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A FAWCETT PUBLICATION FEBRUARY 1968 50 CENTS

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TRUE · THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1968

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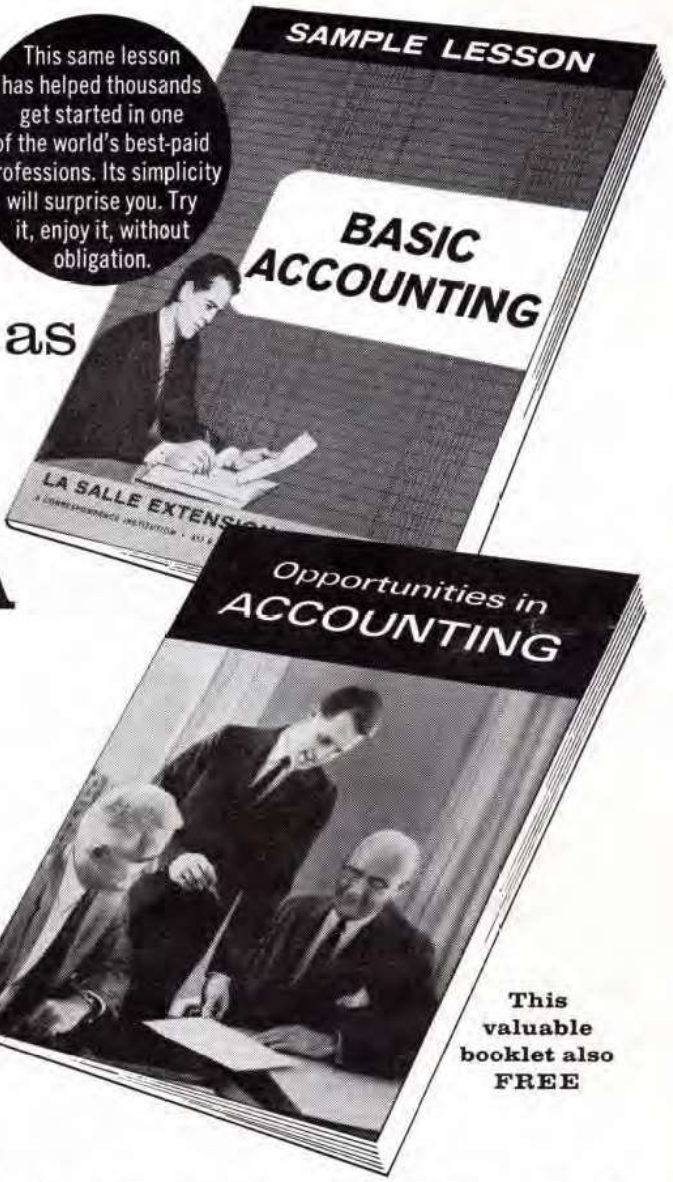

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Nudist Turkeys

Whaddya mean, "there *may* be wild turkeys in Kansas"?

The biggest turkey roost in the entire west since pioneer days has always been GOBBLERS KNOB on GOBBLE HILL beside TURKEY CREEK.

This entire area is owned now by the Kan Tan Nudist colony of Burlington, Kansas, and birds are fully protected at all times.

—Ozark Talco
Iola, Kans.

How about the nudists?

Should Auld Acquaintance

My husband and I buy your magazine every month and read and enjoy it from cover to cover. But, you are sorely lacking the main reason we began buying TRUE in the first place. What happened to the stories and articles by Daniel P. Mannix?

Mr. Mannix was a friend of my father, and that's why I began reading him years ago when he wrote *Eagle In The Bathtub*. Since then his crisp style and humor won both myself and my husband over to his delightful animal stories. We truly looked forward to his articles in TRUE. For the past six months he hasn't been there. I certainly hope nothing has happened to him to prevent his writing.

I am sure that I am only one of thousands who lament the loss of Mannix in TRUE. So please, give us more Mannix.

—Mrs. Janice Niemi
Longview, Wash.

Dan is fine. He will be with us shortly in a future issue.

Knocker Ups

Wake-up services, *Strange But True*, November issue. It's true this trade may have died in the 1880's. However, it was not properly dead, for there were a few knocker-ups around in the early 1920's—Stalybridge, Cheshire, England, being one of these towns. I can attest to this, in as much as I left Stalybridge for the U.S. in 1926, at the age of 15 years. I can well recall my father's first remark on glancing up at the skyscrapers of New York. They were "Gee how would it be to be a knocker-up in this town?"

—Joel Grundy
Lockport, N.Y.

He said it too, eh?

Soap Job

I have just finished reading in the October issue, *The Bobby Within*, by Dick Schaap. As a sell job it was very good.

It brings to mind the soap problem of today. No matter how bad the formula, all you need is to change the smell, the color of the box and the smile of the person in the ads.

In summary, shallow garbage!

—Alvin Johnson
Jacksonville, Fla.

Ice Breaker

Your coverage of Coast Guard ice breakers in the December issue, I thought excellent and compliment you upon this good bit of exposure for the Coast Guard. The pictures certainly turned out well and I want to particularly again thank you on their behalf. . . .

—True Davis
Asst. Sec. of the Treasury
Washington, D.C.

Calendar Age

I am writing in reference to your November, 1967, edition of TRUE. I refer to *Man to Man Answers* on page 98 of that edition.

Your article discusses the science of dendrochronology and its reliability in providing us with a calendar for years past.

You state that living trees can extend back only several hundred years. The Bristlecone Pines, which were found only as recently as 1958 by Dr. Edmund Schulman from the University of Arizona, are live trees and have been found to date back 4,600 years. This is approximately 1,000 years older than the oldest Redwood. . . .

—Robert M. Dillon
Bishop, Calif.

Jacks and Jills

In regard to the article on "Jackaroos" on page 96 of the October '67 edition, I wish to put you right on a few points.

First, the term cowboy does not apply to any station hands in Australia, as these men are called stockmen (among whom our aboriginals stand out).

Second, a jackaroo is a person who lives in the manager's home, having all meals, etc., with the manager, not with the rest of the station hands. He is learning the job of managing a station. Lately there has been a move of women to take on the same job. These are called Jillaroos.

Please keep up the good work which your magazine does as I look forward to your magazine arriving here every month.

—J. A. McQuillan
Queensland, Australia

Bosom Boom

When I read Ralph Lee Smith's article *All The Twiggys Want to be Sophia* (November), I wondered how many readers were not paying any attention to the continued line and found themselves reading the next page, which column is headed *Prize of the Peaks?*

—Lee Eyolfson
Vancouver, Canada

Bravo! I'm in complete agreement with Dr. Saul: ". . . men are looking for worth and for personality, not for physical perfection. . . ."

In next month's issue, let's see a four-page color spread of women showing off their "worth and personality."

—Mrs. 34-A
New York, N.Y.

Just finished the article concerning the problems of flat-chested women and the profitable quackery it produces. They think *they* have problems! At least they can buy padded bras to boost their morale.

How about an article concerning help for the overendowed girl and woman?

—Name withheld at writer's request
Hollywood, Fla.

[*Continued on page 4*]

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19-4

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OFFERED IN CASH PRIZES THIS YEAR!

That's right . . . if you had been a member of our **Puzzle Lovers Club,** you could have won thousands of dollars. This year, our Club is offering a minimum of $100,000.00 in cash awards to Club members just for solving puzzles in their leisure time . . . IN THEIR OWN HOMES.

Each month, people like yourself, who love to solve puzzles, but never before won any money, share in the fun and excitement of our contests and walk away with cash prizes that add up to many thousands of dollars. Yes, these winners have used their "tickets" to fame and fortune . . . AND SO CAN YOU!

Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** winners are people just like yourself . . . men and women who never believed that they could have the kind of money paid to sports, TV and movie stars. Our gifted winners have used their cash prizes to do the things they've always dreamed about . . . pay off the mortgage, take a long vacation, start a farm, buy a new wardrobe, install air conditioning, buy a new house, pay old debts.

Here are just a few of thousands of winners: Over $1,000.00 in cash to a Maryland fan; $2,500.00 cash award to a Colorado gentleman; $1,250.00 cash to a San Diego contestant; more than $2,500.00 to a Pennsylvania Puzzle Lover.

How would you feel if you won $5,000.00? "It's a thrill that comes just once in a lifetime," said Mrs. Carl Mouness of La Crescenta, Calif., as she received her cash prize. Men and women of all ages have won tremendous cash awards from our **Puzzle Lovers Club.**

How do they do it? They are members of the world's only puzzle club that holds regularly scheduled competitions and offers cash prizes to winners. Membership in our Club offers you the fun and excitement of puzzle solving, educational information on how to use language and words, the opportunity of winning thousands of dollars each month PLUS extra bonus puzzles each year with prizes ranging all the way up to $100,000.00. Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** limits competition and awards to members only. Our membership is kept small, so that your pleasure, excitement and cash prizes are B-I-G!

Not all of our puzzles and clues are easy. Our Teenie-Weenie puzzles are . . . our word-building contests and statement competitions aren't. But, if you are over 18, you may have the talent to win up to $100,000.00.

Frances Nation, Puzzle Lovers Club winner from Oklahoma City, was overjoyed as she received her $305.88 award. "I'm gleefully capering over your generous check," she said when her cash prize arrived.

"Thank you for that beautiful $1,400.00 check," was the way Sue Repetto, Fort Worth, Tex., reacted to news of her victory. "I'm still in a state of shock," she said over her huge Puzzle Lovers Club winnings.

$1,583.33 in cash went to club member Josephine Wible, Lincoln, Neb. This happy contest winner exclaimed . . . "Thanks again for your promptness. A long-wished-for-trip is now possible."

"I felt that I had a winner," wrote Robert Dallons, Aurora, Colo. He's a contestant who was awarded a $2,500.00 cash prize for his skill in our Puzzle Lovers Club competitions.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TRY OUR CONTESTS AND SEE HOW MUCH YOU CAN WIN EACH MONTH

Don't send a penny . . . see if you have the talent to win . . . right in the privacy of your own home. Your "tickets" to fortune offer you a FREE sample copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper** . . . AT NO COST TO YOU! As a member of our Club, you can look forward to fun, excitement, thrills and education. You'll enjoy fascinating hours of friendly competition with men and women like yourself.

AND YOU'LL HAVE DOZENS OF OPPORTUNITIES TO WIN EXTRA CASH IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

There is no obligation to enter our contests. If you decide to compete for our money, there's nothing to buy, no jingles to write, no boxtops to send. WHEN YOU WIN, THE MONEY IS IN YOUR HANDS WITHIN ONE WEEK. No other contest group in the world pays you faster than our **Puzzle Lovers Club.** Discover how you, too, may cash in by doing our puzzles in your leisure time.

Clip your "ticket" to EXTRA MONEY right now! You may receive your first BIG CASH PRIZE in just a few weeks.

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Please print and include Zip Code

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

☐ If you are under 18, check here for complimentary prize Booklet A.

19-4

WIN EXTRA CASH IN YOUR OWN HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

THIS COUPON FOR A FRIEND

Edna B. Dupler, Millersport, Ohio, walked away with $500.00 in Puzzle Lovers Club contest cash. "My friends said I was wasting my time," wrote Mrs. Dupler. "I gave them a surprise when I showed them that check."

WIN CASH

MAIL NOW

SING THE BELLS on Archive.org

[*Continued from page 2*]

TRIP TALK

I am thoroughly disgusted when I read in magazine after magazine about Timothy O'Leary, the so called "Guru" of the "hippie" cult. My friends are flower children. I am considered a flower child. We think of Mr. O'Leary as a dirty old man who is terribly unhip. He's merely trying to put his trip on other people.

—Jann Tuohy
San Diego, Calif.

Marihuana? I doubt it . . .

I'm afraid I must disagree with one small error that was made in the article, *High Priest of the Happy Hippies* (November TRUE). Someone made the big mistake of saying marihuana is a hallucinogenic drug. Marihuana does not, in any way, cause hallucinations. *No* person who has "turned on" with marihuana can honestly say it caused hallucinations. Marihuana is mostly a relaxant which one uses to unwind after a long hard day. It is also a way of letting one release his emotions. One is also able to think clearly, and work or reason any matter more wisely than if he were not under its influence. Marihuana is of no harm to anyone who is willing to spend five to 10 years in a state prison working off a FELONY.

—Michelle G.
Claremont, Calif.

I thought your article on Timothy Leary and LSD was quite good, mostly because you reported the facts and let Leary speak for himself.

However, it my understanding that neither of the studies mentioned in the article indicated that hereditary damage resulted from the reported chromosome breakage. Indeed, I believe, in at least one of the studies the researcher took pains to say that there was no evidence at this time that such damage could be inherited. Further, two separate studies in San Francisco by researchers with credentials certainly equal to the aforementioned scientists, turned up no chromosomal damage at all from LSD ingestion. Obviously more research is needed.

—Samuel Case
Berkeley, Calif.

Leary himself summed up the whole article (*High Priest of the Happy Hippies*) in part of his quote on page 86:

". . . if you start contending with an insane person you may become insane." He's right. I wouldn't touch *him* with a 10-foot pole.

—Thomas E. McCluskey
Westlake, La.

From the description given of the effects produced by LSD, it does not appear to open up a world any more colorful or grotesque than does a jug of good old mule sweat which in addition to all of LSD's attractions produces a herd of varicolored elephants.

Leary should open up as a sideline an employment agency and secure employment for his houseful of enthusiastic followers. If he did this he might of course have one hell of a time finding them.

—Fred L. Hadley
Chicago, Ill.

SHARPSHOOTERS

On page 64 of your November issue of TRUE, *Hunters, How Do You Travel?* the greenhorn on the left is going to have one devil of a time trying to find his game through that rifle scope, since it's mounted Bass-Ackward. . . .

—Johnny Martinez Jr.
Santa Rosa, N.M.

You goofed. The 4X-12X Redfield scope on the Sako rifle is mounted backward.

—Harold Houston
New York, N.Y.

The "cowboy" hunter of your November issue is obviously a neophyte. Someone had better tell him, before he sets forth in quest of the elusive buck, that the Redfield scope which adorns his Sako Sporter is on backward. . . .

—Craig H. Rasmussen
Reedley, Calif.

You *have* to be kidding! Otherwise, how could anyone who handles rifles and scopes mount a scope backward. . . .

—George Wyatt
Borger, Tex.

.deciton ydaerla d'eW .enoyreve, sknahT

TRUE LOVE

Thanks for accepting my subscription to TRUE. My husband and I were recently divorced. Although I don't miss him very much, I did miss his TRUE.

Please withhold my name because I might be foolish enough to try again and the fellow will have to be a TRUE reader.

—Name withheld at writer's request
Hutchinson, Kans.

TRUE HATE

WISCONSIN FEDERATION OF WOMENS CLUBS REPRESENTING 23,000 MEMBERS STRONGLY OBJECTS TO YOUR PUBLISHING AVANT GARDE AD AND COUPONS.

—Mrs. R. V. Anderson
East Roy, Wis.

And TRUE's 5,000,000 male readers strongly object to the Wisconsin Federation of Womens Clubs for sending such a stupid telegram.

MOON SHOT

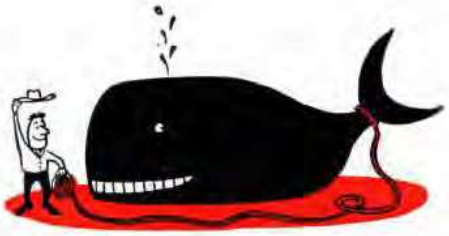
I have read with much interest Anthony Brown's article regarding the Apollo Moon Shot.

In this connection, the sole stated purpose of the moon shot program is to put a man on the moon before the Russians do. Since the NASA people are convinced that the Russians are out of the race, the whole purpose of the moon shot has gone down the drain. Therefore, further expenditures in this connection are inexcusable, if they were justified in the first place. I took it upon myself to inquire of 100 people their interest in this moon shot stunt. Inquiries ranged from gas-station attendants to the president of a $20 million industrial complex and their interest was *nil*, and if I had told them that they had already paid $330.00 *average* for every employed person in the United States, they would have been decidedly opposd to it. The only persons who showed the faintest interest were several on the NASA payroll.

This moon shot business is not imbecilic, it's criminal.

Our schoolteachers are paid less than truck drivers, our police departments are inadequate, because we can't afford better, but we can spend $23 billion on a damn-fool stunt simply to "beat the Russians" who have sense enough to quit.

—Carl Morey
Milwaukee, Wisc.



WHALE OF A STORY

Regarding a story that appeared in the December issue called, *The Damnedest Fish Story Ever*—while I would be the first to admit that it was quite an achievement, I believe that I could top that with a story of a whale that I caught by lassoing it from the beach in California back in 1949-50. I once lassoed an eagle while I was responding to an emergency call from an old lady in Imperial Beach, California—but that's another story.

—Sidney Robbins
Queens, N.Y.

We got to talk to that old lady!

GALLONAGE GAME

I beg to differ with your viewpoint on games in *It's A Man's World* (Oct.). I'm a service-station operator leasing a station from a company that has outlets in six states. Our game not only increased our gas business, but also gained us some new customers. If it made us more money, it also helped our company. You say instead of the games, why not knock off 1/10 of a cent on gas? People are funny. Give them a dollar out of your pocket on the driveway and they are happy. Knock off 1/10 of a cent on gas and they would never notice it.

Our games were such a success our company extended the deadline twice. As soon as the game ended, there was a noticeable drop-off of gallonage. Now the company is renewing the game for eight weeks this fall.

So the next time your service-station man hands you a piece of "litter," it may be worth looking at!

—John Schanbacher
Kokomo, Ind.

PATS . . .

I must compliment you on the beautiful layout which accompanies the Roy Bongartz article, *If Nuclear War Ever Comes*, in your October issue. I can see that our time in helping you to prepare the piece was certainly not wasted. It is a very good one.

—Lt. Col. C. J. Matthiessen
Dir. Pub. Inf.
NORAD, Ent AFB, Colo.

It looks as if TRUE's piece on Tellett's wild horses (April 67) has paid off. Present indications are that the Bureau of Land Management has done an about face. Its new policy calls for working with local groups to preserve as many of the remaining mustangs in the West as possible. TRUE certainly deserves part of the credit.

—Charles Remsberg
Evanston, Ill.

And so does author Remsberg.

. . . AND PUNCHES

Ron Smith's *How To Lose A Draw—Twice* in the October issue is loaded with misinformation and distortions.

For one thing, I didn't "holler, jump up and down and turn red in the face," as Mr. Smith wrote, when the first Dick Tiger-Wilfie Greaves British Empire middleweight title bout in Edmonton was called a draw. So far as a recheck of the officials' scorecards was concerned, it was the local Boxing Commissioner who wanted it, and it was he who learned of the error.

If Mr. Smith had finished his yarn, he'd have mentioned that Dick Tiger and I went back to Edmonton, five months later, for a return match with Greaves. There was no chance of a decision going astray this time. Tiger annihilated Greaves and battered him into a ninth-round defeat.

—Jersey Jones
Garfield, N.J.

"I'll talk to you later, John wants his supper now."

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY ALAN HYND

THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T LOSE

■ Back in the fall of 1941, Morris Newburger, a New York stockbroker who loved a laugh, thought it would be great fun to invent a football team and have its imaginary victories recorded in the sports sections of the Sunday *Times* and *Herald-Tribune*. So, on the afternoon of Saturday, October 11, Newburger phoned the two papers with news of a 12-0 victory by nonexistent Plainfield (New Jersey) Teachers College over mythical Scott.

Newburger didn't make the papers the next day, or the following Sunday, either. On his third try, though, Newburger currently president of Newburger, Loeb & Company, succeeded. Both the *Times* and the *Trib* dutifully recorded Plainfield Teachers' 35-0 triumph over Newburger's dreamed-up Winona.

Now, savoring success, the stocks-and-bonds merchant went into high gear. He had a special phone installed in his office and when it rang, he identified himself as Jerry Croyden, publicity man for the Plainfield Teachers Athletic Association. Fancy stationery carried word to the sports departments of all New York newspapers about Johnny Chung, Plainfield's triple-threat Chinese halfback, and the coach, Hurry Up Hoblitzel, who had created a unique formation with the effect of supplying an extra man to the backfield.

The *Times*, the *Trib* and the A.P. ran Plainfield's November 1 35-0 drubbing of fictional Randolph. It was during this victory that Chung, whom Newburger was now calling the Celestial Comet, ran roughshod over the opposition and prompted Herb Allan, in the New York *Post*, to write: "Johnny Chung, Plainfield Teachers' Chinese sophomore halfback, has accounted for 57 of the 98 points scored by his unbeaten and untied team in four starts. If the Jersey dons don't watch out he may pop up in Chiang Kai-shek's offensive department one of these days."

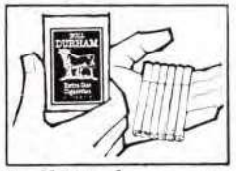
The *Times* of November 9 recorded Plainfield Teachers' 13-0 drubbing of mythical Ingersoll under Football Scores—College—right along with Notre Dame's 20-13 victory over Navy. But Morris Newburger and his co-jokers began to guffaw too loudly in their expensive wateringholes. Some curious character on *Time*, the weekly news magazine, heard the horselaughs, did a little research and phoned the Plainfield Chamber of Commerce. The result was that Newburger, who was getting his mythical squad all set for the final games of the season with Appalachian Teachers and Harmony Teachers, was exposed in *Time's* issue dated November 17, 1941.

Caswell Adams, noted *Herald-Tribune* sportswriter, more sorry than angry, had this to say to the deceived readers:

Far above New Jersey's swamplands
Plainfield Teachers' spires
Mark a phantom phony college
That got on the wires.
Perfect record made on paper
Imaginary team!
Hail to thee, our ghostly college,
Product of a dream!

Pick up an "extra-six" pack.

Bull Durham Filters are rolled thicker to smoke slower. So slow smoking it's like getting five or six extra cigarettes in every pack.



Bull Durham says: "Don't Rush Me."

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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EXPERTS FIND

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Most men and women over 65 already know that Medicare will not pay all their hospital, medical and surgical bills. They realize they need *added* protection to supplement Medicare and avoid an expensive loss. More about that later.

But few people *under* 65 realize that they, too, can gain from Medicare. A little-known part of the new Medicare law gives people a much bigger tax deduction on their health insurance premiums, starting this year. This means that your health insurance can end up costing you less.

And now you can *also* get a revolutionary new kind of "sick pay" plan that *returns money to you* when you no longer need the protection because of Medicare and Social Security.

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FEB.—TRUE—"B"

in this corner

NOT GUILTY!

BY JERRY IZENBERG

It started with the dog. She was a big Dalmatian bitch with a brain the size of a pea. She also had weak kidneys. Every time you looked at her and said something very deep and significant like "hello, dog," she sighed and dropped a puddle. Dalmatians drop very large puddles.

"She does it because she loves you," the vet explained.

"Tell her to hate me a little. It wouldn't hurt her."

"No," the vet smiled. He always smiled just before he collected the fee. "It's simply that she knows you don't like her and she's trying to make you feel guilty."

So I felt guilty, which was par for the course because that's how she got into the house in the first place. It started with this newspaper article, written by one of the great nonminds, about how every kid needs a dog, and a father who would deprive a son of a dog must bear the guilt for what follows. So I rushed out and bought a dog, and never mind whether the kids even wanted one.

We kept the dog and we kept cleaning the carpet until one night when the dog went nuts. She absolutely blew her mind. Every time a car drove by she sat up on her hind legs and howled. My wife felt guilty.

"She's keeping the neighbors awake."

"She's doing a pretty good job with us, too."

"Somebody might be sick. You have to quiet her down."

So we considered others. I sat up with the dog; we couldn't let the kids do it because it was too late and we would have felt guilty about that. And every time a car went by I said "good dog" and then I had to clean up the mess because the cleaning woman was coming the next day and I would have felt guilty about that too.

Several hours later, as the sun rose and I was running out of towels, I made the decision which is really the point of all this. I decided I was never going to feel guilty again and I was going to start by not feeling guilty about the kids not having a dog, which was exactly what was about to happen as soon as I could find a pair of pants.

Well, that was a year ago and the kids are now age nine and five. They have not run away to the Village to become flower children so I have to feel that I am on the right track.

The trouble with most of us is that we've been brainwashed by an elite corps of unqualified, pompous snake-oil salesmen whose names read like the bottom of a can of vegetable soup when you drop the commas between their b.a.,m.a.,phd. They call themselves psychologists and sociologists, and their credo, their advice and even their daily bread stems from one catchall panacea:

"When in doubt, feel guilt."

My son sucks his thumb. I took him off the breast too soon. Like hell I did. I don't even own one.

The world is insane today and it's my fault, the college kids say. I, along with the rest of my generation, am responsible for The Bomb. The hell I am. Nobody came over to my house to borrow a cup of heavy water.

Joyce Brothers and the rest of the syndicated finger pointers tell me that I am too busy trying to pay for luxuries like a home and a car and my income tax to take my kids duck hunting and make them pals. In the first place, I have grown accustomed to sleeping in a bed at night. It beats park benches all to hell. In the second place, I don't want to make pals of my kids. I want to make kids of them. And in the third place, if I ever decide to go hunting it won't be for ducks. It will be for all those creeps who try to blame me for the state the world is in—and I won't miss.

I am sorry that Johnny can't read. My son's name is Robby and he reads two grades above his age level. If Johnny can't read, then go tell Johnny's old man or better still tell Johnny's teacher. I may be laboring under a great misapprehension but somehow I got the idea that it's her job to teach him.

I am sorry about Viet Nam. Sorry is a bad word, but things being what they are it's the best word I can use. I am sorry and I will vote for any man who can get us out of there with any intelligent kind of plan. But I am not dropping napalm on anyone before breakfast and I am not telling anyone to drop napalm on anybody else and nobody is going to point their finger at me as an imperialist—not unless they hand me a thousand shares of A.T.&T. and pay the commission in the bargain.

As long as I can do whatever I am capable of doing, I am never going to feel guilty about anything again. The juvenile minds, which for some strange reason are much listened to these days, chant over and over:

"Never trust anyone over 30."

Well, I am sorry to disappoint them by continuing to eat, breathe and live, but I am long past 30 and I refuse to feel ever-lasting guilt because of that inescapable fact. And to lay it on the line right here, I will add that my rule of thumb is quite simple. I never—but absolutely never—trust anyone who is *under* 35.

Finally, because it always seems to come around to this these days, I would address a word to Messrs. Stokely Carmichael, Herbert Rap Brown and Friends.

Not long ago I watched Mr. Brown on television and he was pointing his finger at the screen and he was saying that he was in some kind of war and apparently I was the enemy. Each time he shrieked he used the word "honkie."

I must confess that it's difficult to disavow guilt in this case, since I cannot be sure that even he is sure what the hell he is saying. At first I thought he was calling me a taxi cab but upon sober reflection I realize that there must surely be some more mystical meaning.

At any rate, he apparently is under the impression that in some way I am guilty of whatever it is that is troubling him. This puzzles me. I do not own a business so I cannot hire anyone . . . white, red, yellow or black. Neither house on either side of me is for sale, but if one should be I believe that whoever buys it is the business of the owner and the buyer . . . nobody else. As long as the new neighbor doesn't own a Dalmatian, he is perfectly welcome as far as I am concerned.

In short, I really haven't done anything to make life difficult for anyone. There was a moment, I'll admit, when he had me wondering until he began to run on about what my grandfather had done to his grandfather.

It won't play, Herbie baby. On the night in question, my grandfather was trying to keep from getting his tail cut off by the Czar in Minsk.

Maybe it was Joyce Brothers's grandfather.

JERRY IZENBERG IS A SYNDICATED SPORTS COLUMNIST WHOSE OPINIONS GO BEYOND HIS REGULAR FIELD.

trueviews: movies books records

movies

HOW I WON THE WAR. This sharp satire on war is bound to be extremely controversial. It teeters from hilarity to gruesomeness as it details the adventures of a squad of British soldiers. They are sent behind German lines to build a cricket field in anticipation of an English victory. Michael Crawford and John Lennon are fine. It's in dubious taste, of course, but nevertheless, it's very good.

FESTIVAL. For three years, Murray Lerner attended the Newport Folk Festival and photographed the performers on and off stage, singing, talking, kidding, explaining what folk music is and/or means to them. Now he has assembled the footage into a vivid documentary. Among the cast: Peter, Paul and Mary, Odetta, Bob Dylan, Joan Baez.

Raquel: One of a sexy quartet.

THE QUEENS. This souffle collapses almost right away, wasting a quartet of lovely ladies in the process. A four-part film, it exploits four types of females. Monica Vitti, Raquel Welch, Claudia Cardinale and Capucine are the subjects. Each segment takes half an hour to tell a five-minute joke. Forget it.

CHAPPAQUA. Conrad Rooks is a 33-year-old man who, until five years ago, was a drug addict.This film is a semiautobiographical re-creation of his detoxification and, presumably, his vision of life. It is pretentious, dull and amateurish. The lead is played by Rooks himself; he is awful. William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg also appear.

THE COMEDIANS. It's good to see a film that deals frankly with a modern political situation. Graham Greene's novel about Haiti has been converted into a blunt movie that names names and doesn't mince any words about the dictatorship of terror there. The story, about people trying to live and love in the midst of it, is absorbing. Richard Burton is excellent as a reluctant hero; Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Ustinov and Alec Guinness also star.

LIVE FOR LIFE. Yves Montand portrays a French TV journalist in this meandering love story. Though he's married, he has a succession of mistresses, but when he meets Candice Bergen he decides to stop the merry-go-round. He divorces his wife, who then rediscovers the world and likes it; meanwhile, the two lovers are miserable. Eventually Yves is alone, but . . . well, it's a love story.

books

THE INSTRUMENT by John O'Hara. America's best short-story writer insists on writing novels, which never quite seem to come off. This one is about a starving playwright who suddenly embraces success and his leading lady, but then flees to the simple joys of small-town life. Though unable to love, he has no trouble falling into bed with several ladies, to no point. *Random House; $5.95.*

REPORT FROM IRON MOUNTAIN with introductory material by Leonard C. Lewin. This book is subtitled "on the possibility and desirability of peace" and purports to be a suppressed study by a government group. It claims that the military is "the principal basis of organization" for society, and goes on from there to dissect the effects of permanent peace. Whether truth or clumsy satire, it's so dull that it's unreadable. *Dial; $5.00.*

THAILAND: THE WAR THAT IS, THE WAR THAT WILL BE by Louis E. Lomax. The author went to Thailand recently and came back convinced that the U.S. will fight its next war there. The Communists have already begun operations. There are things for them to exploit—corruption, a military dictatorship and ethnic strife. An extremely thought-provoking book. *Random House; $5.95.*

THE NEW TIGERS by Herbert Molloy Mason, Jr. To become a jet fighter pilot, a man must put in a grueling year of work and training after rigorous mental and physical tests. When he finishes, he's in a class by himself. This is an account of what he goes through; much of it is too technical, but there are many times when the joy of flying flares up. *David McKay; $6.95.*

YOUNG STATESMAN by Randolph S. Churchill. This second volume in Winston Churchill's biography affirms the project as a continuing triumph. It covers 1901-14, when Churchill was a member of Parliament. During that time, he racked up an impressive record, wrote a brilliant biography of his famous father (as his son is now doing), and married "Miss Clementine." Wonderfully readable throughout. *Houghton Mifflin; $10.00.*

records

CAMELOT. This sound track of the current movie musical is a gem. The Lerner and Loewe score is nicely sung by Richard Harris as King Arthur, Vanessa Redgrave as his Queen and Franco Nero as Sir Lancelot. Such memorable numbers as "The Simple Joys of Maidenhood" and "How to Handle a Woman" are performed with polish. *Warner Bros.*

NERO-ING IN ON THE HITS. Peter Nero will apparently try anything; now he has bent his considerable pianistic talent to the service of several current hit songs. Things like "A Whiter Shade of Pale," "Alfie" and "Music to Watch Girls By" gain a new and exciting lease on life. *RCA Victor.*

FILL MY HEART WITH SONG. Annie Ross, formerly of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, is a singer of intelligence and sensitivity. On this album, she sings "Love for Sale," "Let Me Love You," "Limehouse Blues" and others straightforwardly and beautifully. *Decca.*

THE ARTISTRY OF CARLOS MONTOYA. The master of the flamenco guitar has never been in better form. Here he plays fandangos, folk airs and improvisations on classic themes with fiery vigor. *United Artists.*

THE TURNING POINT. In 1943 Woody Herman led "The Band That Played the Blues," but he was looking for a new frontier; he found it when he assembled a driving brass section that spearheaded the First Herd. This reissue spans both. "Basie's Basement," "Perdido" and "Cherry" stand out. *Decca.*

RAFAEL MENDEZ AND LAURINDO ALMEIDA TOGETHER. This unique album pairs a superb trumpeter and a magnificent guitarist. It's a combination that pares 10 lovely, classical Spanish melodies down to softly effective essentials. Don't miss this one. *Decca.*

CHUCK BERRY LIVE AT FILLMORE AUDITORIUM. This guy is "the big daddy of them all"—Elvis Presley, the Beatles and many other such singers acknowledge a debt to Berry. He sings rocking blues that can be raucous or smooth, and plays a wicked guitar. The standouts are "C. C. Rider," "Flyin' Home" and "Johnny B. Good." *Mercury.*

MY HEART CRIES FOR YOU. Connie Francis resurrects a batch of standards, mostly country and western songs, and gives them fresh vitality. Songs like "Anytime," "The Wayward Wind" and the title tune soar on the wings of her distinctive voice. *MGM.*

RESPECT. Jimmy Smith is a swinging jazz organist who really pulls out all the stops. He roars, rolls and riffs through five tunes, including "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" and "Get Out of My Life." He's great. *Verve.*

THAN WHOM NONE GREATER. Charles Aznavour, France's top troubador, sings of many things, but they all end up relating to love. If his view of love is a little cynical, well, it's better than some of the sentimental glop we hear all the time. He sings in French, but the realities are universal. *Reprise.*

YESTERDAY'S GONE. The Montfort Mission is a new folk-singing group; it's composed of five young Catholic seminarians, and they sing and play quite well. Their songs are contemporary and humanistic and very good. (One, "H.R. 11000," takes a satirical look at the rat-control bill.) *Reprise.*

PANDEMONIUM SHADOW SHOW. Salute a new rock 'n' roll singer named Nilsson—he has a decent haircut and is a good singer to boot. Half of the songs on this album were written by him; they're cleverly wry. Highlights: "She's Leaving Home," "Freckles" and "She Sang Hymns Out of Tune." *RCA Victor.*

THREE GREAT VIOLIN CONCERTOS. This fine three-record set features master violinist Nathan Milstein playing the concertos of Brahms, Beethoven and Tchaikovsky to perfection, extracting every ounce of excitement and lyricism from each. *Angel.*

LIVE BURLESQUE LIVE. This is a re-creation of an old-fashioned burlesque show, complete with tired, dirty jokes and sexy music. Unfortunately, what made burlesque interesting —ecdysiasts—is missing. Which leaves us nothing much. *United Artists.*

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TRUE's Who

BY LARRY L. KING

he pounds the gavel of war

L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the potent House Armed Services Committee, may seem a courtly southern gentleman. But question the Viet Nam war, boy, and you'll feel this old hawk's angry claws—ya hear?

■ You can picture L. (for Lucius) Mendel Rivers as an old-fashioned evangelist, bouncing from crossroads to hamlet to creek fork at the head of some dusty caravan laden with hymnbooks and folding chairs, deriding Sin and offering Salvation, his lungs powerful in prayer, his ice-blue eyes flashing Old Testament furies. He has the hair for the role: A white, flowing mane that would do credit to Senator Claghorn or the ancient prophets; and he has the voice range: A soft, deceptive croon, full of exaggerated Old South courtliness when all is well, or a harsh, accusing, back-bench whoop when he hears the heathen at the gates. "There are only two ideologies in the world," Mendel Rivers once shouted. "One is represented by Jesus Christ and the other by the hammer and sickle." Not Billy Sunday, Sen. Joe McCarthy, or the CIA ever offered a clearer choice.

For all his proselytizing zeal, Hon. Mendel Rivers of Charleston, South Carolina, is no evangelist in the theological sense. His temple is the United States Capitol; his pulpit is a richly-draped suite in the massive, marble Rayburn House Office Building, equipped with secret scrambler devices and 007-ish electronic doodads meant to foil wiretappers or other perils to the Republic. As chairman of the 40-man House Armed Services Committee, Rivers is one of the most powerful men in Washington, if not in all the world.

Rivers presides over the Congressional unit that more directly affects the U.S. military establishment than any other. He knows all our military secrets worth knowing, influences the spending of up to 79 *billion* war-marked dollars each year, and wields a big stick in shaping U.S. weaponry systems. Born 62 years ago in tiny Berkeley County, South Carolina (not to be confused with that *other* Berkeley where they speak sedition, smoke LSD or whatever they do with it, and refuse to shave), the old country boy can panic the Pentagon simply by picking up the telephone and softly saying his own name.

The Viet Nam war is his main obsession. At a time when public men are assigned the roles of doves or hawks according to their Viet Nam predilections, Mendel Rivers is clearly the nation's "Number One

At White House meeting with LBJ and aides, Rivers blasts off about Administration policy in Viet Nam.

Admiral Rickover and Rivers both favor nuclear fleet.

Secretary McNamara was a favorite Rivers' target.

His whisper can make official Washington jump

Hawk." Nobody, not even Barry Goldwater, has so persistently insisted on total victory *now* and nobody has recommended more exotic punishments for the minions of Ho Chi Minh.

Rivers has about as much use for international subtleties as a pig does for a nose bob. He recommends massive air strikes not only at Hanoi but "at *every* target in Viet Nam." He would ram any "so-called Russian fishing trawlers" violating U.S. territorial waters by so much as an inch, would blockade North Viet Nam ports, and in general would pour in whatever men, machines, and sophisticated weapons of war that may be needed to "win." If China or the Soviet Union doesn't like it—well, let them lump it. Damn-the-torpedoes-and-all-that.

Rivers is in no way content with U.S. efforts in Viet Nam to date. To the embarrassment of his own party and his President, the South Carolina Democrat has derided what he calls our "no-win policy." He travels coast to coast making speeches that he hopes will arouse the public to demand quick and total victory. He is vexed when Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, ex-ambassadors to Viet Nam Henry Cabot Lodge and Maxwell Taylor, or other Johnson Administration agents return from their periodic visits to the war zone oozing optimism. "They paint a false picture," Rivers insists. "The people hear their rosy predictions and think 'Oh, the war's gonna be over soon' and then it drags on and on."

Last August, slightly more than a year away from the 1968 Presidential elections, Congressman Rivers announced a full-scale probe of the conduct of the Viet Nam War by his Armed Services Committee. The Republican National Committee couldn't have been happier, nor the Democrats more chagrined.

When Mendel Rivers is aroused he does not trouble to call a spade by its Latin name. This year alone the congressman has thwarted LBJ (on the President's attempt to choose Selective Service draftees strictly by lottery), has several times reinforced his right to the title of "the man who battles McNamara," and has attacked more targets personally obnoxious to him than has the Israeli Air Force.

Among persons, places and things condemned by Mendel Rivers' sharp tongue are such diverse objects of wrath as Stokely Carmichael ("that pip-squeak . . . that foreign-born ingrate"), Charles de Gaulle ("egomaniacal"), the Washington *Post* (a newspaper Rivers accuses of "burning the Constitution"), the Department of Justice ("hasn't got the nerve" to prosecute draft-card burners and flag defilers), Ho Chi Minh (general principles), Martin Luther King (ditto), Pulitzer Prize Cartoonist Herblock (". . . people who will disseminate unfair and untruthful information in cartoons or otherwise are engaged in a conscious effort to give aid and comfort to the enemy"), "bearded beatniks," the Supreme Court

of the United States, "those children who make decisions in the Pentagon," *two* Attorneys General of the United States, much of Newark, New Jersey, and —for all I know—the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conducting.

It is axiomatic that such a man must gather enemies as a Rolling Stone gathers narcotics agents. Columnist Drew Pearson has often charged in print that Congressman Rivers is, among other undesirable things, a hopeless drunk whose weekend benders leave his plush carpets littered with empty bottles. "I don't trust that man," departing Defense Secretary McNamara once blurted of Rivers in a private moment. "He'll stab me in the back the first chance he gets." Almost every civil-rights leader worth the salt that goes in his wounds has counterattacked the South Carolinian. "Doves," of course, would like to peck his goddam eyes out.

Few powerful men are without friends at court, however, and Mendel Rivers is no exception. The Joint Chiefs of Staff love him for his war is their war and war is their business. Organizations describing themselves as patriotic have caused his office walls to be decorated with plaques and scrolls as have many units representing the U.S. military, both active and retired.

Not all of Rivers' battles have been popular with the military, however. In 1960 he became convinced that our military airlift capabilities were dangerously inadequate. Pentagon powers, however, did not seem overly concerned. Neither did the Federal Aviation Agency, which Rivers tried to interest, because its primary concern was with commercial airlines and those lines were happy with existing cargo planes. "Nobody was doing any future planning for airlifts," Rivers remembers. "Not a dime was being marked for research and development."

When the Defense Department's new budget contained no funds for airlift improvements, Rivers was enraged. "I'll tell you what my mother told me when she gave me a dose of medicine," the congressman scolded a high-ranking Pentagon civilian, "and that is 'you've got to choke this down whether you like it or not. It's good for what ails you.' "

Curiously, what Rivers was threatening to choke the fellow with was money. Public hearings—plus a certain number of scathing lectures from Rivers and an embarrassing newspaper story or two convinced Pentagon wheels that the country-boy congressman might be right. Still, it was Mendel Rivers more than the Pentagon that wangled $250 million from the Military Appropriations Committee toward beginning development of a larger, faster, more sophisticated airlift craft.

Though Rivers' carping against conduct of the Viet Nam war has sometimes caused Lyndon B. Johnson to lose the nation's most famous temper, he has friends in the White House. Lady Bird Johnson is grateful to Rivers because (after a South Carolina crowd heckled her in the 1964 campaign) he stood deep in Goldwater Country to rebuke his own constituents for failing to act like southern ladies and gentlemen. And for all his patented Dixiecrat ravings against "Washington bureaucrats," the South Carolinian has quietly voted with the President on a number of domestic issues dear to the Great Society.

Nobody has yet accused Congressman Rivers of being liberal, but the record shows that he is at least ahead of most southern Democrats in supporting his party's programs. He has voted for antipoverty programs, accelerated public works, expanded Social Security benefits, appropriations to eradicate rats in the slums, increasing the national debt ceiling, the Peace Corps, and for pump-priming tax cuts that many of his fellow southerners branded "fiscally irresponsible."

Even such an accredited liberal as Rep. Morris Udall, the Arizona Democrat rapidly advancing in the tight little inner circle that runs the U.S. House of Representatives, finds good to speak of Mendel Rivers: "He's very fair. He knows how to get along with his colleagues and he's generally respected. You won't find many guys on Capitol Hill who will knock him." And at this year's version of the she-crab soup luncheon Rivers annually hosts on Capitol Hill, House Speaker John McCormack, the tough old precinct politician from Boston, went so far as to call "my dear friend" Mendel Rivers "one of the greatest men I ever met . . . a bulkwark of strength to America and all that it stands for . . . a most courageous legislator."

Several weeks later Speaker McCormack proved that he had not been merely singing for his she-crab soup. On a day following one in which Drew Pearson had flatly labeled Congressman Rivers "a security risk" (and had accused him of using his influence at the Pentagon in behalf of favored defense contractors) it was John McCormack who pointedly led a parade of congressmen in paying extravagant compliments to Rivers' ability, patriotism, integrity, and —by implication—sobriety. (By contrast, precious few members of Congress rose to defend Sen. Thomas Dodd, Rep. Adam Clayton Powell or other legislators under fire for alleged misconduct.)

The most powerful and articulate of Congressman Rivers' friends, however, might be hard put to defend his record in the category of civil liberties. It is not merely that the South Carolinian has voted against civil rights bills, damned his fair share of "outside agitators," or has accused the Johnson Administration of "blackmailing" segregated school districts by withholding federal funds: anyone in politics for as much as 30 minutes sees the inevitability of this course. No, it is in connection with dissent on the Viet Nam War that [*Continued on page* 18]

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Mendel Rivers may sometimes lose sight of certain sections of the Constitution.

One day during hearings on extending the Selective Service Act, Louisiana's F. Edward Hébert got to speaking with passion against draft dodgers, rabble-rousers, and no-goodniks in general. Ultimately he went so far as to ask whether there was any way "to get around" the First Amendment in order to prosecute "the [Stokely] Carmichaels and the [Martin Luther] Kings." Advised that there was not, Hébert lost patience with the idea of free speech long enough to impulsively cry, "Let's *forget* the First Amendment!" Congressman Rivers then backed Hébert up with his pronouncement offering a flat choice between "Jesus Christ . . . and the hammer and sickle." The next day Rivers rose in Congress to equate demonstrators against the Viet Nam conflict with all of history's Benedict Arnolds and possibly Jack the Ripper: "They are chopping the hearts out of the young boys who are fighting in Viet Nam. . . . Why those boys are not more bitter toward the do-gooders and the critics who find fault with our defense of democracy is beyond me."

Rivers has wrangled with hawks as well as with doves. One of his favorite targets in the Establishment has been Secretary McNamara. Sitting behind his executive desk in the Rayburn Office Building one recent morning, he denied any personal vendetta. "I think Mr. McNamara is a fine man," he said mildly and piously. "If we disagree, it shall always be as gentlemen."

Perhaps so. There seems little doubt, however, that when Rivers succeeded to the Armed Services Committee chairmanship in January, 1965, he was eager to let McNamara know who was boss.

The first time McNamara came before the Armed Services Committee following Mendel Rivers' rise to power, his attention was directed to a sign prominently displayed in the hearing room: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives—Article I, Section 1, The Constitution of the United States." As if fearing that somebody in the room might be blind or illiterate, Rivers covered the same ground in his maiden speech as chairman: "The Constitution assigns Congress the responsibility 'to raise and support armies . . . to provide and maintain a Navy . . . to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces . . . and to make all laws which shall be necessary' for carrying out the provisions that I have just mentioned." Then he ominously added, "I don't plan to overlook that part of the Constitution."

Later, after he'd won his first power fight with McNamara over a military pay bill (the Rivers version won out over a more modest proposal championed by McNamara) that ultimately passed the House of Representatives 410 to 0, the chairman baited the Defense Secretary with a smiling comment: "Pretty close, wasn't it? I hope to do better as I get accustomed to my job."

Since that bruising encounter, Rivers has rebuked McNamara for attempting to "wreck" the National Guard and Reserves, for alleged obsolescence of the U.S. fleet (Rivers plugs for an all-nuclear Navy and complains that McNamara hasn't even started in that direction), for showing "little interest" in manned interceptor aircraft, for "bungled estimates" on development costs of the TFX fighter plane, for seeing no "ICBM threat from Red China" and for failure "to make a beginning" on an antimissile system.

Though he has generally couched his criticism of McNamara in relatively diplomatic terms, Rivers has been less thoughtful of the Pentagon "whiz kids" who followed McNamara from industry and who immediately set out to streamline the Department of Defense.

"It is tragic," Rivers told the Navy League, "that the children in the Pentagon who make decisions don't have the full comprehension of sea power that everyone in this audience possesses. These boys may grow up, but war is no place for a youth on-the-job training program."

Whatever amount of teeth grinding Secretary McNamara and his whiz kids may do in private at the mere mention of Mendel Rivers' name, they are exceedingly careful to pay him due homage by their surface actions. Nobody in the whole five-sided structure was so committed to the "cost-effectiveness ratio" gospel that they seriously thought of closing any military installations in South Carolina's 1st Congressional District during that highly-publicized drive against "obsolete" bases. When a bronzed bust of Charleston's favorite son, mounted atop a seven-foot marble shaft, was proudly unveiled by Mrs. Rivers two years ago, the individual Secretaries of the Army, Navy, and Air Force stood at respectful attention on South Carolina soil in a pouring rain. So did the Joint Chiefs of Staff: all present and accounted for. In June of 1965 when little Hampton, South Carolina, held a festival (equally in honor of watermelons and Congressman Rivers) astronauts John Young, John Glenn and the late Gus Grissom found it handy to attend. And a year earlier, when the mayor of St. Stephens declared a "Mendel Rivers Day" shindig, a glittering assemblage of brass representing all branches of the Armed Services promptly headed for South Carolina bivouac. "Those Pentagon boys trail Ole Mendel around like a bunch of puppy dogs," one of Rivers' colleagues chuckles appreciatively. "When he says 'heel,' by God they *heel!*"

If the more long-suffering members of McNamara's band harbor any secret hopes of soon shaking off Mendel Rivers influence, they had better not count on any help from the folks in South Carolina's 1st Congressional District. Rivers was elected to the 77th Congress back on November 5, 1940; he has been elected 13 consecutive times since. Old Man Rivers is probably the safest bet in Congress to keep on rolling along.

Mail from home is promptly and skillfully responded to whether the writer wants to impeach Earl Warren or secure a government pamphlet on mattress making. Let there be a peanut festival, a catfish fry, or an all-day singing with dinner on the grounds anywhere in his nine-county congressional district and Mendel Rivers is likely to be in attendance—probably as the main guest of honor. He is careful to fill the Appendix of the *Congressional Record* with articles praising South Carolina shrimp, South Carolina rice, South Carolina textiles, South Carolina tobacco, South Carolina flowers, South Carolina womanhood, South Carolina poets—or just plain ole South Carolina. He is expert at southern-fried oratory, a mixture of defiance, praise of yesteryear, small jokes and Biblical exhortations.

In Washington, Rivers does not flutter about the social scene. He attends affairs at the White House when bid and appears at functions sponsored by the South Carolina State Society (an alliance of South Carolinians now living in Washington) but you seldom find Washington's columnists quoting some bland witticism he is supposed to have whispered into the ear of a visiting diplomat or social dowager. He plays golf occasionally at Congressional Country Club or at Burning Tree, shooting "a high but steady score, generally breaking 90."

Rivers and his wife Margaret live for most of each year in "a very heavily mortgaged rambler" in McLean, Virginia, amidst rolling little tree-dotted hills, a half hour's drive away from the U.S. Capitol—or less if the Chrysler feels frisky. Rivers loves speed. The home is nice but unpretentious. The dining room seats no more than eight and there is no help save for an occasional cleaning woman. Hippie "flower children" might goggle in disbelief to hear that the congressman's pride and joy is a garden out back. He loves to wander among its camellias, gardenias and other plants, pruning shears in hand, and once in a while he'll stoop to carefully clip something. Rivers is proud that he can call "every plant in my garden by its Latin name."

When Congress is adjourned, Margaret and Mendel Rivers retire to their family acres in one of the better sections of Charleston, where they own an English manor-style house valued at about $60,000. In recent years the almost year-around sessions of Congress have kept them away more and more. Margaret—she grew up in Charleston as Margaret Middleton; married in 1938; has borne three children, all now grown—laments this, but does so in the patiently resigned tones of a politician's long-suffering wife. Perhaps after 27 years in Washington she does not really expect to go home again.

Though Drew Pearson has grumbled in print that Rivers' "backwater South Carolina district has been loaded with so many military installations it could wage a major war of its own," the congressman admits with a small, tight smile that he continues to encourage Pentagon decision-makers "to take advantage of South Carolina's fine climate." Apparently the decision-makers find the air invigorating: there is the Charleston Naval Base, Charleston Army Depot and

[*Continued on page* 22]

Winner of Art Directors' top awards: Bert Stern seen on location taking his famous picture of a martini glass against the Egyptian Pyramids for a highly successful vodka advertising campaign.

Dean of Life photographers: Alfred Eisenstaedt gets paid to photograph beautiful women and the places where most people would love to vacation. Here he is shown with Sophia Loren.

Why photography is a great life for a man

A photographer who made $50,000 a year before he was 30, tells how men with an aptitude for taking pictures can break into this exciting, well-paid field

By Bert Stern

I think photography offers one of the best opportunities for men who want to live an exciting life and make money too. And I'm not just *saying* it. I have been a photographer since I was 21, and I wouldn't trade my profession for any other. My camera has enabled me to travel to fascinating places, meet outstanding people, live a life of freedom and independence. And it has given me great creative satisfaction.

Offers you high pay and adventure

There are excellent jobs in photography today — part-time and full-time — but not enough good people around to fill them. Large corporations pay staff photographers as much as $20,000 a year. Magazines and newspapers spend millions of dollars a year for pictures. Advertising agencies pay up to $2,000 or more for a commercial photograph. And free-lance photographers are sent by clients on expense-paid assignments to countries all over the world!

How you are trained for success

The field of photography is wide open — *especially to those who have good training.* This is where I may be able to help you. I am on the faculty of the Famous Photographers School, a unique home-study school started by the 10 top photographers listed at right. We spent three years putting our knowledge of photography into a professional course — took over 2,000 exclusive "teaching photographs" — and worked out a series of assignments so that each lesson at home would be like an actual studio or field demonstration. We explain in simple words our methods of developing pictures, the special darkroom techniques we perfected, how we use color, composition and exposure.

You are a class of one

The instructors at the School are all skilled professionals working under our supervision. They spend up to two hours on each assignment you send in. And you receive from them special critiques, overlays and personal letters showing you how to improve your pictures. It's almost like having an expert photographer at your elbow passing along his secrets. After learning the basic principles, you can tailor the Course to your own needs and concentrate on the subject you are most interested in. Your instructor will also be a specialist in the same field so he can give you the exact help you need.

Many find success—so can you

Students still in training report early success: Emil D. Prieto of Houston, Texas, writes, "Just six weeks ago I opened a full scale studio. Already I've had 20 commercial assignments and about 30 portrait sittings."

Robert Coyle of Dubuque, Iowa, writes, "A picture I took of my son in my backyard won the $1,000 Grand Prize in the Newspaper National Snapshot Awards! It's my 26th cash award since starting your Course."

Lee Smith of Salem, Ind., says, "As the official photographer for our city's 150th anniversary celebration, I earned $900 in sales of reprints alone. Thanks for the help."

Vincent Varvaro of Quincy, Mass., reports, "Two months after I started your Course I opened a studio for advertising photography and I've already won two awards from the Art Directors Club of Boston."

These 10 Famous Photographers will train you for success:

Philippe Halsman — creator of 90 LIFE magazine covers

Richard Avedon — top fashion photographer, earns as much as $3,000 a session

Alfred Eisenstaedt — master of photojournalism

Joseph Costa — dean of news photography

Arthur d'Arazien — earned $9,000 from one picture

Irving Penn — his editorial photographs hang in great art museums

Ezra Stoller — Frank Lloyd Wright's favorite architectural photographer

Bert Stern — top advertising photographer

Richard Beattie — created pictures for Ford, Kodak, Coca-Cola

Harry Garfield — America's #1 photographer of children

Take this free Aptitude Test

To help you determine if you have the potential for becoming a successful photographer, the 10 Famous Photographers have devised a revealing 12-page Aptitude Test. To receive your copy, along with an illustrated booklet describing the School, without cost or obligation, merely fill in and mail the postpaid card bound next to this page.

Your Test will be graded without charge. If results show you have talent, you may enroll in the School. However, there is no obligation to do so. If card is gone, send your name, address, age to Famous Photographers School, Studio 253, Westport, Conn. 06880.

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Charleston Air Force Base. Elsewhere there is the Parris Island Marine Recruit Training Depot, the Beaufort National Military Cemetery, a naval hospital, a Marine Corps air station, an Air Force recreation annex, and an Air Force gap-filler annex. And not too long ago they made Charleston Navy Base the headquarters for our Polaris submarine fleet in the Atlantic. First District businessmen think that the way Mendel Rivers brings home the federal bacon is simply delightful.

An appointed rendezvous with Rivers, to which he has cheerfully agreed three days earlier, sometimes turns out to conflict with an important committee meeting or simply with the congressman's mood. Wild horses couldn't hold him in such moments. "See Russ Blandford," he will say, patting your arm reassuringly before edging away. "Russ can tell you anything about me you want to know. And good luck to you, podner, hear?" Then he races away on some mysterious mission.

John Russell Blandford, a stout man in his early 50's, has been chief counsel of the House Armed Services Committee since it came into being 21 years ago. A 30-year veteran of the Marine Corps Reserve (he "got creased a couple of times at Guadalcanal and New Britain" during World War II) he carries himself, for all his girth, in a stiff-necked military manner marking him for the brigadier general that he is.

Though in theory professional staff members are nonpartisan and equally serve all congressmen assigned to the committees employing them, no one doubts that Mr. Blandford is "the chairman's man"; right arm, confidant, ghost-writer, political advisor.

People in the Pentagon know that Russ Blandford is the man to check with if you have delicate problems, for word has gotten around that his views will almost always reflect those of his chairman. (Indeed, when I interviewed Rivers it was Russ Blandford, sitting near at hand, who often supplied answers to my questions. Sometimes Rivers asked him to and sometimes he did not. In every case the congressman nodded his agreement.) One morning not long ago Blandford was telephoned in his office by Cyrus Vance, then a Deputy Secretary of Defense, regarding the disposition of some troublesome anti-Viet Nam demonstrators sitting-in at the Pentagon. Blandford's end of the conversation, barked off in a deep, General Bullmooscian rumble, went this way:

"We wouldn't let 'em in the building over here, Cy. That was your first mistake. Look, can you remove 'em without anybody getting pictures of it? That's all they want: their pictures in the paper. No? Too late? Well, that's too bad, Cy. *We* wouldn't have permitted any pictures inside the Pentagon. Those people thrive on publicity. If they don't get any, they'll go away."

I found Mendel Rivers to be a gentle, reasoned man in his contacts with others. In conducting hearings he was unfailingly courteous to his colleagues and to witnesses. When George Reedy and Burke Marshall, testifying as members of the President's National Advisory Commission on Selective Service, appeared before him, Rivers sang paeans of praise to their presentations, their "helpful views" and to what good fellows they were personally. It was much too sociable an occasion for anyone to mention that only a few days earlier Rivers had put the public knock on those same "helpful views" after reading the Commission's basic recommendations in the newspapers.

The congressman was almost painfully polite to me. He ushered me through his office showing off mementos of his career; he instructed his staff workers to cooperate with me as well as keep me in free coffee.

Only when I drew a deep breath and—against my better instincts—asked Rivers about Drew Pearson's charge that he dearly loves good whisky did he show any animation. His face reddened under the cap of white hair and he jumped to his feet.

"That ———!" he cried. "That ——— ——— ———!" (For reasons best known to lawyers and postal authorities those blanks must go unfilled.) "No!" Rivers shouted. "It's a damned lie!"

COMING . . .

They were either the best UFO photos experts had ever seen, or

A DO-IT-YOURSELF FLYING SAUCER HOAX

See the pictures that stirred a storm—and learn why the doubts set in

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Does the congressman indulge at all?

"No sir, I do not!"

Never? Not at all? Never *has?*

He was prowling the room and waving his arms while Russ Blandford looked apprehensive. "Sure, I could have a drink if I wanted one." He waved vaguely toward a cabinet behind his desk. "I've got whisky right here"—Russ Blandford shook his head: no-no-no— "if I want it, I just don't *want* it. Do *you* want a drink? I'll be happy, podner, to pour *you* a drink" No, I said, trying to make a small joke, it being only 11 o'clock in the morning it was about five minutes too early for me. Then I plunged ahead: why hadn't he publicly denied the charge, sued somebody, or at least attacked his tormentor as he has attacked so many others with less provocation?

General Blandford (USMCR) was glaring in a way that made me rejoice that age had rendered me unfit for further military service. "There is an old South Carolina saying"—the congressman began— " 'Never get in a certain kind of contest with a polecat—' "

"I don't think you want to say that," Blandford injected quickly.

"I retract that," Rivers immediately said. "My friends told me not to get into a public fight with that guy. You know, podner, you can't win fighting a newspaper columnist because he gets a crack at you every day. So it's a losing proposition. But let me tell you a few things about that fella—not for publication, now, nossir, because my advisors say leave it alone—but just so *you'll* know." What he told me very likely couldn't be printed.

Ultimately, Blandford steered the conversation back to the less violent subject of war. Almost as if by rote and in a near monotone, Congressman Rivers sang the war hymns that have become his trademark: diatribes against "those cowards in the cause of freedom who should be tried for treason," demands for "total victory *now*" in Viet Nam, complaints about a purposeless nation going "down the road to ruin" because of "excess tolerance and generosity."

There was more, much more, most of it familiar and all of it said before. There could be no doubting the man's sincerity. After a while, though, you realized that for all the questions raised by Mendel Rivers he supplied few answers: *How* win "total victory now"? What *is* total victory? What do we do after the conquest in Viet Nam, if any? Those are but the simplest of the unanswered questions. Other questions (Risk of World War III? Nuclear holocaust? What's Viet Nam worth, anyway?) are even more difficult. And these Rivers either dismisses as "sissy" or completely ignores.

Mendel Rivers denies that he would try to prevent any "honorable peace" in Viet Nam. ("I'm not insane. My friends' sons are dying out there the same as other people's sons, so I wouldn't want all that killing for nothing.") But then he begins to set down conditions that would qualify the peace as "honorable"—i.e. South Viet Nam to be guaranteed from future aggression, the Viet Cong to quit areas they now hold, Hanoi to stick to its own knitting—which Hanoi has already rejected out of hand. Even if Rivers wanted to throw a monkey wrench into future peace negotiations he isn't powerful enough to do it in the face of real determination on the part of the President. "No man in Congress is," he admits, showing that he stays in touch with some of the realities.

The world has changed rapidly since Mendel Rivers was the son of a South Carolina dirt farmer, back in a time when nobody rioted in the streets or spoke in dissent to his country, and though he has climbed in that changing world he has not always been in step with it nor understood its absurdities. He looked tired sitting there in his office, crying out his frustrations, and for all his lean, trim figure he sometimes looked indescribably old: a man of status and position who has chased power and caught it and now cannot bring power properly to heel. He reminded me not of the screaming hawk he is known to be, but of some ancient Indian chief magically restored from the grave, plopped down in a new and frightening society, stepping gingerly among the whizzing, neoned, raucous artifacts of a New Age, his face wearing an expression of frozen, puzzled pain—as if wondering what has happened to his people.

—Larry L. King

Separates the men from the boys.

There are boy-type cars. And there are man-type cars. And Toronado is all man, all the way. Its styling is bold, brawny and massively male. Its handling is authoritative—thanks to the pulling power of front-wheel drive. Its ride is revolutionary, sure, unique—different from any other car.

Its engine is the strongest Rocket ever built: a bigger-than-ever, 455-cubic-inch V-8. Frankly, not everybody is cut out for a Toronado. But, then, who wants to be everybody?

Toronado.
Test drive the front-wheel-drive "youngmobile" from Oldsmobile.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

it's a man's world

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

RHYTHM SIREN

Noise is how you figure it. A resident of Pleasantville, New Jersey, put up such a beef about the town's noontime siren that city fathers turned it off. In two days they got 150 complaints from citizens who demanded that it be turned back on again. The most touching call came from a young woman. She used the siren as a daily reminder to take her birth-control pills.

GOLD IN THEM THAR FRILLS

While complimenting ourselves on *not* having attended a topless wedding (photo, left) we came upon another newspaper item that glazed our eyes. Seems that Loretta Young, a quondam movie star, has lent her charm to a franchise business called Brides Showcase International. As nearly as we could make out (the type seemed to blur) Brides Showcase International is an elegant salon setup that gives the bride-to-be and her party a ravishing display of gowns and accessories that, with any luck, they wouldn't otherwise think of. The bridal fashion market, the ad says, is virtually ignored. Some pitiful brides "even have to resort to mail-order patterns and home sewing!" To give class to basting-thread weddings, and turn a neat sales profit, Brides Showcase International offers salon franchises for $15,000. For this the investor gets goods displays, help in site selection, sales training, grand opening events—and the personal appearance of Loretta Young. "Is there another name in the United States that brings to mind grace, elegance, style, more vividly than Loretta Young?" Well, yes. Phyllis Diller. But what poleaxed us was the statement that the average wedding party spends upward of $1,400 and there are 2,510,000 weddings a year—"this is a business in billions!" The ad spoiled the whole damn morning for us. All we could do was fiddle at the desk and grind out this warning to fathers of the bride to take a little pocket money and light out for some country without an extradition treaty before their daughters get hitched.

CAUTION: HEALTH HAZARD

It was positively painful to watch the squirmings of evangelists who gathered at the Waldorf a while back to wipe cigarettes from the face of the earth. Most of the assembled delegates work in one way or another for the government (cotton-batting division) and are dedicated to wrapping cocoons around human follies as long as there are ample funds to pay their salaries, as there are. They were burned up by unsatisfactory public response to exhortations to stop smoking, and proposed various measures in which there were ominous intimations of a prohibitionist cast of mind. We tend to believe that man is mortal, although we try to keep an open mind about it, but we just can't keep up with hundreds of different "health warnings" which assume that a telling blow is struck for centenarianism whenever we're urged to stop doing something and do something else. We are interested by the crusading mind, which we think has a high IQ or Insolence Quotient in bashing the heads of people who have rebellious ways of going to hell in a hand basket. Well-meant warnings that this or that "may be injurious to your health" are spreading like a creeping infection. Sen. Strom Thurmond has introduced a bill to require such a warning on booze, theorizing that this will wipe out alcoholism. On a stretch of highway between Freeport and Galena, Illinois, there are signs warning that "Hiway 20 may be injurious to your health." The number of things injurious to health, beginning with birth, is infinite, and the simplest, all-inclusive warning would be a sign saying "Stop Living." It's the most hazardous enterprise a fellow can get into.

VENEREAL PLANET?

The Russian vehicle that sent back data from the planet Venus was named Venera-4. Sounds like a diseased spacecraft. Venus is not well-named, although the planet is warm enough to melt tin. When we explore the planet, shall we talk of our Venereal exploits? Human activity has priority on that word. "Venusian" is a barbaric term for little green men who flit around in flying saucers. How about Aphrodite, another name for Venus? But from that we get "aphrodisiac," quite embarrassing to an inoffensive planet. Still another name for Venus is Cytherea. She's supposed to have emerged from the sea near a place called Cythera. In fact, a famous painting by Botticelli catches her in the act. Some circumspect astronomers are beginning to use "cytherean" in references to the planet. It's hopeless. Words connoting women always tend to get fouled up. In time, we'd be getting warnings about C.D.—cytherean disease—from health authorities. Nothing can solve the problem but giving the planet a virile, respectable male name that nobody can sully. How did Venus ever get into the company of husky male planets like Mars, Jupiter, Mercury, Saturn and Pluto, anyway? Females cause trouble everywhere.

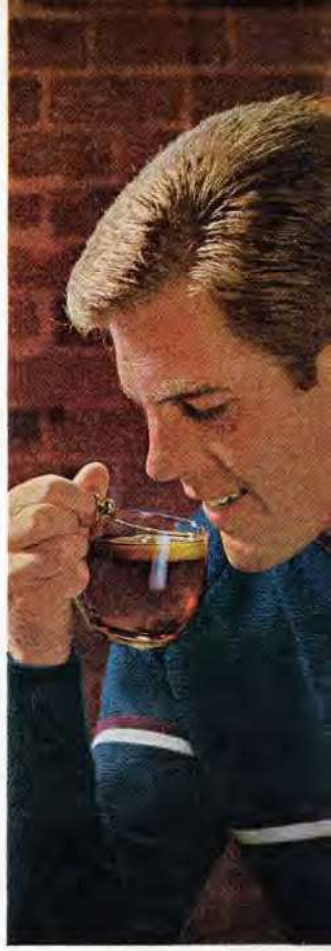
SKIN GAME

Girl babies have a little more "conductance" than boy babies. Conductance is "a faint electrical activity of the skin." This astonishing discovery comes from grantees of the National Institute of Mental Health who attached sensors to skins of newborn infants. Having found something esoteric to measure, researchers demand grants of funds for measuring it and strive manfully to ascribe some meaning to what

they measure. In the present case, the grantees conclude that the higher conductance of girl babies indicates that they are more mature than boy babies at birth, though how or why this is the case, or even if it is, is kind of left hanging. The study reminds us of a question that separates sheep from goats: "What does U. S. Grant make you think of?" If you say "an American General" you're a square. If you say "government subsidy" you're really hip.

TAXING ART

Pretty soon now you'll be getting a booklet full of tax forms for 1967 income from your friendly Internal Revenue Service. Take a good look at the insigne, reproduced herewith, that decorates the cover of this chilling pamphlet. What looks like tracks left by an intoxicated hen staggering in a confined space is actually the new seal of the IRS, for which you and the rest of us taxpayers paid $20,000 to some design firm that evidently served a two-day apprenticeship under Andy Warhol and then plunged hurriedly into business on its own. The new seal is as full of symbolism as all get-out, but in case you can't make head or tails of it we'll clue you in. The part that looks like an oversize brassiere represents a set of scales hanging from the neck of a resentful eagle in the moulting stage. Off to the left some curving leaves represent an olive branch. Get the picture? Olive branch signifies kindly courtesy (it says here); the scales, justice; the eagle, authority. If you flunk the inkblot test, don't feel ashamed. They'll still accept your mite. How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an eagle's beak!



Winter Warmer:

That's Dr Pepper or Diet Dr Pepper hot! Just heat until it steams, pour over a slice of lemon and serve. Distinctively different Dr Pepper is not a cola... not a root beer... but a blend of deep fruit flavors. Join the Proud Crowd. Enjoy the Dr Pepper Difference—Hot!

Special offer. "A Slice of Lemon!" Exciting LP of your favorite top ten artists. Only $1.00. Send name, address with check or money order to: "Slice of Lemon," Box 6671, Clinton, Indiana 46012

Hot Dr Pepper

Dr Pepper is a registered trademark of Dr Pepper Company, Dallas, Texas, 1968

BELLS ARE RINGING

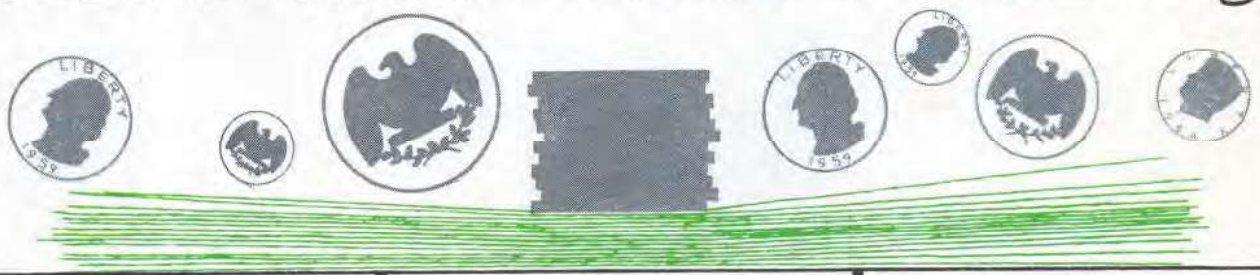
A thousand curses and maledictions of Allah upon the heads of witless writers of radio commercials who think it the height of genius to introduce sales spiels by the loud ringing of a telephone. Too often we have thought for a moment that the home phone was ringing, and have even started to get up to answer it, when all it was was a maddening radio trick to rivet our attention upon some plug for a product or an announcement that good old George Knowitall of Station KRUD will answer any question if you give him a call. The loathsome phone trick gets our attention all right, along with an ironclad resolve that no sponsor associated with it will ever get a penny from us or from anybody we can influence.

DONUTS U.

There aren't many fields left where a man can get ahead without a college sheepskin. But we didn't realize how far this degree mania had gone until a news release came across our desk from D.D.U.—Dunkin' Donuts University in Newton, Massachusetts. A college degree in donut-making? Yep. D.D.U. is a serious-minded institution of higher learning dedicated to teaching Dunkin' Donuts franchise owners the fine points of donut-making and shop management. To graduate, the student must matriculate for two five-week semesters, and if he makes a lopsided donut after that, he flunks. D.D.U. is a rather old fashioned university, too. Despite a grueling schedule, with classes running from 6:00 a.m. to midnight, the university boasts they've had only a handful of dropouts—and not one protest demonstration in five years of existence. Maybe Berkeley should start teaching their students how to make donuts.

—THE EDITORS

man and his money



BY MAX GUNTHER

HOW BANKRUPTCY CAN GIVE YOU A FRESH START

"Bankruptcy is like the month of February," says U.S. Judge Harold Gabbett. "It's the bottom, the low point of gloom. But it isn't the end. Spring always comes a little while later, and then everything starts afresh."

More and more men have discovered this during the past decade—so many, in fact, that bankers and merchants are getting seriously worried about it. "There used to be a stigma of shame attached to bankruptcy," grumbles a credit manager of Sears, Roebuck. "Today, it's damned near fashionable." A mere 26,000 bankruptcy petitions were filed in U.S. courts in 1950. By 1960 the figure had nearly quadrupled, to 96,000. Last year: 175,000.

Nine in 10 of 1967's cases were personal, as distinguished from business, bankruptcies involving single individuals rather than companies. And of these personal cases, some 98 percent were "voluntary" bankruptcies, in which the financially troubled individual himself started the proceedings rather than being hauled into court by his creditors.

Maybe you sometimes worry about going broke. It's a common worry. Financial disaster can clobber anybody, no matter how well he manages his affairs. You could have an accident and be unable to work for a long period, or your job could vanish in a corporate upheaval, or some financial speculation of yours could turn sour. This is the kind of specter a man sometimes sees when staring at his bedroom ceiling at 3 a.m. Yet, as Judge Gabbett points out, bankruptcy is not the end. It isn't financial death; it's more like a rebirth.

Just in case your pecuniary ship sinks, you should know what it'll be like when you hit bottom. A working knowledge of bankruptcy will protect you from what could be your worst enemy in a financial storm: panic.

The basic idea of bankruptcy, which developed in its present form a century ago, is to provide a reasonable way out of an otherwise impossible situation. In prior centuries, a man who went broke and couldn't pay his debts was summarily stripped of all his belongings—literally all except, as one old English law put it, "such cloathes as he neede to cover hys shame." He might be heaved into jail, or he and his family might be required to live in poverty while they worked to pay the debts off.

Since the interest on these debts often mounted faster than he could whittle the debts down, the situation could last all his life and could even be passed on to his sons. Jailed or free, he was permanently wiped out: a walking financial corpse whose only hope lay in getting some unexpected lucky break or disappearing.

This was neither fair to the debtor nor profitable to his creditors, and in the 19th century the modern concept of bankruptcy began to take shape. When you declare bankruptcy, in the modern sense, what you do is to go through a process of stopping and restarting.

Essentially, two things happen. First, whatever money and saleable property you have (with exceptions) is shared out among your creditors. This is the "stop" phase: you're reduced to near zero. Then comes the restart. You're "discharged" from bankruptcy and the debts that pulled you down (again, with exceptions) are considered nullified. Your creditors are no longer entitled to collect a cent from you. Your slate is wiped clean and you start your fiscal life all over again from scratch.

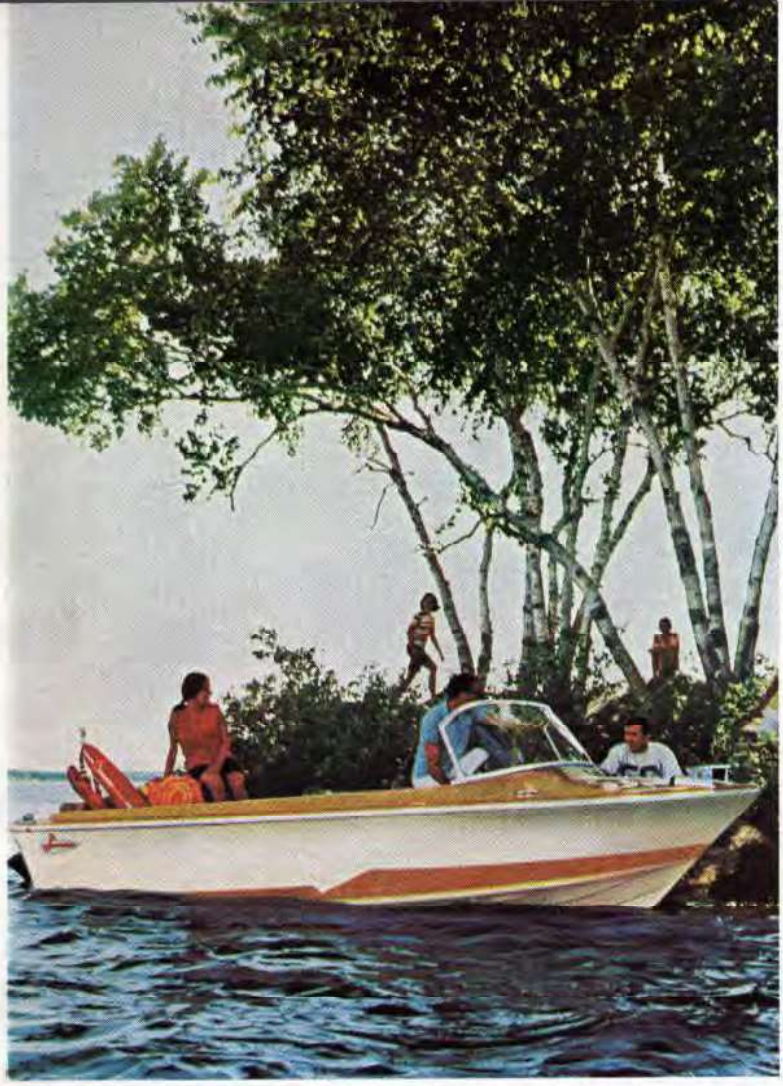
The law under which this takes place is the National Bankruptcy Act, passed in 1898 and amended (to give debtors a still better deal) in 1938. It's a federal law and is always administered in federal (usually district) courts. Being a federal law, it's uniform from state to state—except in certain particulars where the federal law allows the states to make some special rules of their own.

"Though the stigma of bankruptcy is disappearing, people still come into my office frightened," says Seymour Reich, a New York lawyer-accountant who has handled many bankruptcy cases. "I don't say the process is fun, but it isn't nearly the harrowing experience people imagine. It's simple, it's quick, it's routine."

The advantage of bankruptcy is that it saves you from sinking into a quicksand of debt from which you might never get out otherwise. However, before you apply for bankruptcy, you should be sure that your debts really are unmanageable. For there are two major disadvantages to bankruptcy. First, it automatically strips you of most of your property—money and belongings that you might be able to keep in other kinds of debt-management arrangements. Second, it becomes a large black mark on your credit record. You'll have trouble borrowing money or getting retail credit for years after declaring bankruptcy. Lenders will fear that you may go bankrupt again in the future.

If you ever get into an unresolvable debt situation, your first step would be to see a lawyer. Because the typical personal bankruptcy case is so routine, virtually any lawyer can handle it, though there are some who make a specialty of this kind of case. One of the lawyer's first moves will be to mention his fee. For obvious reasons, a lawyer handling a bankruptcy case will always demand payment in cash, in advance. His fee will probably be somewhere between $75 and $500, depending on the complexity of your affairs and on his own established scale of fees.

Next, you and the lawyer fill out a form called an Individual Debtor's Petition in Bankruptcy. It's a single page, short and simple. Its gist is that "petitioner owes debts . . . and desires to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress relating to bankruptcy." You next fill out Schedule A, listing all your debts and creditors; and Schedule B, listing all your property. The lawyer then takes these forms to court and hands them to a bankruptcy referee.



Play it smart... be honestly confident

HOW MANY BOATS DO YOU PLAN TO BUY IN YOUR LIFETIME? Many new buyers make a mistake the first time with a boat that's too small, or an unknown brand.

Play it smart this time with Larson's all time number one best seller—the famous 16' All American 166 with everything you need already factory installed, including complete convertible sunshade/top set and the bonus feature, an 18 gal. gas tank and gauge. Outboard **$1195** (w/o engine), Comboard w/120 H.P.—**$3495.**

As you purr along on Larson's "Million Bubble Ride", be confident! Think about Larson's 53 years of boat building experience, the cost/quality efficiency of year around volume operation by steady craftsmen and the national network of service dealers. This season, 15,000 families will buy a Larson . . . Larson is today's hot brand.

World's largest builder of fibreglass runabouts

Larson

Want to know the facts about the 14', 15', 16' or the 18' All Americans? Write Little Falls, Minn., Petersburg, Va., or Nashville, Ga.

Yellow Pages

When the referee has looked through your forms, he sends a notice to all your creditors, telling them about your petition. From that moment on, realizing that the end is in sight, most of your creditors will quit hounding you.

Ten or 15 days later, the referee calls a "First Meeting of Creditors." At this meeting, your creditors and the referee ask you questions about your assets and discuss the situation in general. The discussion is informal and usually quite friendly, unless somebody at the meeting thinks you're trying to hide assets. More meetings may follow if the proceedings get complicated.

Meanwhile, the referee has appointed a trustee, also a lawyer. The trustee's job is to collect and organize your assets. He actually takes title to them temporarily. You give him your cash, house, car and everything else except certain "exempt" items. He usually converts the bulk of these assets to cash—sells your house and car, for example. Finally, when you and the creditors have finished with your meetings, the trustee distributes your assets to the creditors on a pro rata basis. The rules about this payout are extremely complex. But none of this need concern you. All you need know is that your assets are gone.

Not all of them, however. This is one area in which the states can make up their own rules, and the rules vary widely. All states allow you to keep wearing apparel. Most states will let you keep a car if you need it in your trade or profession; some states let you keep any car valued under some specified amount such as $800 (Ohio) or $1,000 (California). All states give you some kind of break in terms of a place to live. California, for instance, lets you keep a house in which you have less than a $12,500 equity. If your equity is greater you must give the house to the trustee to be sold, but the first $12,500 of the proceeds are returned to you so you can get another home. Most states let you keep limited amounts of "household furniture," including, in some states, TV sets. Most allow you to keep life-insurance policies up to certain values, where a wife and children are the beneficiaries.

There are also some federal exemptions. The federal law says you can keep a homestead, pension money, soldier's savings and other kinds of property. The final determination is up to the referee. He's bound by the federal and state laws, but he is allowed leeway for his own judgment, too. He can let you keep some cash, for instance, if you're sick and can't work.

For practical purposes, you're considered bankrupt as soon as you file your petition. You can begin making your fresh start right away. However, you aren't legally your own man until everyone involved is satisfied that you're an "honest debtor." You remain under the court's thumb, with your property in the trustee's hands and your books open for anyone to study, until the referee finally grants you a "discharge." From that moment on, you're free. The proceeding is ended and can't be reopened. Your debts are nullified forever.

If it turns out you aren't an honest debtor—if you've obtained credit by lying about your financial condition, for instance—you don't get your discharge. Your creditors can compel you to pay what you owe.

Honest debtor or not, you can also be compelled to pay certain other kinds of debts such as back taxes and alimony. These can't be nullified by bankruptcy. In practice, however, the act of declaring bankruptcy tells all your creditors, including your ex-wife, that you're a dry sponge. Squeezing you further will be a waste of time. In cases of taxes and alimony, what normally happens is that you work out a private deal under which you're forgiven part of the debt and pay the rest in installments.

So you make your fresh start. Five years later, if things continue to go wrong, you're eligible to go into bankruptcy and be discharged again.

Job Tamers make the best trailblazers

Half-ton CST Fleetside Pickup

because only Chevrolet *Job Tamers* give you all these rough and ready features:

Tough but gentle coil spring ride
Only Chevrolet puts truck-tough coil springs at all four wheels of ½- and ¾-ton pickups. With coils front and back, the ride is balanced—no "buckboarding" down the trail. These rugged coils gentle the ride to the point where you hardly know you're in a truck at all! Coupled with Chevy's work-proved Independent Front Suspension, they give the easy ride plus toughness that's exclusively Chevrolet!

Tried and true truck power
Even the smallest Chevrolet pickup engine—the 155-hp 250 Six—is the biggest standard in-line Six you can buy in any popular pickup. And there's a bigger Six if you need more power. And a range of V8 power plants, including a brand-new 200-hp V8 that's *standard* in V8 models! These are tough engines, built for top economy on rough truck jobs—and for dependable performance when you're adventuring out where the roads turn to trails.

Strong and silent construction
The trail may twist, but not your Chevy. Because it's built *double strong;* cowl, windshield pillars, roof and door openings are built of double-wall steel to keep the cab tight for years. And the Fleetside box is double strong too. With full-height double-wall sides and tailgate. The strength of two boxes in one—and with no external welded joints to rust!

Biggest service network
You're never far from a Chevrolet dealer—because there are *more of them.* Visit the one near you and see the Chevy that's ready to tame your trail. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

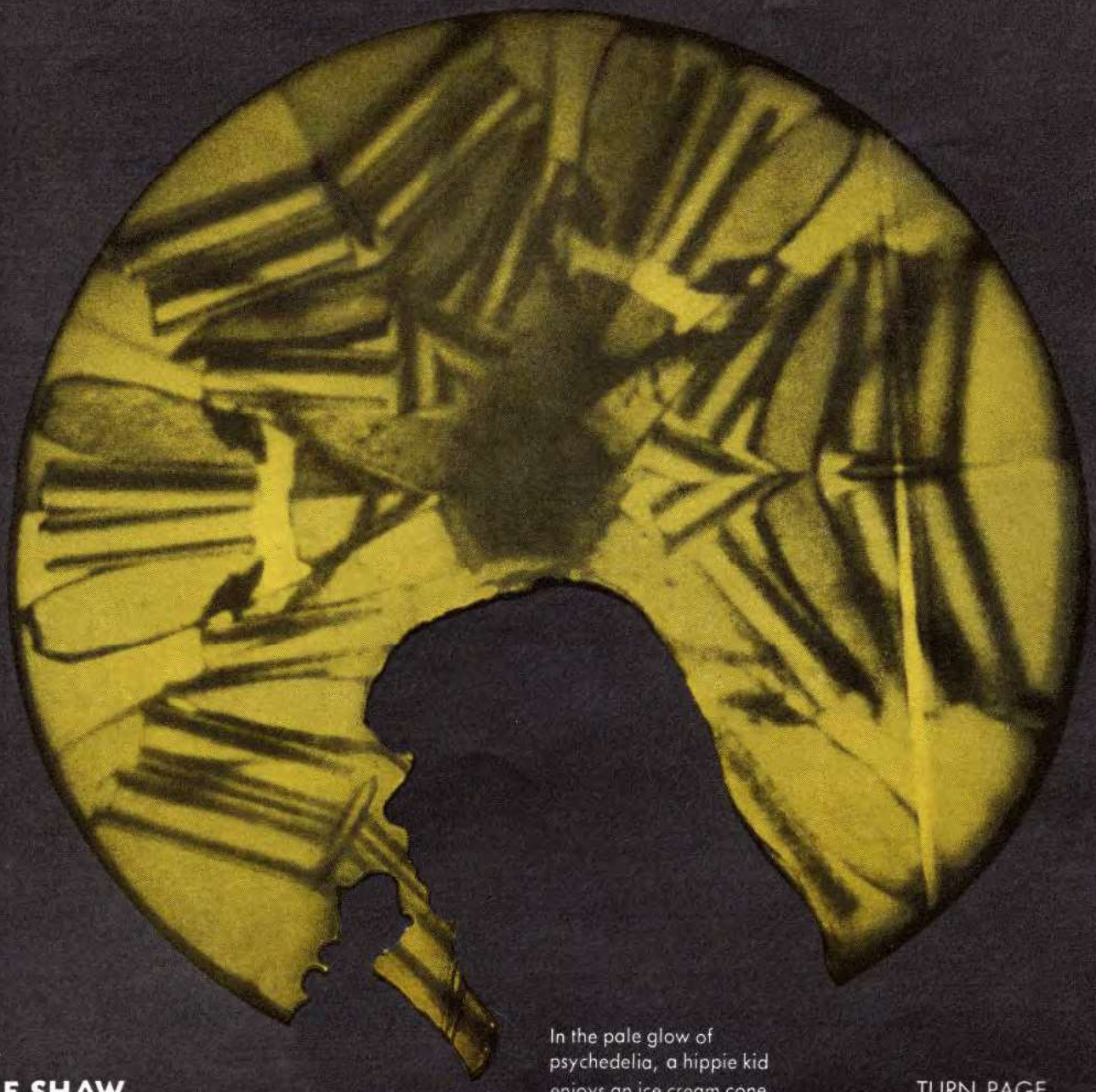
CHEVROLET '68 *Job Tamer* TRUCKS

FEB.—TRUE—MID. ATL.

TRUE
FEBRUARY

THE U. S. GOES TO WAR ON LSD

A new kind of G-man has entered the fight against the instant-insanity drugs. Here's how one agent went underground to bust an acid ring



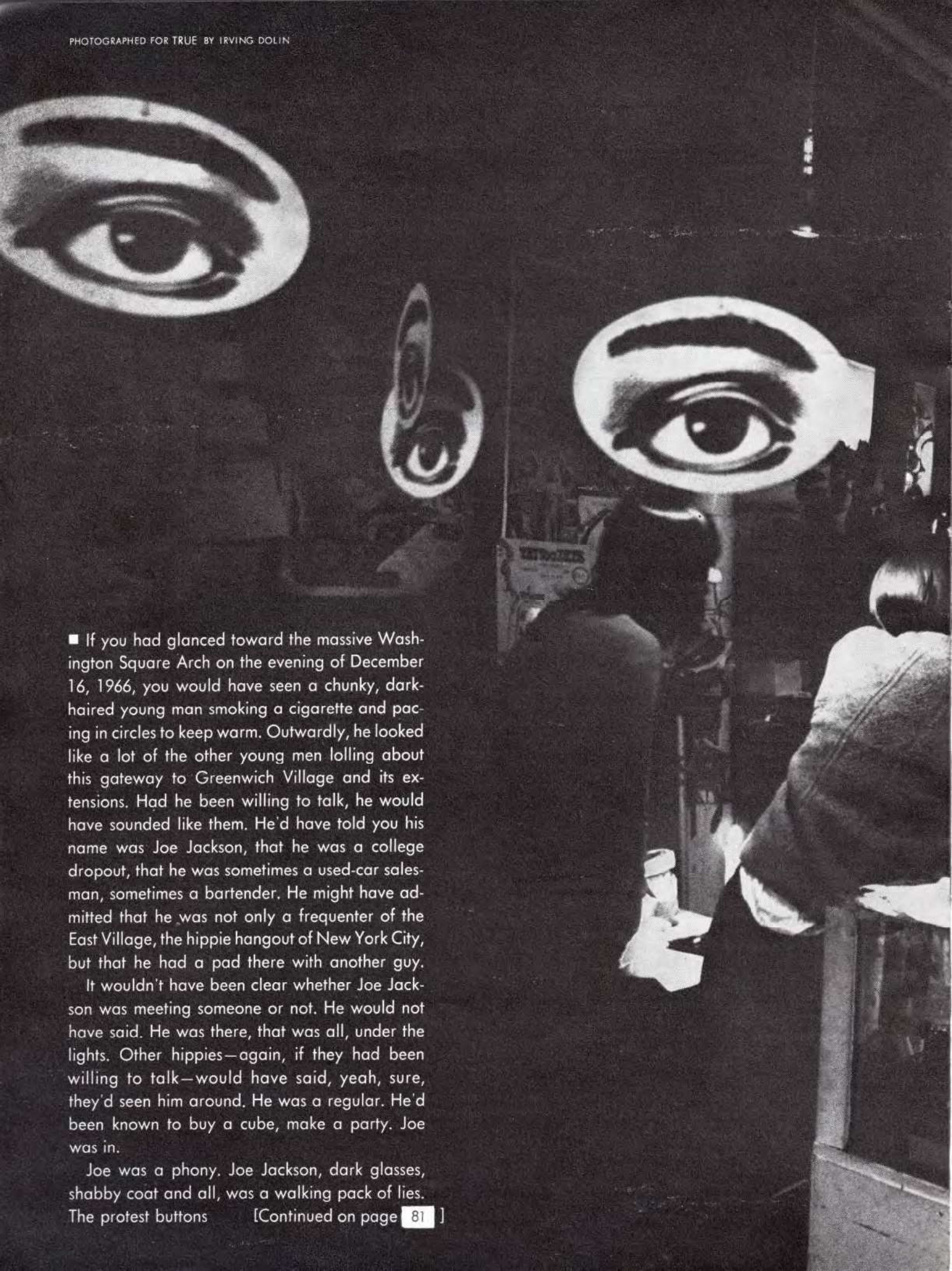
In the pale glow of psychedelia, a hippie kid enjoys an ice cream cone.

Newsfront

BY DALE SHAW

TURN PAGE

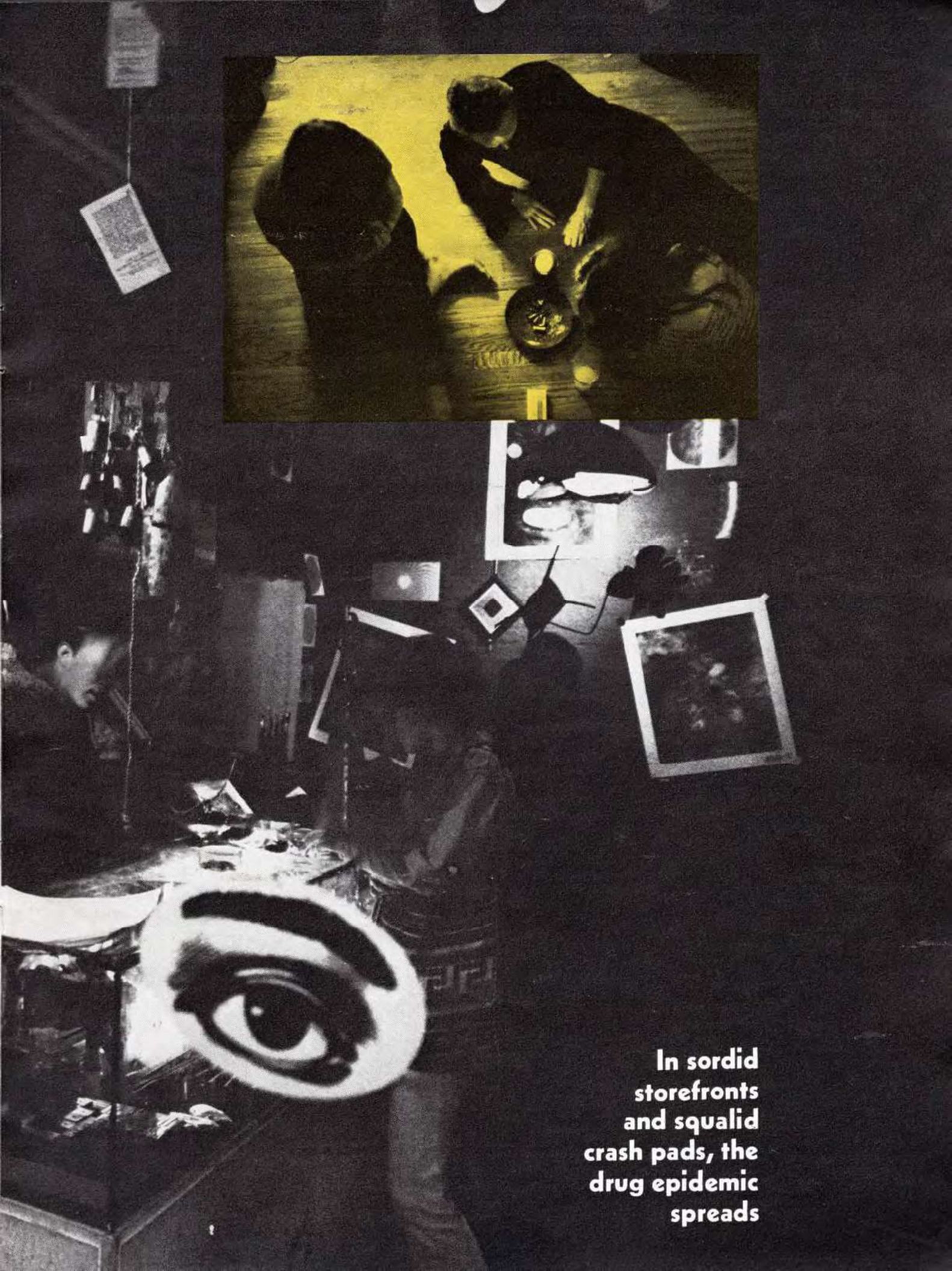
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY IRVING DOLIN



■ If you had glanced toward the massive Washington Square Arch on the evening of December 16, 1966, you would have seen a chunky, dark-haired young man smoking a cigarette and pacing in circles to keep warm. Outwardly, he looked like a lot of the other young men lolling about this gateway to Greenwich Village and its extensions. Had he been willing to talk, he would have sounded like them. He'd have told you his name was Joe Jackson, that he was a college dropout, that he was sometimes a used-car salesman, sometimes a bartender. He might have admitted that he was not only a frequenter of the East Village, the hippie hangout of New York City, but that he had a pad there with another guy.

It wouldn't have been clear whether Joe Jackson was meeting someone or not. He would not have said. He was there, that was all, under the lights. Other hippies—again, if they had been willing to talk—would have said, yeah, sure, they'd seen him around. He was a regular. He'd been known to buy a cube, make a party. Joe was in.

Joe was a phony. Joe Jackson, dark glasses, shabby coat and all, was a walking pack of lies. The protest buttons [Continued on page 81]



In sordid storefronts and squalid crash pads, the drug epidemic spreads

RICKENBACKER

Part Two

BY EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER

World War I ace turned successful businessman, Rickenbacker describes his two narrowest escapes from death, discusses his role in World War II, and offers some provocative thoughts about the future in this concluding installment of his autobiography

Pulled from the wreckage of this Atlanta-bound airliner in 1941, author later heard radio flash the news that he was dying

Condensed from *Rickenbacker* by Edward V. Rickenbacker. Copyright © 1967 by Edward V. Rickenbacker, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

Eddie Rickenbacker was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1890. After working as a mechanic and a salesman for small automobile manufacturers, he turned to racing and became a leading driver in the early years of World War I. When the U.S. entered the war, he enlisted in the Army and, with the help of some friends, won a transfer to the embryonic air force, then part of the Signal Corps. Assigned to the 94th Aero Pursuit (Hat-in-the-Ring) Squadron, he downed 26 enemy planes to become America's top ace, and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He turned to business affairs after the war and in 1935 began running Eastern Air Lines. Under his direction, the company grew steadily and by 1941 Rickenbacker was one of the most successful and famous of Americans. More headlines lay ahead.

THE ATLANTA CRASH

■ I had come into Atlanta on many another cloudy night and in the early hours of February 27th, 1941, everything seemed routine. My plane was Eastern flight Number 21 from New York. It was a DC-3 sleeper equipped with berths. The captain, James A. Perry, Jr., was a fine young man with an excellent record. Having the boss on board was bound to have some psychological effect on him, and I had assured him at the start of the flight that he was in command and should do whatever he thought best.

I recognized the lights of the Atlanta federal penitentiary as we flew over it. The field reported a low ceiling, and we were making an instrument approach. I felt the pilot put his left wing down to go into a 180-degree turn. There was no way for me to know, and obviously the captain didn't know either, that we were about 1,000 feet too low. We shall never know why.

The right wing hooked into the trees. The plane veered to the right and went up on its nose. I resolved that, if the plane started burning, I would open my mouth and suck in the flames. It's quicker that way.

The lights went off as the pilot cut the switch. I was bouncing around inside and came down on the arm of a seat so hard that my left hip was smashed

Admiring Soviets painted Rickenbacker's name and his old squadron insignia on plane that took him to Russia on 1943 mission.

End of a second ordeal: Gaunt Rickenbacker (center) survived 24 days on a raft in the Pacific following another plane crash in 1942.

Few Americans have survived so many risks to life and limb over so many years

Rickenbacker addressed U.S. troops at an air base in India during one of the many inspection trips he made in World War II.

completely. The plane kept turning over in a somersault. It landed on its tail and broke in two pieces in the middle. I was right where the break occurred. That's where I found myself when the tearing noises stopped—wedged tight in the wreckage. I was lying on the body of Clarence Moore, the steward. He was dead.

My head was held tight between the bulkhead and a gas tank. Something had dented my skull. Along the temple over my left eye was a groove you could lay your little finger in. I had a big egg on my forehead.

Wreckage had packed in around my left arm, shattering the elbow and crushing the nerve. The arm was clamped tight. My left hand stuck out of the wreckage, but I couldn't move it at all; it was paralyzed and terribly painful. Later I found that several of my ribs were broken, some in two or three places. Two jagged ends had broken out through my sides. In addition to the crushed hip socket on the left side, my pelvis was broken on both sides. I couldn't move my body or my entire left leg at all. My right hip and leg were pinned too, but it turned out that they were not broken.

I was soaking wet with a combination of blood and high-octane gasoline. The last action of the pilot and copilot, both of whom were killed instantly, must have been to cut off the ignition to prevent an explosion.

I began to hear talking around me in the dark. Of the 16 people on board, 11 were still alive at that time. Some were seriously injured, but others seemed only shaken and dazed. They were the people who had been in the tail. Some were in nightclothes. One man was wandering around in his underwear.

A woman was moaning. There were groans and cries of pain. The rain was falling, and it was cold and wet.

A man's voice said, "Hey, let's start a bonfire and get warm."

"No!" Fear wrenched the word out of me. With hundreds of gallons of 100-octane gasoline soaking everything, we'd all have gone up like a torch.

"Don't light a match," I shouted. The ends of my broken ribs grated painfully against one another as I cried out, "You'll set the gasoline on fire. For God's sake, *don't light a match!*"

Buoyant and full of plans, "the boss" marked retirement from Eastern Air Lines at party in 1963. Older son David is at his left.

At 77, Rickenbacker remains active, now devotes much of his time and energy to working for conservative political causes.

In the meantime, I was in agony. In a frenzy, I tried with all my strength to wrench my head loose. It moved a few inches, just enough to make contact with a jagged piece of metal that was sticking out just above my left eye and that I did not see in the dark. It ripped my eyelid, right in the center, and my eyeball popped out of the socket and fell down on my cheek.

I struggled again, this time with my shoulders and chest. Several ribs snapped. I heard them give. It sounded like popcorn popping.

Finally, in the cold, gray light of early dawn, at about 7:00, a searching party found us. An Eastern pilot who had been in the searching party rode in the ambulance with me. I must have been a horrible-looking mess, with my eye out of its socket, my face black and blue and the rest of me caked with blood. The pilot suddenly became nauseated from looking at me.

"Why are *you* sick?" I asked. "I'm the one who's supposed to be sick."

At Piedmont hospital one of the interns took a quick look at me and told the attendants to push me out of the way.

"He's more dead than alive," I heard him say. "Let's take care of the live ones."

The head surgeon of the hospital, Dr. Floyd W. McRae, arrived and took over. First he pushed my eyeball back into its socket; then he sewed up the eyelid to keep it there. He didn't want to use an anesthetic, he told me, as it would affect the muscles of the eye and make the replacement more difficult. To hold me still, one of the interns put both hands on my shoulders and pushed down hard. I heard my broken ribs go snap, crackle and pop, and I let out a bellow of profane protest.

Two days later it was decided to put me in a plaster cast in order to let the bones start knitting. "Eddie," Doctor McRae said, "we're going to have to wrap you up. It's going to be painful, as we can't give you an anesthetic.

"Go ahead," I said. "I can take it."

He was right. They had to turn me over as they put on the wet, plaster-impregnated bandages, and the pain was excruciating. But I took it. When they were through, I was in plaster from my chin to my toenails.

Sunday morning I suddenly took a turn for the worse. I began to die. I felt the presence of death.

You may have heard that dying is unpleasant, but don't you believe it. Dying is the sweetest, tenderest, most sensuous sensation I have ever experienced. Death comes disguised as a sympathetic friend. All was serene; all was calm. How wonderful it would be simply to float *(Continued on page 95)*

With an eye on gold medals, particularly in slalom events, coach Bob Beattie (far right) puts his team through rugged

A Jinxed U.S. Ski Squad Stretches For Olympic Glory

Led by a coach who says, "Win, or fall off the damned mountain," a youthful though battered American team is determined to end the traditional superiority of European skiers

FEB. '58—TRUE

calisthentics at Aspen, Colorado, training camp.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY FLETCHER MANLEY

Sports

BY AL STUMP

■ Sunrise flared over the Andes of Chile. At 5 a.m., Bob Beattie, coach of America's international ski-racing team, rubbed sleep from his eyes, shuffled over to his lodge window and peered out. Beattie looked down upon the 10,000-foot-high village of Portillo, where today the 1966 World Alpine Championships would begin a 21-day run. The meet was an important one to Beattie. The U.S. team had been showing dramatic improvement in recent years, and many were watching to see if the Americans were developing into a serious contender for '68 Winter Olympic honors.

Now, as Beattie gazed out his window, movement on a nearby mountainside caught his attention. He stared. Swarming over the steep snow slopes was a party of black clad, zip-suited men carrying enough odd-looking equipment to conquer the South Pole. Phoning one of his aides, Beattie asked, "What's going on?"

[*Continued on page* 72]

Men at War
BY WILLIAM TUOHY

With the men of Bravo Patrol at battle stations, the run up the river to a distant village gets under way.

These bristling patrol boats prowl the waters of Viet Nam's rivers, hunting the Cong's sampans and even battling the enemy ashore

A junk is hailed to wait for a check on contraband cargo. If it is on peaceful business, it will soon be free to proceed.

AMERICA'S STRANGEST FLEET

Commander Sheppard, in the lead boat, inspects the shore for signs of enemy activity. If the guns begin to fire, his cover boat, astern, will come in to back him up.

CAN THO, SOUTH VIET NAM

■ The weathered plank hanging in the bar of this U.S. river patrol station carries, in flaked white paint, a grim warning in Vietnamese: IF YOU BRING YOUR BOAT UP THIS RIVER WE WILL KILL YOU. The sign was found nailed to a tree at the entrance to a tributary of the Mekong River, and it was signed with the name of the local Viet Cong guerilla unit.

"When we discovered it, there was a booby trap attached," said Capt. Burton B. Witham, commander of the Navy's River Patrol Force in the Mekong Delta of South Viet Nam. "We went up that river and the Charlies took a few shots at us, as usual," said Witham. "But they didn't hit anybody. My guess is that when they try to scare us with signs, they're beginning to hurt a little."

Captain Witham's headquarters is a cluster of low white structures perched along the wide brown waters of the Bassac River, the most southerly arm of

the great Mekong as its many mouths split up through the Delta and flow majestically toward the South China Sea.

Here, too, is based one section of 10 PBR's, the olive-green 31-foot patrol boats that conduct round-the-clock surveillance of the Mekong, checking 1,000 to 2,000 junks and sampans every day for Viet Cong arms and supplies, and relying on speed, maneuverability and firepower to keep from being blasted out of the water by shore gunners. They have come to be known as "The Mighty Midgets of the Mekong," or "The Green Hornets of the Bassac."

The base at Can Tho has about it the air of an old *Terry and the Pirates* cartoon strip. The tiny boats, although they carry no armor, bristle with .50-caliber machine guns and an odd assortment of makeshift weapons the ingenious crews have devised. The crews themselves are a raffish lot: for the most part bearded, mustachioed, tattooed, well-muscled, racy-tongued and often sporting dashing black berets, a custom they adopted from the Vietnamese sailors who man the country's fighting junks. They wear green combat fatigues—faded Navy blue dungarees would stand out too sharply on the river. On their berets they wear their unit "flash," a yellow and red delta-shaped device with the words *Tuan Giang*, which means "River Force." Their style, bearing and talents characterize them as members of a classic small-boat operation—the inheritors of the famed PT boat tradition of World War II.

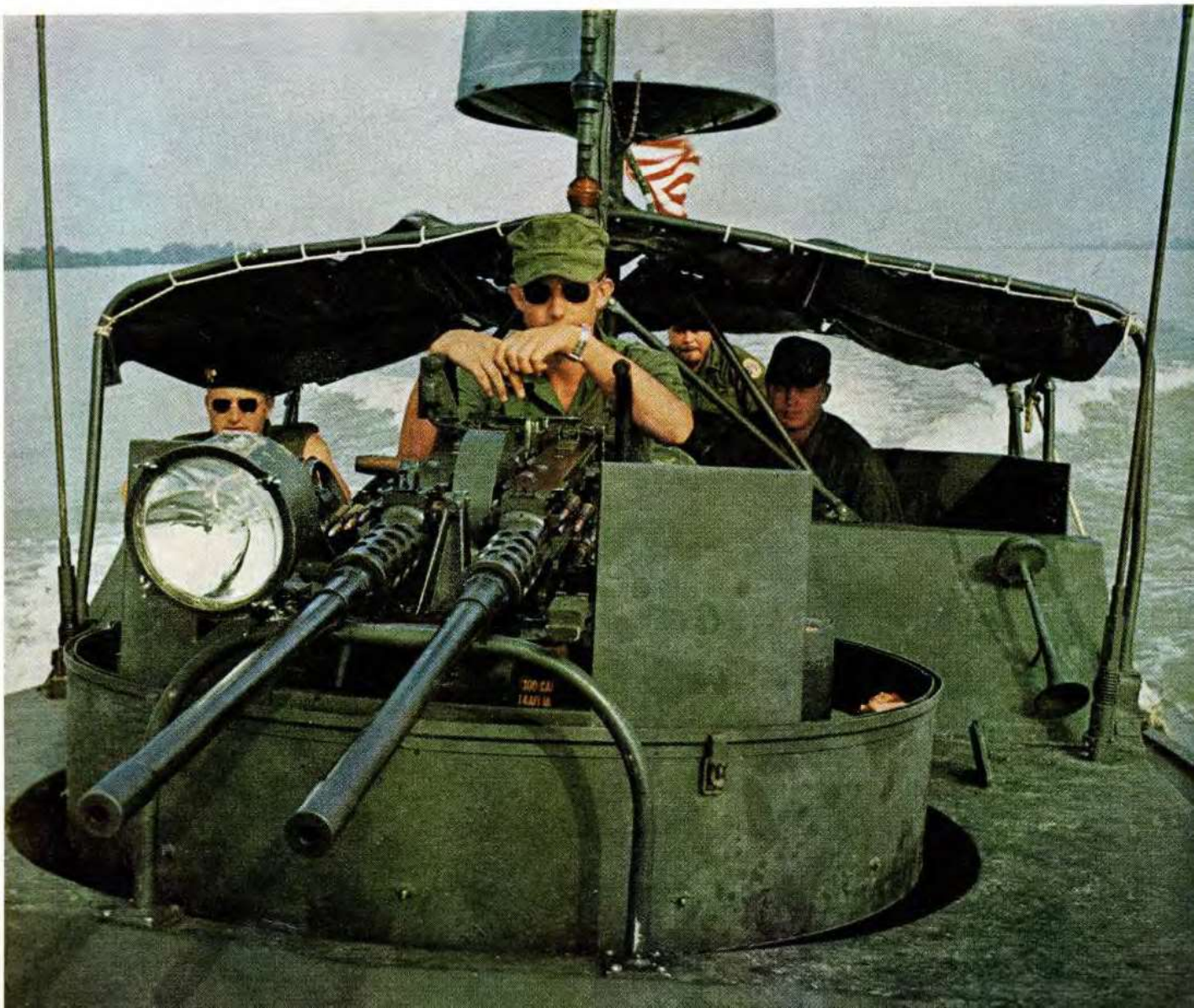
Many PBR officers are "mustangs," men who have come up from the ranks. Boat commanders and patrol officers are chief petty officers or the next rank, petty officers first-class, the Navy equivalent of senior sergeants. Officers and men alike frequently bear such colorful nicknames as "Cambodia Joe," "Monster Boss," "Nabisco Kid"—the last a chief gunner's mate who gives out cookies to Vietnamese children. Their tattoos range from the standard "A Sailor's Grave" and "Born to Raise Hell," to the [*Continued on page* 69]

Engineman Conner looks over the papers of a sampan family. It will go on—with gum for the kids and cigarettes for the men.

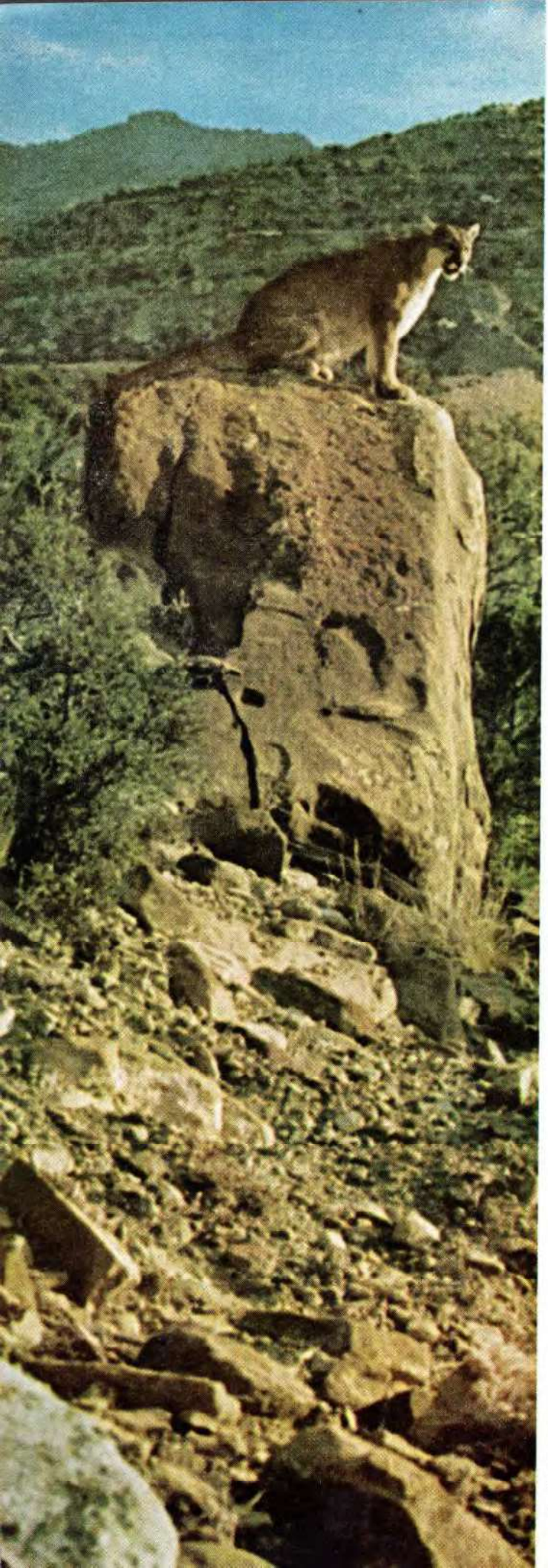
At the village, Sheppard gives a U.S. flag to a district chief as thanks for his success in holding off the Cong.

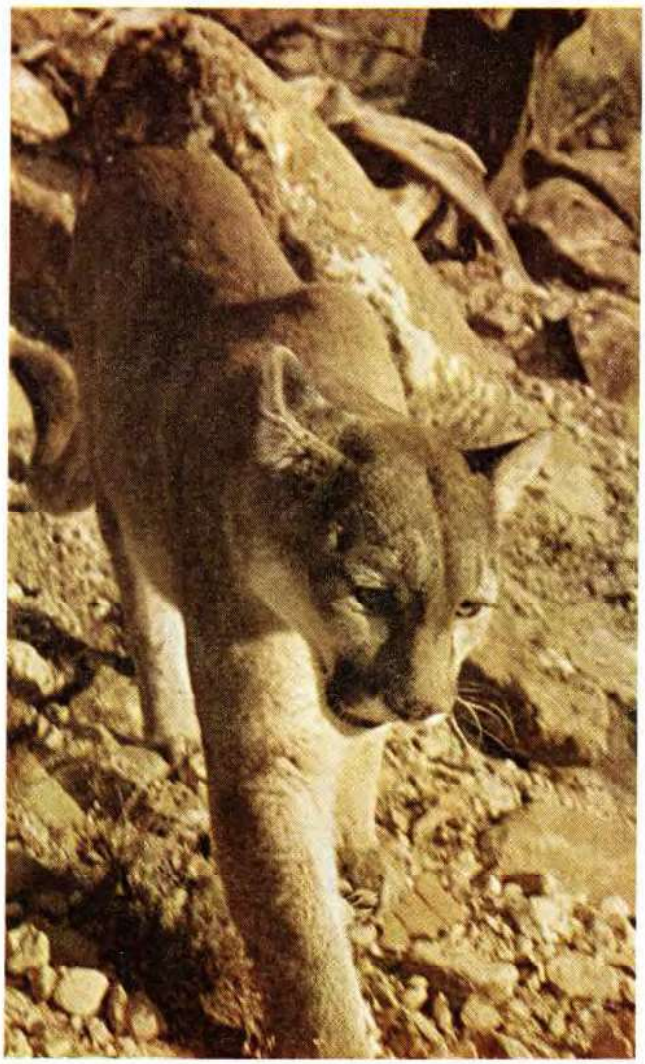
Up the river there may be a fire fight—or refugees who need help

The patrol nears its end. But the guns will be manned to the last beat of the engine—and after a few hours, manned again.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT HALMI





A hunting cougar does not pounce from a perch. The cat either lies in ambush along a game trail or it catches its prey by stealthy stalking.

From a vantage point high on a boulder, the lion leisurely watches for game. The cats do much of their hunting during the night hours.

When a lion loafs

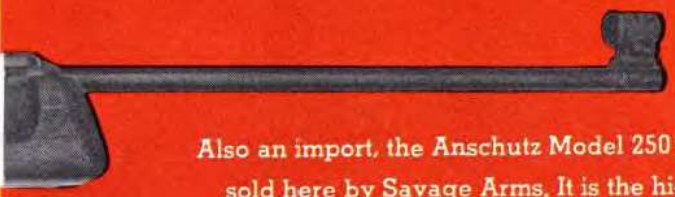
Rare pictures catch a cougar at home in the Utah wilderness—sunning, hunting, resting. They were made by hidden cameras during the filming of a new TV show ("The Outdoorsman: Joe Foss") which accents the importance of conservation to hunting. The mountain lion ranges from the Canadian Rockies south as far as Argentina, and, next to the jaguar, it is the largest cat on the two continents. Yet the cougar is seldom seen. It lives as a wary recluse, thriving only in country remote from man's intrusions.

A rabbit is a small meal for a cougar, which can easily bring down an adult deer. Lions make deer kills as frequently as once a week.

On the alert even while it takes its rest, the lion lolls in the warm sunshine. This cat weighs well over 100 pounds.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

The Hy-Score Model 810 is German-made, sells for $139.95. The rifle has been used by U.S. team in international competition.



Also an import, the Anschutz Model 250 is sold here by Savage Arms. It is the highest priced of the precision rifles, at $175.

Daisy markets the Model 150 Feinwerkbau match rifle for $169.75. Like the Hy-Score and Anschutz rifles, it fires without recoil.

Sheridan's Blue Streak pump-action is made in this country. Designed for match shooting, it sells for $33.50, without the scope sight.

Also American-made, the Crosman Model 140 is a pump, sells for $29.95, less scope. Like match rifles above, it is a single-shot, pellet gun.

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY AIR RIFLE, PARDNER

Olympic target shooters will compete this year with superaccurate air rifles, and our Army recruits are training with BB guns. What used to be the American boy's toy has now become a serious, and booming, business

BY JOHN S. TOMPKINS

■ Would you believe a $175 air rifle?

I didn't when I first heard about one last spring. Even allowing for some 25 years of inflation, it hardly seemed possible that the $5 toy guns of my youth could have become so expensive. Actually, they haven't—we still have good, inexpensive air rifles. But a new breed of superaccurate pellet rifles, all made in Germany and commanding premium prices, has recently become available here: the Anschutz Model 250, marketed by Savage at $175; the Daisy Model 150 FWB priced at $169.75; the Hy-Score Model 810 costing $139.95. There are others in this range, too.

All these air rifles are designed for one purpose only: to be shot at the official 10-meter (33 feet) target—a target so small that the white dot of its center is about the size of the head of a pin.

Our interest in such shooting came about in a rather left-handed way at Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1966. The occasion was the 39th International Shooting Union world championships (second in prestige only to the Olympics). As the host country, Germany elected—for the first time in ISU history—to have an air-rifle competition. Our

Austrian double-spring bellows gun is embellished like a wheel lock. Bellows and mechanism are in hollow buttstock.

Transitional spring gun, inlaid with bone, was apparently rebuilt from bellows gun and probably shot darts.

Pump-in-butt gun made in Munich has a small air reservoir in stock behind the receiver.

Ball air reservoir is screwed to breech of English gun and sights are set to one side to compensate for it.

Bar-lock air gun with reservoir hung below barrel released air with direct-striking device to open and close valve.

Single-spring bellows gun has one of very rare existing cranks that was used to prepare gun for discharge.

Combination air gun and .22 rifle made by Quackenbush, prominent U.S. manufacturer in 19th and early 20th centuries.

Antique schemes to compress air

top riflemen did well in the conventional firearm events . . . and poorly with air rifles, placing behind the Swiss, Germans and Hungarians.

While still smarting from this showing, word leaked out that there would probably be a similar match at the Olympic Games in Mexico City this summer, and our competition shooters got busy. As a result of their interest, the best foreign target-type air rifles began to be imported, and the National Rifle Association published official rules for air-rifle competition (based on ISU and Olympic standards), issued an official 10-meter target and produced a special rule book on military air-rifle competition at the request of the Pentagon.

At the same time, there has been other interest lately in American-made air rifles. Both the Army and the Air Force are going for air guns in a big way for two excellent reasons: economy and safety. Air guns are cheap to shoot, even by .22 caliber standards. And because the pellets do not travel far, such guns are much safer than firearms for training purposes, even in built-up areas (an advantage that has long been known to sportsmen and the casual plinker).

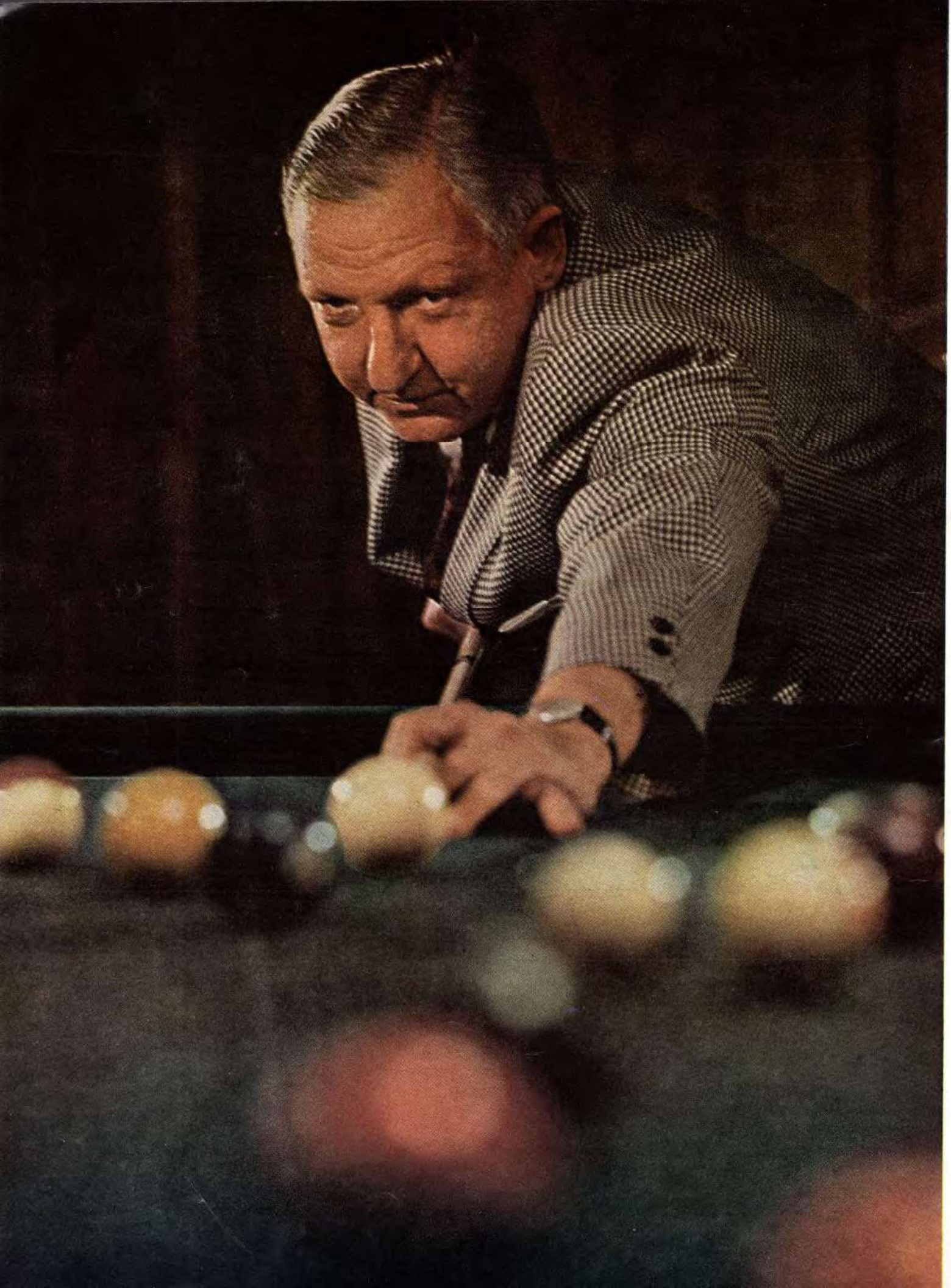
So it is that the U.S. air-gun business is enjoying an unusual activity these days. No one knows for sure how well the expensive, very accurate rifles are going to go over. Since they have minutely adjustable trigger pulls and sights, and are of a weight comparable to .22 target rifles, these sophisticated air rifles may [*Continued on page* 60]

While air guns have been around for centuries, possibly longer than firearms, their history is not yet clear. Makers often did not sign or date their guns and later developments were sometimes added to older guns. The earliest air gun was most likely a bellows gun. In this type, a bellows, fitted into the hollow butt, was expanded by a crank against the pressure of one or two powerful springs. When the bellows were suddenly released, the gun was discharged. Later spring guns followed the same principle of compressing air at the moment of use. Pneumatic guns all used compressed air in reservoirs, either held in outside chambers or enclosed in some part of the gun. Spring guns were, of necessity, single-shot weapons but with pneumatics from 20 to 40 shots were possible without refilling the reservoir.

Ball air chamber is set forward of trigger guard on .52 caliber English or German gun from 18th century. Pump was used to fill ball with air.

Top, French CO_2 gun, .32 caliber was made about 1890. Center, Dummy flintlock air gun, .41 caliber, dates from about 1750. Bottom, Leather-covered butt encloses air cylinder in .55 caliber gun.

Hollow metal stock of this .40 caliber gun forms an air reservoir. Gun is probably German of unknown date. All guns on this page are from the Winchester Gun Museum.



First, I have to convince you that even with generous odds I don't belong on the same table with you. Then when I have the best of the proposition

I'LL SHOOT YOUR EYES OUT

Sports

BY EDDIE TAYLOR AS TOLD TO TOM FOX

■ When I won the Stardust Open All-Around Pocket Billiard Tournament in Las Vegas last February, everybody made a big hullabaloo over the first place prize money. It really wasn't a lot, just $6,650, which doesn't begin to compare with those big paydays the pro golfers have, but that pot I won was the richest single prize purse in the history of legitimate competitive pool.

That's a nice distinction for Mr. James Edward Taylor, a country boy from Knoxville, Tennessee, and I'm proud of it, especially since I was never considered a legitimate tournament player to start with. All my life I've been a pool hustler, a fact I've never tried to hide, and until a few years ago, pool hustlers weren't allowed to compete in the big tournaments. Of course, I never had anything against playing in the big tournaments myself. The only drawback was that a man couldn't earn a living as a tournament performer unless he won the World title. The big money has always been in hustling. That's why I took to pool hustling long before I had fuzz on my chin.

I suppose there's always going to be some serious money to be made gambling, which is what pool hustling is all about when you get down to it, because a certain number of people are going to gamble, no matter what. And pool players are always going to be a part of that certain number.

Take the night I won the Stardust out in Vegas. While they were making such a big fuss over the $6,650 check (they even took a picture of it), my friend, Mr. Corn Bread Red, who is one of the best pool hustlers around today, was making himself a fortune at the crap tables.

Corn Bread started out with $46 and ran it up well into five figures. He was betting right (taking the odds) and throwing passes like confetti, and when Red left town he had a brand new wardrobe; thanks to Corn Bread's generosity, a few less fortunate pool players had new stakes. Red's like that. He's a big hearted country boy and when he's holding something he spreads it around.

I didn't play the crap tables that last night in Vegas. I was sort of moved by winning the tournament and the all-time record prize purse. I took my wife Vi over to Caesar's Palace to do a little celebrating, but my thoughts drifted back to my beginnings in Tennessee. I began thinking about the Yates brothers, two fine old gentlemen who operated a poolroom in downtown Nashville.

They're both dead now, but back in the old days if they liked a proposition, they would go as far as any gambling man ever dared. One time back in the 1920's, the old Yates boys went a little too far and got cleaned by a hustler named Emmett Blankenship.

Blank was one of the finest players to ever lift a cue, and in his prime he won the World title, in 1916. But he was a fast-living, hard-drinking, brawling man and a few years after he won the championship he got into a bum argument in a poolroom and killed a fellow with a cue stick. Hit him on the head and killed him. Blank was barred from legitimate tournaments for life and took to pool hustling full time. He never did stop his brawling, though. Years later he got into a fight on the waterfront down in New Orleans and cut his right hand, which was his shooting hand, on a longshoreman's teeth. Blank wasn't one for carrying his troubles to doctors and hospitals, and about a week later an infection set in and his right hand had to be amputated. That still didn't stop Blank from living the way he wanted to live. He learned to shoot pool left-handed and when he died about 20 years ago he was making more money hustling pool than he ever made in his life. Some pool hustlers were quick to take advantage of a man with one arm, but the ones who went to the table with Blank never dreamed they were hustling a onetime World Champion. Old Emmett Blankenship cleaned a lot of pockets before he died.

[*Continued on next page*]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN RUBIN

I'LL SHOOT YOUR EYES OUT

Back on that day in Nashville, Blankenship walked into the Yates brothers' poolroom wearing bib overalls and posing as a farmer. He said he was looking for a friendly little game of money pool, and those old Yates rascals were mighty accommodating. Blank handled the cue like he was pushing a plow and dumped a quick $40 or so to the Yates brothers. But he left smiling. "I'll be back tomorrow," he said.

The next day Blank went all out. He hired a genuine Tennessee farmer to drive him to the poolroom in an old farm truck loaded down with turnip greens. The truck was backfiring and making all sorts of noises when it stopped in front of the poolroom, and everybody looked out the windows to see what the big commotion was all about. Old Blank climbed down off the truck chewing on a piece of straw and shouted to the driver, "You take them greens down to the market, boy. I'm stopping off here to shoot a little pool." Then Blank walked in the room, began playing the Yates some money pool and made one of the biggest scores ever.

He emptied the Yates boys' pockets, cleaned out their cash register and then beat them for the poolroom. When the Yates boys said they didn't have anything else to gamble, Blank told them to keep an eye on his room while he went out and had himself a few drinks. About an hour later he came back and said, "Look here, you Yates boys, I'm going to have to ask you to take back the room. I'm itching to get on down the road a piece, and I sure can't take a poolroom with me."

Now those old Yates gents, who were half-way religious folks to start with, got down on their knees and thanked the Lord. Why, they were so grateful to get back their poolroom, they promised the Lord they would never gamble again. Ever. But that's not all; they wouldn't let anybody else gamble in their room either. After Blank busted them, they ran their poolroom like a church.

I used to drop in at the Yates' room whenever I happened to be in Nashville back in the 30's. Of course, I never hustled a dime there because it wasn't tolerated on the premises, but one of the old brothers took an interest in me and was always after me to quit hustling and get serious about legitimate pool.

"Why throw away your life hustling and gambling?" he used to say. "It ain't worth it, sonny. I know. A player your speed should be thinking about those big tournaments up in New York and Chicago. You mark my words, some day good pool players will be able to make a good, honest living at their profession. Mark my words, boy."

I suppose that's why I began thinking about the Yates brothers the night I hit the jackpot out in Vegas. The old gents were prophets without honor down home in Tennessee, but here I was 48 years old and not only shooting legitimate pool, but pulling down the biggest prize there ever was. If the old Yates boys were still alive, I would have telephoned them that night. I did call my mother down in Knoxville. "Mrs. Taylor," I said, "this is your wayward son, James Edward. I just won myself $6,000 shooting pool."

"Well, son," my mother said, "you've devoted your whole life to your craft. I'm happy for you, James Edward."

My mother was always against my playing pool. Poolrooms had an awful reputation down in Knoxville 35 years ago, and Mama did her dead-level best to keep me out of them. She knew I was sneaking around, and after awhile she started tailing me like a gumshoe. She made quite a scene when she caught me in those places, too, sometimes telling the manager she'd blow up the building if she found me there again.

But I kept going and even started staying out of school and hanging around poolrooms day and night. So my mother had me placed in a juvenile home. It nearly killed me and I cried like a baby. I told my mother I'd do anything if she got me out.

"Promise me that you'll never put your foot inside a poolroom again, and I'll take you back home right now," she said.

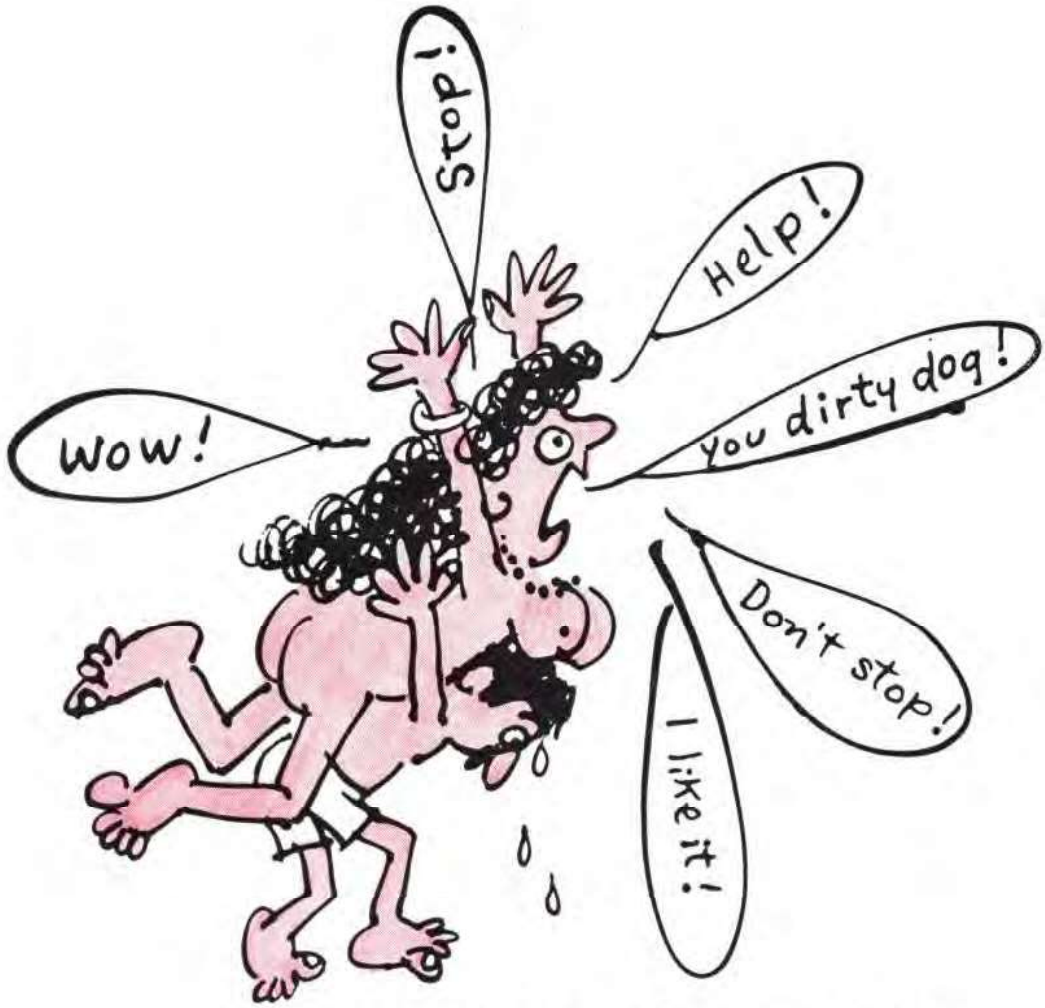
I promised right on the spot. I repented right then and there and Mama took me home. "If I so much as catch you looking at a poolroom again I'll send the police after you," Mama warned me.

The next day I played hooky again and went pool playing. My mother found out I wasn't in school and tracked me down to a poolroom. When she walked in the fellow I just beat was paying off the bet; he was a Knoxville policeman. That's when my mother gave up on me. I became a school dropout that same day. I was 12 years old at the time.

Pool's been in my blood ever since I can remember. My father, whose name was Hobart, was an auto mechanic and a good one. But he was also the best damned snooker player in all of Knoxville. Snooker was a big game in Tennessee in those days and all the rooms offered weekly $5 prizes for the highest snooker runs. My father won the prize at every room. When I was no more than three he started taking me along. He wasn't a gambling man, although he would bet a dollar on his game if he had to.

The big money games in Knoxville when I was a boy were snooker and banks. I figured since the old man was already the best snooker player in town, I'd major in banks. By the time I was 13 years old, I was the best banks player in Knoxville. There must have been 25 poolrooms in Knoxville and I played in every one, including the game room at the YMCA. That was the only room in town that Mama didn't threaten to dynamite. [*Continued on page* 66]

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU MYERS



ANATOMY OF RAPE

(AS SEEN BY THE AUTHOR OF ANATOMY OF A MURDER)

Humor

BY ROBERT TRAVER

A noted jurist and best-selling writer reveals unsuspected facts about a much misunderstood crime

■ Old Doc Parsons, for many years our town's busiest unlicensed abortioner, when once asked to define rape, replied: "The wrong man." Others have defined it as the depth of bad taste or again as conclusive proof that men truly *descended* from monkeys, but these and other variant schools of thought were overruled centuries ago by those old English judges who, since at least the reign of Edward I in the 12th century, tersely defined rape as the carnal knowledge of a woman by a man by force and without her consent. This ancient definition, with only slight variations, prevails in our law down to the present day.

Nestling ever so innocently in the legal indices between Railroads and Receivers, Rape has had a long, abundant and dishonorable career. The extravagant lengths to which men will go to satisfy their appetites and get themselves in trouble is nowhere better illustrated than in this uneasy realm. In this essay I shall explore a few odd byways in this dark forest of the criminal law. Which brings me abruptly to Variation Number One.

Can a man legally be convicted of the rape of a sleeping woman?

Most laymen and sheltered lawyers (sheltered from the criminal law, that is) would probably say no, the guttier or more compassionate among them probably adding that any man who couldn't arouse a woman to consciousness during such an encounter

From *The Jealous Mistress*, copyright © 1968 by Robert Traver. To be published by Little, Brown and Company.

Ed crept into the wrong bed, and his wife's best friend didn't care for the compliment.

deserves condolence far more than criminal prosecution for his pains. They would be wrong; the books are crammed with cases where men were convicted of raping unsuspecting women in their sleep.

Where the average layman goes wrong is in his natural assumption that the act of intercourse must be completed, brought to climax, and in his incredulity that even the most lethargic female could remain asleep through all that. The law says otherwise: that in rape *any* penetration, however slight, completes the offense, and that the act need not be consummated. In almost all of the cases consulted the woman *did* wake up, and the decisions are virtually uniform that this adds up to rape.

Missouri has the distinction of spawning one of the classic cases in this field (*State of Missouri v. Welch*). The Widow Dorrity, age 41, and her four children ranging from nine to 16, lived on her farm near Cushion Lake in New Madrid County. On a Saturday night in October, 1903, having had a hard day, she retired early and shortly went to sleep. With her in bed was her 12-year-old daughter. In an adjoining bedroom one of her sons lay asleep with a visiting neighbor boy.

During the night she suddenly awakened and found a man in bed with her. Then, to her horror, she discovered that not only was he in bed with her but on top of her and having intercourse with her. She tried to resist and push him away but, as she later testified, he persisted and overcame her resistance and, finishing his task, escaped through a bedroom window. She ran to the window and looked out. In the bright moonlight she recognized John Welch, once a hired hand on her farm and then a blacksmith in a neighboring village.

The next morning she went to town and swore out a rape warrant against John Welch. Upon his arraignment in circuit court he pleaded not guilty and the decks were cleared for the most sensational criminal trial ever held in New Madrid County.

The trial was long and bitter and the evidence violently contradictory and marked by much rebuttal and counterrebuttal. The Widow Dorrity took the stand and, in a low voice, told in detail her harrowing story.

When the defense lawyer had his chance at her on cross-examination, one of his first questions was: Why hadn't she pushed her attacker away? She had tried, she said, but she was a small woman, weighing barely over a hundred pounds, who had recently been ill, while he was a big powerful man. . . .

"Why didn't you scream?" was the next question.

She had tried to, she explained, but he had clutched her throat with one hand and held his other hand over her mouth.

"Why didn't you kick your daughter awake—the sleeping girl lying there right at your side?" was the next question.

"I don't know," she answered lamely. "I guess I never thought of it."

John Welch's main defense was an alibi; that is, not only that he didn't commit the act but that he was somewhere else at the time.

"I didn't do it," the dour defendant declared flatly

"I'm going to make an air passage," the choirmaster slyly told his teen-age vocal student.

when it came his turn to take the stand. "That night I worked late in my blacksmith shop by lantern light—workin' on a log wagon for Combs' mill. Then I went over to Ed Welbron's lunchroom and et some oysters and then I went straight to my roomin' house and went to bed. I was awful tired."

Ed Welbron, purveyor of inland oysters, backed this up, testifying that he had earlier seen the defendant working in his nearby shop that night; that later he had come over to his lunchroom-grocery store and bought and ate some potted ham (whither oysters flown?), and then, quite late, started for his nearby rooming house. "He looked awful tired."

In rebuttal the state put on more witnesses, some of whom testified that Ed Welbron had sold out and was no longer running his luncheon-grocery store in Stewart on the night in question and further that the "tired" defendant Welch had not even been in his blacksmith shop that night. There was more rebuttal and counterrebuttal on both sides—it was a savage no-holds-barred trial—and finally the lawyers made their impassioned arguments, the judge gave his calm instructions, and the jury retired. They found John Welch guilty of the rape of the Widow Dorrity. He promptly appealed.

After reviewing the facts and much of the conflicting testimony, Mr. Justice Burgess plunged boldly into his main opinion: "To ravish [a favorite judicial euphemism for rape] a woman is to have carnal connection [another favorite euphemism for sexual intercourse] with her forcibly and without her consent. . . . If . . . [she] was asleep at the time, as testified by her, she was, of course, incapable of giving assent."

The judge then reviewed many of the older cases where cohabitation with a sleeping woman was held to be rape, quoting with approval from an old Texas case where it was said, "The act of copulation by a man with a sleeping woman, without her consent, is sufficient to constitute rape, although the force used be only such as is necessary to the mere act of copulation." The defendant was now down to his final main contention, namely, that the woman's conduct after awakening amounted to submission and consent, thus vitiating any prior rape. Justice Burgess met this without hesitation:

"She knew nothing about the assault and penetration of her person until she awoke and found the defendant on her. . . . After that no submission or consent . . . could avail the defendant." The exhausted blacksmith had exhausted his remedies and was on his way to prison.

WHAT ON EARTH makes men like Blacksmith Welch *do* things like this? As an ex-D. A. who has collided with perhaps more than his share of rape cases and rape defendants—though, I must confess, never with a "sleeper"—I venture a guess.

A powerful case can be made for the proposition that the average man sexually is a wandering untethered bull restrained mostly by pride and fear. But it is a pride that swells easily into reckless male vanity, a fear that melts swiftly in the hot flame of raw male desire. The massive male ego, especially when unencumbered by excessive brains or exhilarated by an injudicious blend of passion and bar whisky, is easily convinced that any woman who lives

The dedicated rapist pursues his quarry in spite of crying kids or bewildered husbands.

alone—widow, grass widow, bachelor girl, whatever—is panting to get a man in bed with her, preferably himself. Intellectual giants of this stamp are quick to misinterpret the slightest cordiality—a passing nod, a civil greeting, a casual smile—as a seductively veiled invitation to come join them there. Real soon.

These hallucinated souls seem never to realize that any man who invades the bed of a woman who hasn't unmistakably invited him there is, among other things, a plain damn fool. They persist in their delusion despite abundant evidence to the contrary: the wealth of legal cases against them, the thousands of their deluded brothers languishing in prison, the disaster that must inevitably follow treating any woman as though she were a bitch in heat. That these men are mostly stupid, crude, ego-sodden and utterly repellent is undeniable. Yet I can't help wondering whether they should ever be equated with the true pathological rapist.

One need not set up shop as a lay analyst to guess that the two are not identical. One is mostly an egocentric idiot, the other a dangerously sick psychopath. One fatuously deludes himself he can charm or sneak his way in; the other resolutely shuns acquiescence and submission and is apt to become impotent in its

presence. One is a sneak thief of love, the other a holdup man. The one tends to run when the going gets rough; the other lusts after terror and resistance. To the true rapist, risk, violence and imminent danger, far from deterring him, are all part of the attraction.

But how can the poor surprised woman know what kind of interloper she has on her hands? She can't, of course, but the authorities can later, when prosecution and punishment are in order. Possibly there should be degrees of rape or some in-between crime to fit the plain damn fools. I make no plea that these gristle-headed bed invaders should go free and not be punished. I suggest only that possibly they should not be treated or punished in the same way as pathological rapists. For one thing, to do so doubtlessly encourages many juries to let them go entirely when they have no appropriate alternative other than traditional rape. Simple assault and battery—the usual alternative—scarcely fills the bill. It's a large and perplexing subject.

More akin to the true rapist is the daring soul who invades the bed of a sleeping woman, the bed also being occupied by her sleeping husband or lover. There are a surprising number of such cases, so many, in fact, that one wonders what the intruding defendant deserves most: a medal for his heroism or a psychiatrist for his head. If the lone-woman artist risks disaster, the three-in-a-bedder clamors for it. Most "normal" males would be so terrified they could never get on with the festivities. Yet in a recent West Coast "sleeper" case, so devoted to his work was the intruder that when the woman awoke and aroused her sleeping husband lying beside her, the latter had to chase the intent defendant away with a carving knife.

Now On With the next variation.

Can a man legally be convicted of the rape of his own wife?

You have doubtless learned your lesson now and will probably slyly answer yes. This time you will be right but probably for the wrong reasons. No case has been found anywhere in which a husband has been convicted of the sole active rape of his own lawful wife. That was decided centuries ago when Lord Hale laid down the proposition in a quaint dictum in which he said: "But the husband cannot be guilty of a rape committed by himself upon his lawful wife, for by their mutual matrimonial consent and contract the wife hath given up herself in this kind unto her husband, which she cannot retract." And this has been the uniform rule in the United States ever since a Massachusetts decision handed down in 1857.

But while a husband may, without criminal liability for rape, physically force himself sexually upon his wife regardless of her wishes, he may not lawfully force intercourse upon her by another man. And if he does so he may be equally guilty of rape along with the other man. Again dependable old Lord Hale's measured tones must be heeded:

"A. the husband of B. intends to prostitute her to a rape by C. against her will, and C. accordingly doth ravish her, A. being present, and assisting to this rape: in this case these points were resolved. 1. That this was a rape in C. notwithstanding the husband assisted in it, for tho in marriage she hath given up her body to her husband, she is not to be by him prostituted to another. 2. That the husband being present, aiding and assisting, is also guilty as a principal in rape, and therefore, altho the wife cannot have an appeal of rape against her husband; yet he is indictable for it at the king's suit as a principal. 3. That in this case the wife may be a witness against her husband, and accordingly she was admitted, and A. and C. were both executed."

So much for A. and C. They did things with dispatch back in those days.

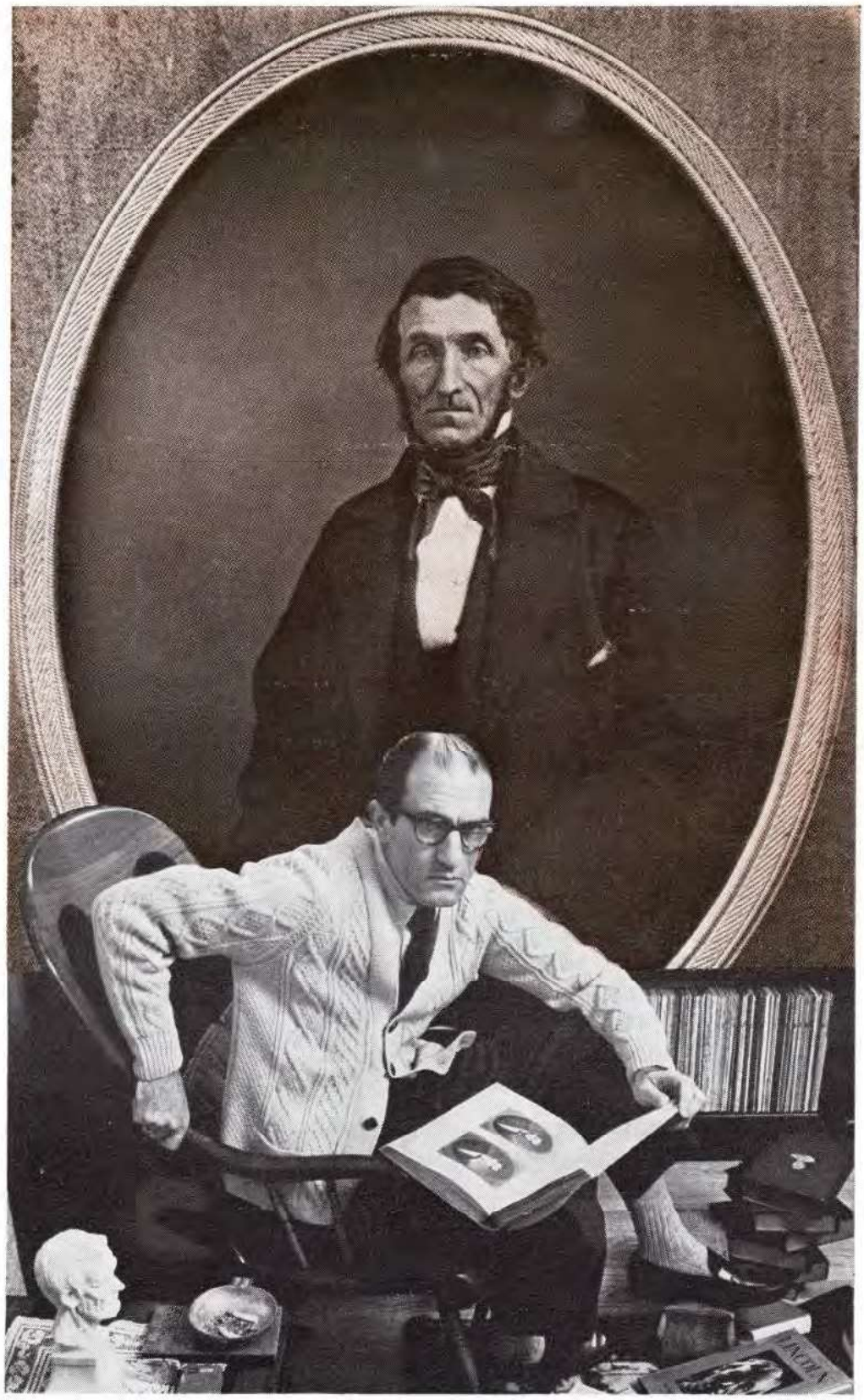
All of which brings us down to the *Chapman* case, decided in Michigan and described by one of the indignant justices who sat on it as "the foulest of crimes." Since the case is not only one of the most bizarre I have encountered, as well as one of the earliest in America holding the husband equally guilty of rape along with the man he puts up to it, we will take an obligatory look at it.

Back in 1881 the defendant, Jerry Chapman, seduced a 13-year-old girl called Maggie Smith. Having got her pregnant, and presumably to avoid the perils of a prosecution for statutory rape (that is, any intercourse whatever, voluntary or not, with a female child under the prevailing age of consent) he got her to lie about her age and married her. Rapidly tiring of both the state of Maggie and that of matrimony, he then dreamed up a wild scheme to get rid of her. As part of his scheme he got a drifter called Reagan to come live with them as a star boarder. Plans were laid, the stage set.

As part of his grotesque plan the husband, Jerry Chapman, secretly (to Maggie, that is) bored some holes through the bedroom wall so that he could watch the proceedings when the time arrived. Came the big day, the defendant and his brother Oscar took up their stations at the strategic peepholes, while Reagan advanced upon the unsuspecting Maggie in her bedroom—a rare kind of Restoration cum Mack Sennett farce if it hadn't been so deadly.

At first Reagan, who knew all along he was being watched, tried the manly arts of seduction, but plucky Maggie rejected him scornfully. Masculine wile failing, he caught her by the throat and threw her down and, while she vainly tried to fight him off and equally vainly shrieked for help, had his way with her, as they used to say [*Continued on page 75*]

BY EDWIN KIESTER, JR.



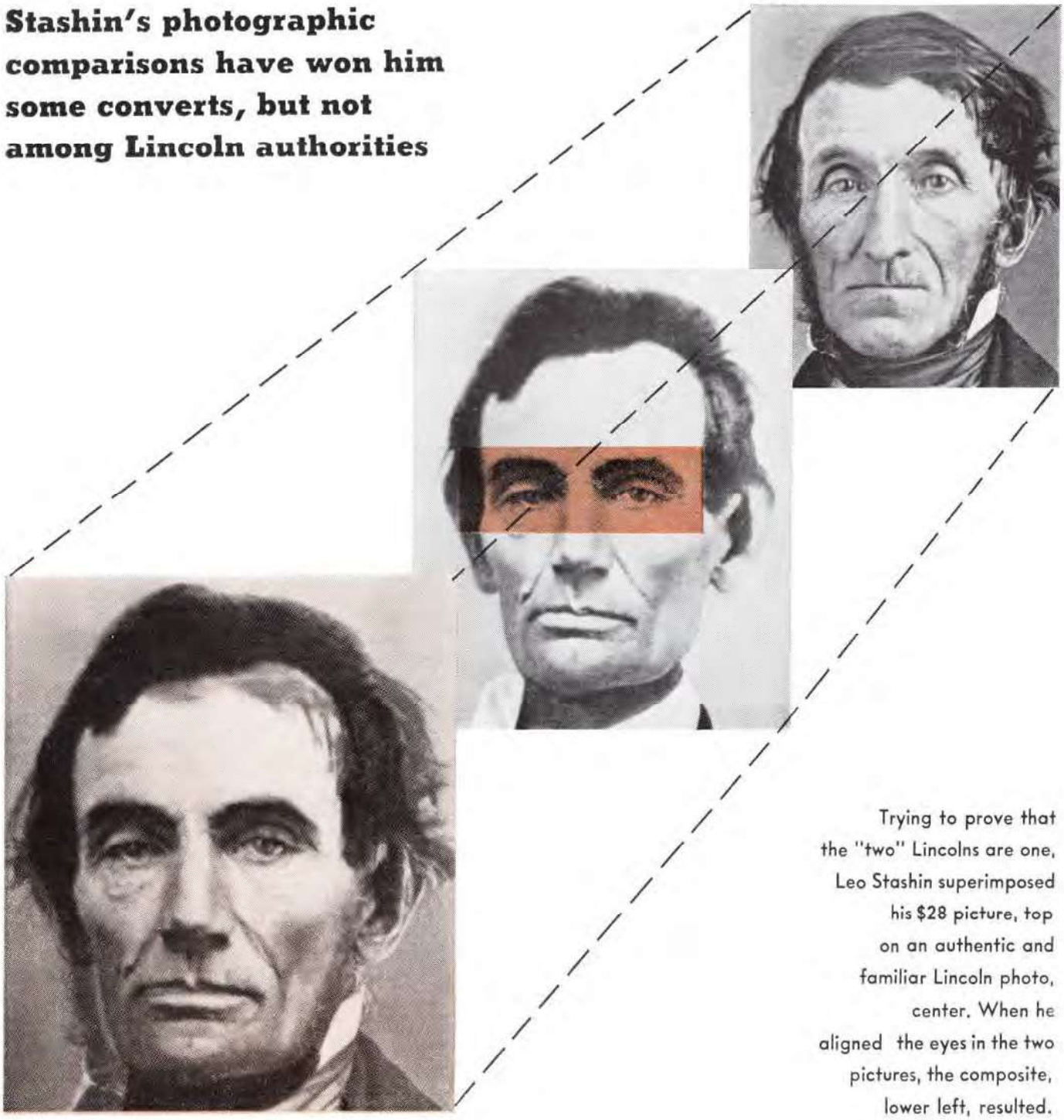
Photographer Leo Stashin surrounded by Lincoln research.

a big argument about a mystery photo

This man sits at the eye of a storm. Behind him is an enlargement of a photo he bought for $28. He is convinced it is a long-lost picture of Abraham Lincoln. If he is right, he has a historic find that is worth $150,000. Even if he is wrong, he has succeeded in starting

TURN PAGE

Stashin's photographic comparisons have won him some converts, but not among Lincoln authorities

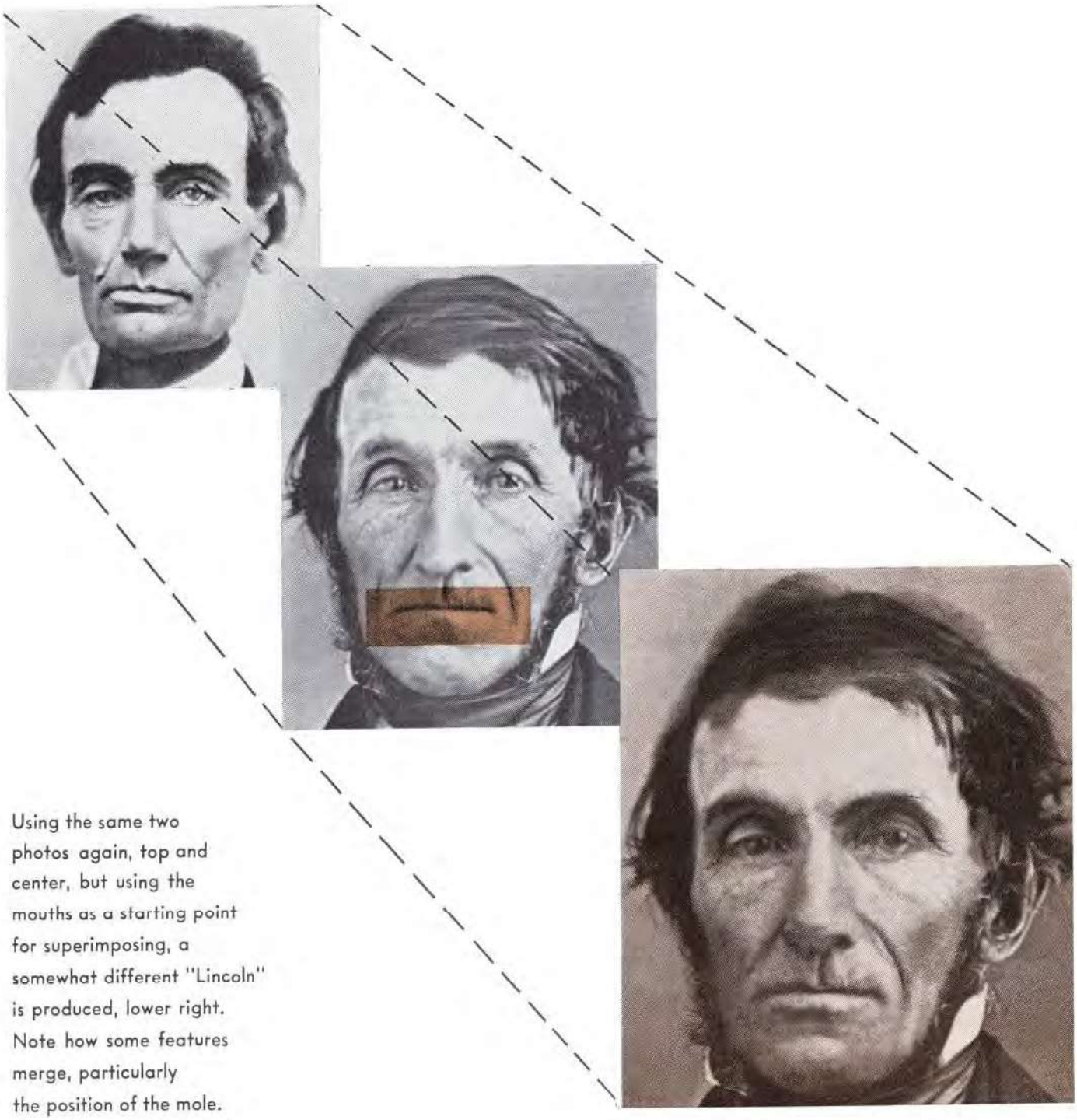


Trying to prove that the "two" Lincolns are one, Leo Stashin superimposed his $28 picture, top on an authentic and familiar Lincoln photo, center. When he aligned the eyes in the two pictures, the composite, lower left, resulted.

■ It is an interesting face, no matter whose it is. From the light-catching, gray-and-silver daguerrotype, the man looks out at you with unflinching gaze, his eyes hooded, his mouth a thin, tight line. The nose, highlighted at the bridge, is strong, the chin thrust forward and cleft. Around the face, a straggle of graying whiskers forms a frame; the hair, black and uncombed, grows in a swirl and overlaps the ears. He sits erect in dark suit and overcoat, boiled shirt bloused, choker tie wrinkled. His enormous outdoorsman's hands rest in his lap.

Who is he? Obviously, from the ornate gold-trimmed frame, from the very fact that he posed for an expensive daguerrotype, from the commanding presence and inborn character he seems to exude, the man is an American of some importance from the pioneer days of photography—110 to 125 years ago. But who? Could he be the American of *the* most importance of the mid-19th century? Could the daguerrotype be a long-lost likeness of the Great Emancipator—Abraham Lincoln?

Most Americans, brought up on the Lincoln of the penny and the five-dollar bill, would say no—"he somehow doesn't look like Lincoln." But one man—

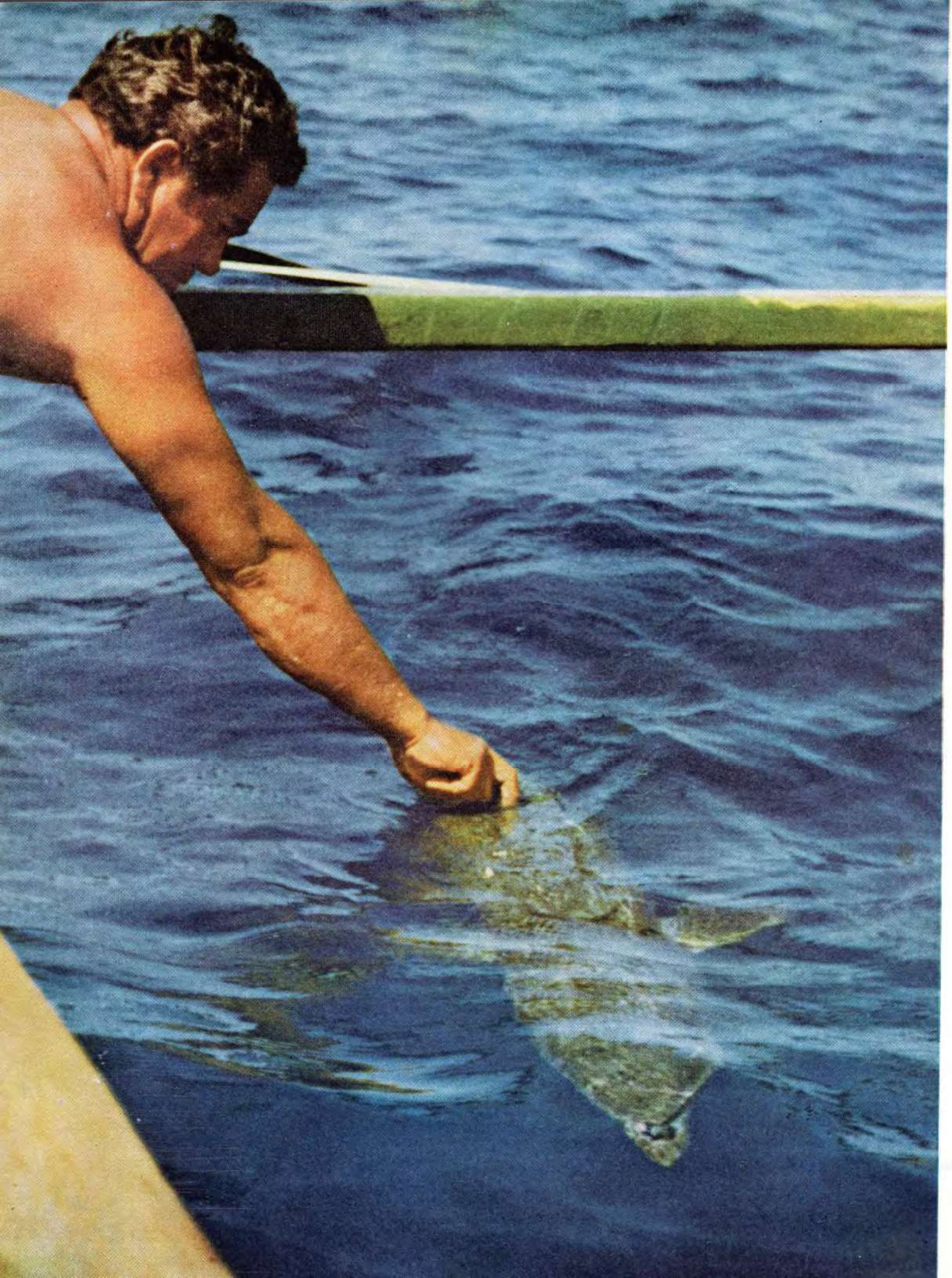


Using the same two photos again, top and center, but using the mouths as a starting point for superimposing, a somewhat different "Lincoln" is produced, lower right. Note how some features merge, particularly the position of the mole.

and a man of some authority—says yes. He is magazine photographer Leo Stashin. He has been battling for a year to prove that the daguerrotype, which he bought in 1966 for $28, is the 133rd known photograph of Lincoln.

Stashin is not exactly alone in his crusade: his wife, his dentist and his congressman, Rep. Theodore R. Kupferman (R., N.Y.), also are on his side. The Itek Corporation, which analyzes reconnaissance films for the Air Force, also has undertaken an investigation. And Stashin has won support from fellow photographers, art directors and friends—mostly by stopping them in the street and blitzing them with pictures, exhibits and exhortations like: "You mean you can't see the resemblance? Look at the eyes! Look at the mole on the cheek! Look at the set of the shoulders!" until they acknowledge in self-defense that there might be something to it, at that.

So far, however, Stashin has failed to convince a single Lincoln authority. Charles Hamilton, the eminent dealer in Lincolniana, in the photographer's words, "brushed me off in 20 seconds." Lloyd Ostendorf, coauthor of *Lincoln In Photographs: An Album of Every Known* [*Continued on page* 92]



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERNEST W. ALBRECHT

BY JOHN MANTLEY

Frank Kahahane is a Hawaiian who uses a huge barracuda to help him net mackerel. And he and his pal have been doing this for 26 years!

the fish that goes fishing with me

I wish Papa Hemingway were alive; this is his sort of story, the kind he would go halfway around the world to get. No one could appreciate this story more than he, for it concerns a great fish—a thinking *fish.*

But it is not only the story of a fish—it is also the story of a fisherman and of the primitive ritual that has bound him to the fish for more than a quarter of a century. Their story is stranger and more improbable than any fiction.

■ His name is Frank Kahahane. I hope he won't mind that I tell you. He says he won't, but the pure Hawaiians are such gentle and wonderful people that they will often tell you an untruth rather than something they know you do not want to hear. He has four pretty daughters, a strapping son, a lovely wife, and he lives in a small and very happy house on the outskirts of Lahaina on Maui, one of the Hawaiian Islands. He fishes as his father did before him, and as *his* father did before that, and his father's father before that. But he is the last, for his son (who raises the nets with him now) will go off to a university soon to become an architect.

There is still a good living for Frank Kahahane, but it will not endure much beyond his day, and perhaps not even as long as that. There will be far more money to be made from the tourists who are pouring into Maui, and soon, when the great, ugly hotels are finished, they will come in their tens of thousands. All that is beautiful on this island . . . all except the sea itself . . . will be changed. Asphalt jungles will rise where palm trees stand, and where I rode an outrigger recently, powerboats will churn the ocean, fish will be hunted by radar and the nets boated by power winches. That's why it is important, I think, that the story of Frank [*Continued on page* 85]

In old ritual, Kahahane strokes head of Limubak, his fishing partner.

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY AIR RIFLE, PARDNER

[*Continued from page 47*]

well appeal to the small-bore competitive shooter—especially with the additional advantage that such an air gun can be fired quietly on a basement range.

U.S. makers feel there is a market, but they can't be sure how big it is going to be.

Take Roger Molina, for example. He's the director of the Professional Equipment Division of Crosman Arms Company in Fairport, New York, and he attended the ISU match in Wiesbaden last summer. He's very enthusiastic about the future of air-rifle shooting in this country and says that Crosman has a line of expensive guns "in the planning stage." But what Crosman decides to do depends on how big the market is. "Volume is the question," says Molina, though he concedes that the company does pretty well with its most expensive current model: a CO_2-powered rifle retailing for $42.

Even that old established giant, Remington, seems to be in the same quandary. A spokesman says that the company recently was "quite actively" investigating the air-rifle field, but now the project is dead.

The feeling you get from men in the business is that it would probably be hard for an American-made air rifle to command the prices the best German guns carry—at least until the shooting community gets used to the idea. It's a bit like the sports-car field: when you put down a lot of dough for a car, you at least want to be able to impress the peasants with the fact that it's a Ferrari and not a hopped-up, poor man's GT.

This is not to say that American air-rifle-makers are a Johnny-come-lately lot. Benjamin, the oldest in the business, started in St. Louis back in 1882. And Daisy, the largest, began making air guns four years later. Crosman has been making rifles for more than 40 years and Sheridan, latest comer of the majors, started a year after World War II.

The size of the American air-gun industry can only be guessed at, but it's probably around $25 million a year (not counting toy-department products). Of this, Daisy accounts for more than a third, Crosman for about a fifth and Benjamin, Sheridan and a number of importers, such as Hy-Score, make up the balance.

Several dozen other companies have tried to make air guns in the last 20 years but failed. Their products are often found in junk shops and in collections. The reason for the high casualty rate is that air-gun manufacture is not nearly so easy as it seems to the casual observer. The tolerances demanded in a well-made air rifle are equal to, and in some cases greater than, those in firearms.

While we all tend to use the term "air gun" rather loosely, there are really three well-defined and quite different types of guns included in the category. The Daisy type of rifle is the so-called spring operated or spring-air gun. When the rifle is cocked, a piston is pulled back against a strong spring. When the trigger is pulled, the spring drives the piston forward, compressing the air and pushing the pellet out of the barrel. The Europeans claim that a good spring-air gun shoots more consistently than any other type of air rifle, and the very expensive German guns are mostly spring-air models.

The straight air gun, or pneumatic rifle, is pumped up for each shot and the range and power can be varied by the number of pumps. Besides greater power, pneumatic guns don't have the annoying recoil common to many spring-air rifles (the piston moving forward before the pellet leaves the barrel creates an annoying forward "jump" that interferes with accurate shooting).

The third type of air gun is powered by carbon-dioxide gas (CO_2), stored under pressure in a steel cartridge. The trigger actuates a valve that lets enough gas into the chamber to drive the pellet down the barrel. While these rifles perform with more consistency than pump-up guns, they are not as powerful.

The new interest in air guns could very well result in refinements in these three basic designs. If, for instance, the American air-gun industry does move into the market for the expensive, super-accurate target rifles, it will face increased demands upon its engineering ingenuity. The military's use of air guns could have the same effect, though only standard models are being employed so far.

The Army turned to air guns in developing training programs designed to teach soldiers how to survive in Viet Nam combat. One such program that attracted attention was tested at Fort Benning in 1966. Pop-up targets on a combat-marksmanship range were armed with Daisy CO_2 pistols; the pistols were remotely controlled and they fired BB's back at the GI's when they failed to hit their targets. This training system did not get beyond the testing stage, however. (Actually there is a precedent for air guns in combat training in a system that has been in use for several years by the FBI Academy and a number of police departments: here the trainee, armed with a Crosman pistol, fires at a movie screen on which scenes of armed felons are projected.)

Both Crosman and Daisy also supply the military services with more or less standard air rifles designed for recreation and training. In this respect, as well as in the precision field, we are somewhat behind the Europeans.

The Czechs, for instance, have an air-rifle trainer that is almost an exact duplicate of their Mauser-pattern army rifle, even down to the bayonet lug and a mechanism based on cocking the piston by turning and pulling back the bolt handle. The Swiss have carried the idea a step further. Hammerli makes an air rifle mechanism that can be inserted into an army rifle without altering it in any way. And the most recent European innovation is the French MAS/50 air pistol, designed to resemble an army automatic. It's used for practice at 12 yards and shoots at that distance as accurately as the pistol it's designed to simulate.

The breakthrough in the Army's use of air guns came last year with the development of a radically new training program called Quick Kill. In this system GI's begin their rifle training with a course in "instinct shooting," using a lever-action Daisy BB rifle. The rifle is identical to the one that youngsters know, except that there are no sights and the stock is four inches longer to accommodate the adult frame.

The trainee fires the Daisy from the shoulder, but with his head erect and his eyes focused directly on the target. The theory is that the rifle becomes an extension of the eyes, and the method works. Men who have never fired a rifle before are able to begin by hitting 3½-inch metal disks thrown into the air. Then the trainees advance to stationary ground targets: they fire at four-inch silhouettes from 15 feet, which simulates shooting at a standard-size target at 75 yards. When they have mastered the instinct-shooting technique with the BB guns, the men proceed to further training using the M-14 and M-16 rifles.

Quick Kill is taught to GI's in addition to regular aimed-fire training, and it is designed specifically to prepare riflemen for the close-range shooting of the jungles of Viet Nam. Developed and tested at Fort Benning, the system has now become a standard part of the Army's basic training program. And the Marine Corps is also studying the system. Along with a safety factor, the air rifles have a large economical advantage: the trainee can fire 400 BB's for the cost of one regular rifle round. Thus far, the Army has purchased 3,800 Daisy rifles for its program.

Crosman's contribution to the military use of air guns is a sizeable sale of CO_2-powered rifles and pistols to the U.S. Air Force for use in marksmanship training programs at air bases. The approach appealed to the Air Force not only because of the economy advantage, but also because personnel manning Minuteman missile silos or Strategic Air Command bomber bases can't easily take time off to go out to a rifle range. At the same time, the Air Force is finding in Viet Nam what it found in Korea: that air bases are not immune from attack on the ground and that clerks, mechanics and cooks had better know how to shoot for their own protection.

According to Cliff Morrow, who is in charge of air-rifle programs for the National Rifle Association, the rules for Military Pellgun Postal Matches were written late last year to motivate Air Force missile crews, Coast Guard patrols and Navy ship's companies to engage in worldwide shooting competition. NRA offers training kits and pewter mugs or cups as awards in a series of quarterly matches for servicemen.

The economy of air guns is a big attraction to the military. For instance, a training program involving a million rounds of ammunition—an amount that a single infantry division can shoot up in a day or two on the range—would run about $2,500 with air rifles, and $100,000 if

[*Continued on page 64*]

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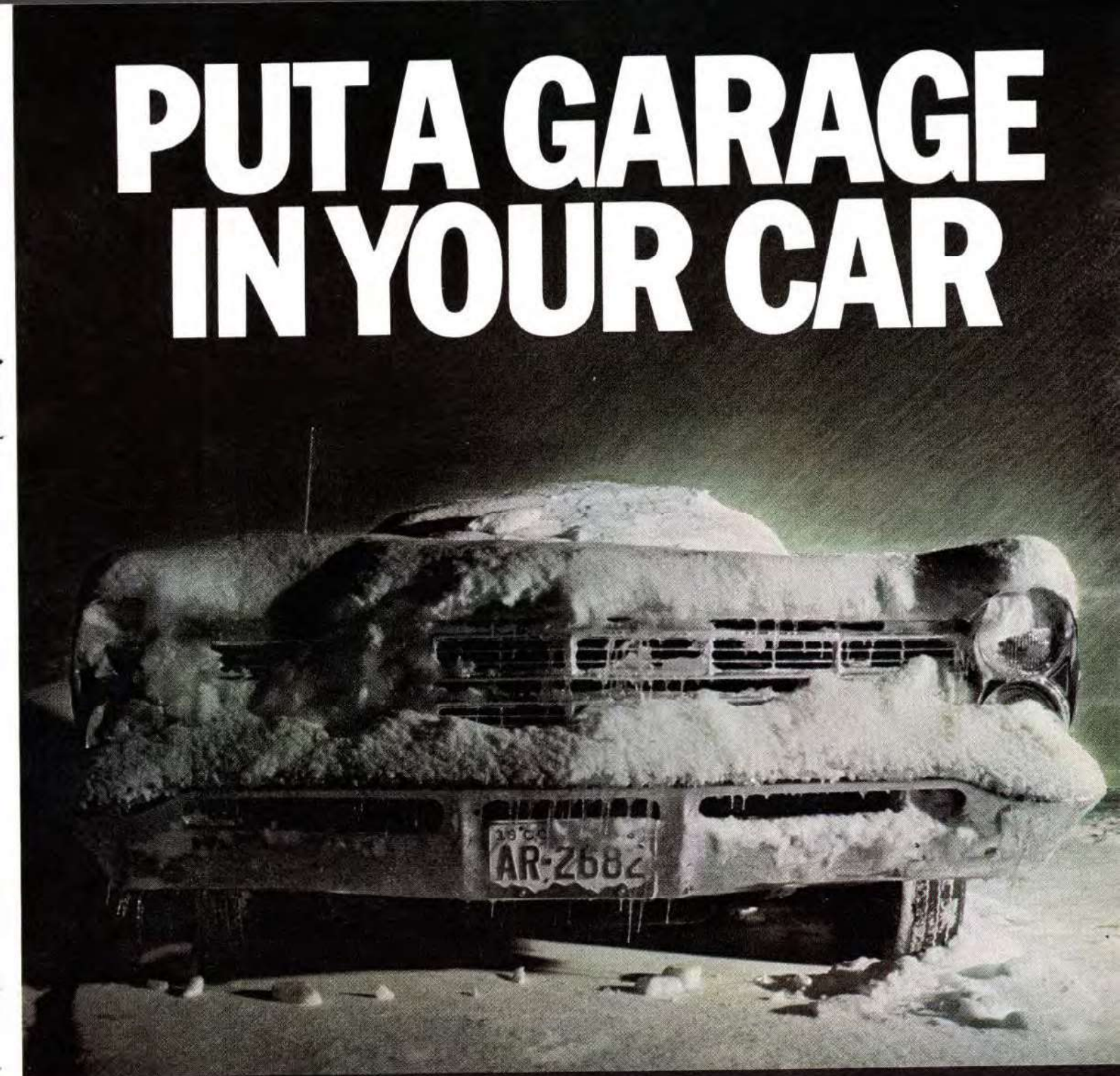

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"Cane cloth" sport shirt by Manhattan, $5; Paris reversible belt, $4; Coventry Square slacks by Asher, $19, and Bostonian Blazers, $15. Kodak Instamatic 104 camera, about $17.

Man's expandable knit swimsuit by Jantzen, $6.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OWEN BUTLER

Vacations should be light, bright and carefree—which means, among other things, don't weigh yourself down like a pack animal with too many clothes stuffed into too many bags. The winter sun-seeker on these pages has it figured right—clothes for six basic vacation situations and all of them will fit into one piece of luggage. Part of the trick is in selecting a mix-and-match wardrobe with a basic color key. In this case, our man has chosen rich golden tones that can be worn in many handsome combinations. Another trick is to pick light, crush-resistant fabrics. Also a soft, flexible piece of luggage that will give and take with its burden. With this kind of shrewd advance planning, the adventurous male is free to get to know the native population....

His Aegean Sea jacket, $16, and Mediterranean swimsuit, $9, both by Catalina Martin.

Gary Player "flitecru" shirt, $13, and Brook Mate no-iron walking shorts, $8, both by Puritan: Paris adjustable belt, $3.50, and Bostonian Flex-O-Mocs, $18.95.

Seta-Lana Trad sport jacket by Bernhard Altmann, $55; Coventry Square slacks by Asher, $22.50, and Manhattan's "LightBrigade" shirt, $6. Her silk jump suit by Ruth Graves for Gussy and Becky shop.

"Well, dreamer, did you find your pot of gold?"

[*Continued from page 60*]
fired with .30 caliber service rifles. But there's also a big safety factor in air-rifle shooting, which is one of the reasons it's long been popular in Europe where wide-open spaces are rare.

The best precision air rifles fire pellets at muzzle velocities not much faster than 700 feet per second—about two-thirds the speed of a .22 short. The typical American BB guns shoot at less than half that speed. Moreover, air rifle pellets don't carry very far. In the Quick Kill course at Fort Polk there are five ranges right next to each other—if the soldiers were firing live ammunition instead of BB's, they'd be dodging bullets all the time.

For civilian shooters the safety factor is becoming more and more important. A generation back you could drive out of almost any town a few miles and find plenty of room to plink with a .22 rifle. Nowadays, the field you used to shoot in is probably a housing development. As Crosman's Roger Molina puts it: "You can drive for 60 miles in LA without finding a place to shoot." And similar conditions exist pretty much all over the country.

Even if the area out of town isn't yet built up, Cliff Morrow points out, the chances are that someone has passed a law against discharging a firearm, or there are farm animals around that might be endangered. The antifirearms law is going to be an increasing problem in years to come, and it's likely that most firearm shooting will have to be done on safety ranges rather than out in the open spaces. But most localities don't regulate air guns.

If the target-grade air rifle is about to take off in the U.S., it is old stuff in Western Europe. The Germans, the Austrians, the Swiss and the Scandinavians have been taking air guns seriously for generations. People over there used them for hunting as long ago as the 16th century and some of Napoleon's men were killed by Austrian snipers armed with air rifles. The fact that they shot silently, put them almost in class of a secret weapon in those days.

In pre-World War II Germany, shooting clubs were well represented in both conventional-target and air-rifle competition. The air rifle then was looked on as a natural supplement to powder weapons. A shooter might go out to the rifle range once or twice a month, but he could use his air gun every night in the kitchen or the backyard.

The $175 Anschutz air rifle was designed with this kind of shooting in mind. With carved walnut stock, thumb-rest pistol grip, globe front sight, micrometer rear sight with 1/6th-minute clicks, and adjustable trigger, it closely resembles the famous Anschutz Model 54 .22 target rifle. The idea was to have an air rifle that an expert shooter could practice with on his days away from the rifle range—with the same accuracy as his .22.

The way Anschutz got this accuracy was by coming up with some new design ideas that eliminated the past problems of air rifles. Strangely enough, the stimulus to the rebirth of the West German air-rifle industry was the United States Army of Occupation after World War II. Under the regulations imposed on the Germans, they were prohibited from making firearms. So, many of the old arms factories turned to making air guns instead. Shooters barred from using firearms, turned to air rifles to maintain their proficiency. The Germans now claim to have half a million people in air-rifle shooting clubs.

And it was the Germans who pushed air rifles into the International Shooting Union matches at Wiesbaden in 1966. The event was a round of 40 shots fired from the offhand position at 10 meters. The guns all used .177 caliber pellets. America's Gary L. Anderson, an Olympic gold medal winner in Tokyo, walked off with a number of new titles at Wiesbaden: the three-position small-bore rifle championship, the small-bore standing title and first place in free rifle. In the air-rifle event, however, Anderson placed 17th. And David I. Boyd, a teammate, who came in number one in the prone "English" small-bore match, was ony *one* point behind the winning score in the air-rifle event, but placed sixth.

If you think that shooting on a 33-foot range is a lead-pipe cinch, think again. The five ring on the bull's-eye is only slightly larger than a quarter and the seven ring is a bit smaller than a dime. The 10 ring is a white dot in the center of the black that is .044 inch in diameter. A possible perfect score is 400, or all 40 shots in the 10 ring. The first five men at Wiesbaden racked up 385's. Boyd had a 384 and Anderson in 17th place scored 381. Lones W. Wigger, Jr., another member of the U.S. team, who did beautifully in the last Olympics, came in 24th with a 379.

Unless our shooters have improved considerably, we are going to have to resign ourselves to being clobbered in Mexico City this year. This, naturally, brings up the question of why air-rifle shooting should be any more demanding than any other kind of marksmanship? The answer lies in attitude, says Daisy vice president John R. Powers, Jr. He believes that most of us approach an air gun with the feeling that it couldn't be an accurate, serious weapon. "It's an educational job," says Powers.

On a more specific level, some shooters say that the absence of recoil and noise in the best German air guns throws them off until they get used to it. In other words, they have learned to compensate unconsciously for the slight kick and report of a .22—when it's not there they flinch a little bit.

One of the things that will help is the advent of moderately priced air rifles that perform in the same league as the best European models. While handwork is always important in the finish of a fine gun, the really big advantages of the precision air rifles coming in from Europe are technical innovations, and at this game we ought to be able to equal them.

The most obvious thing you notice when you shoot an air rifle like an Anschutz or a Feinwerkbau is the absence of the ordinary spring-air-rifle recoil. The best German rifles get around the forward "jump" by ingenious mechanical gadgetry. Cocking the rifle compresses two spring-loaded pistons, one pointed forward and the other to the rear. They are released together when the trigger is pulled and the simultaneous "jump" in both directions completely cancels out any feeling of recoil. For shooters who prefer their air guns to kick in the same way as target rifles, similar gadgetry has been designed that will simulate it very well.

In addition, many of the newer Euro-

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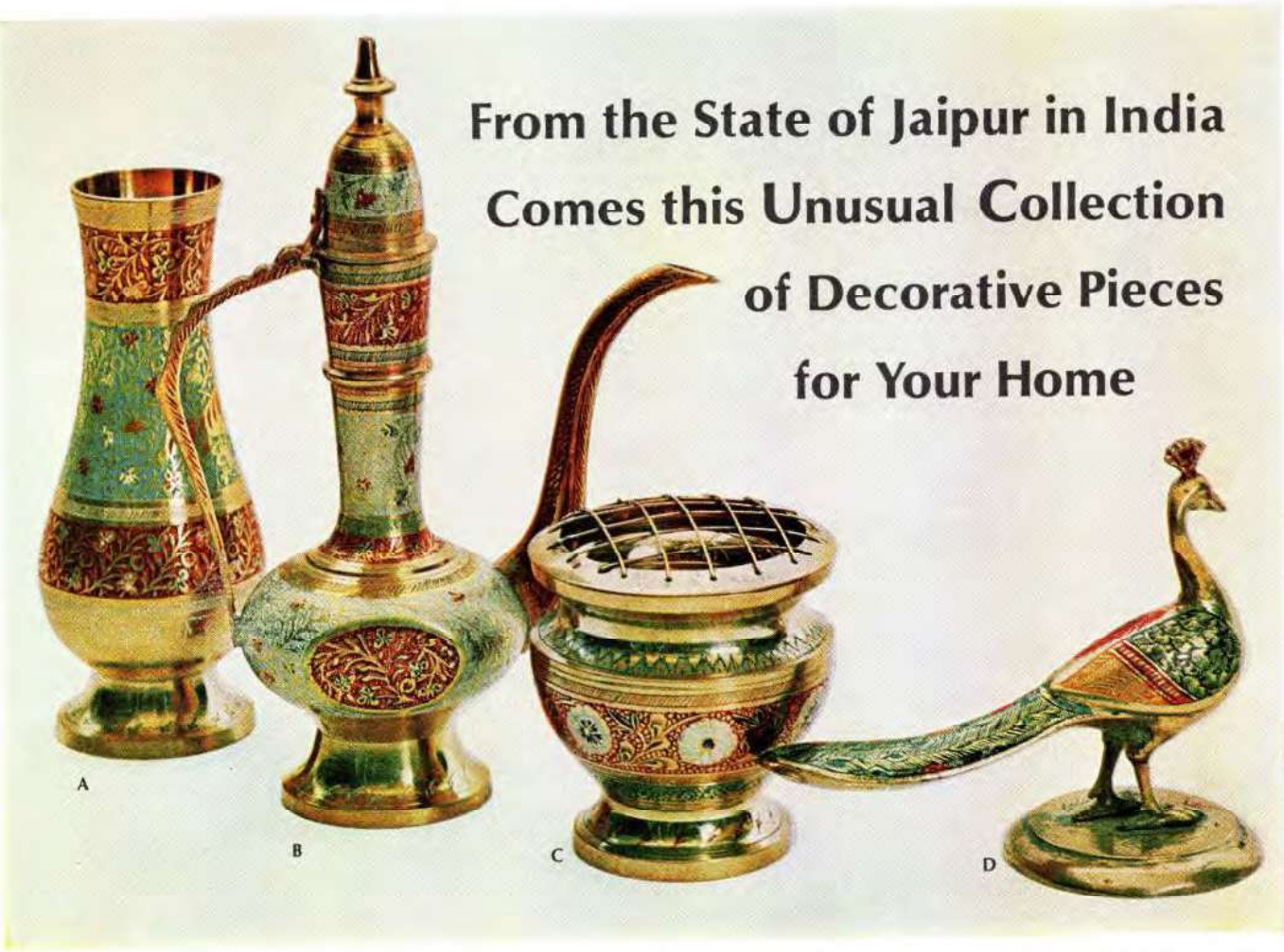

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pean air rifles are silent. The crack that accompanies the sudden release of air is overcome by compressing extra air during the cocking cycle and arranging that some of it continues to escape from the barrel after firing. Without a sudden pressure drop there is almost no sound.

Some authorities in the air-rifle business feel that we will never be able to make a precision gun here that will be able to compare with those made abroad. Such a man is S. E. Lazlo, president of Hy-Score Arms Corporation, in Brooklyn, New York. Hy-Score's air rifles are made in Germany, and run up to $139.95 for the model 810 (which was used by the U.S. team in the 1966 international competition).

Lazlo says he's sold "quite a few" of these rifles and he ridicules the efforts of some competitors to try and match German construction in this country at any comparable cost. "They cannot make it," Lazlo insists, "they don't have the precision manufacture."

The 1967 Daisy line, for example, includes six precision air rifles that are made for the company in Scotland. This medium-priced part of the Daisy line sells for $16.45 up to $49.95. They are Diana-type rifles, based on an old German design which is cocked by breaking the barrel down on its hinge like you do when opening a shotgun.

The ultimate answer to the price-quality problem will probably be the same that already prevails among target shooters—if you want to spend a fortune you can get a fine handmade European free rifle, but there are plenty of highly accurate target guns made in the U.S. for relatively much lower prices.

The NRA rules specify any type of air or CO_2 rifle not over .22 caliber and not weighing more than 12 pounds. Only iron sights are permitted and all special gadgets like palm rests or adjustable butt plates are forbidden. Thus, it appears that the rules were deliberately framed to include as many moderately priced, American-made air rifles as possible.

In spite of manufacturing and pricing problems, the big boom in air rifles is coming. You can feel it in your bones when you talk to people in the gun business. It's the first really new wrinkle in the shooting game that most of them can remember.

As in any competitive business, however, the air is very full of rumors and everyone is trying to play it very close to the vest. In fact, one of the biggest American gun companies—its name is a household word—did not even want to be mentioned in this article, even though the company is generally known to be interested in the air-rifle business. The situation could develop the way it did in the compact-car field—European imports setting the trend, and then U.S. manufacturers meeting the demand. Eventually the precision air-rifle business could grow so big that none of the gun manufacturers will be able to stay out of it. **—John S. Tompkins**

I'LL SHOOT YOUR EYES OUT

[*Continued from page* 50]

Bank pool is the toughest game on the table. A run of 15 balls (sinking 15 consecutive shots) in banks is like running say 150 in straight pool. What makes it so tough to play is that you've got to bank every shot off one (or more) cushions into a pocket, and call the pocket and the exact number of cushions. There's absolutely no element of luck in bank pool. I think that's what attracted me to the game in the first place. I always liked a challenge. I liked the money, too.

Right from the start I wanted to be the greatest banks player of all time. So when I was 12 years old I knocked around all over Knoxville looking for the best banks men in town. When I found them, I played for money. Playing the best not only improved my game, but shooting for cash taught me how to handle myself under pressure. You've got to stand up to the pressure in money pool because a lot of times you're going to find yourself playing for your eating money. I found that out when I was 12 years old.

The best banks players in Knoxville in the 30's were John R. Cook and Vernon Murphy. Both were five or six years older than me, and when I first went to the table with them it was no contest. But I was already on to the gambling proposition, and I knew how to even up the odds.

"John R.," I used to say, "the only way I'll play you is if you wear your gloves and your overcoat." I told Vern Murphy the same thing. The gloves and the overcoat equalized everything and after a bit I was beating them pretty regularly. Then I'd let them take off the gloves, but keep the overcoats buttoned. I came on so fast in a year that pretty soon I was playing them with the overcoats off, too. I was playing them even and I was winning.

By the time I was 13 I decided to hit the road. Now 13 might sound young and tender, but I had been around adults all my life and at 13 I acted much older. I looked a lot older, too.

My first road trip didn't take me very far, just up the road 42 miles to Morristown, Tennessee. I went there to hustle a young fellow named Herman Roddy, Jr., whose father ran a room in Morristown. He was about 18, but already a finished player. I had seen him playing John R. and Vern Murphy in Knoxville a few times, but I was convinced I could shoot his eyes out. So I gathered up $25 and went after Mr. Roddy, Jr. He wouldn't shoot me banks. He said it would have to be rotation. We played and he took all my money, every last cent.

"Here you are, kid," he said, "take this dollar so you can get back to Knoxville."

It took me about a month to hustle up $30 in nickel and dime gambling, and I went back to Morristown after Roddy again. He broke me again and gave me another dollar to get home. Two months later I was back again with $40, and that's when I captured Mr. Herman Roddy, Jr. I walked out of that room with almost $100 in my pockets, and this time I didn't go back to Knoxville. I hit the road for good.

I played all those little towns in the mountains of eastern Kentucky—Middlesboro, Corbin, Danville, Lexington. Nobody knew me from a mountain goat, and since banks was the big money game anywhere within 400 miles of Knoxville, I got all the action I could handle.

I just went from town to town playing anybody who had a little cash. I wasn't in a hurry. I hitched rides anywhere. I'd catch a ride with a truck driver and he'd say, "Where you heading, son?" I'd say, "Well, where you going, mister?" I just didn't give a damn. It was the bottom of the Depression, so you didn't need much money. You could go to a boarding-house and eat until you fell over for 15 or 20 cents. For a dollar-a-night you could get the finest hotel room in town. Of course, I spent a few nights sleeping in bus stations when I was busted, but I never put a foot inside those dime-a-night flophouses. People get killed over a quarter in those kind of places.

In the last 35 years, I've played in poolrooms in 45 states. I lived just like a gypsy. One day I'd be loaded with money and the next I'd blow it all boozing and sweet talking the ladies and playing cards and shooting craps. When I woke up broke, I'd check my pockets for small change, then find a pool hall and build up my resources all over again.

The thing about hustling pool is that you have to believe in yourself at all times. If you don't have self-confidence, forget it. Hustling is hard work, too, the hardest work I've ever done. It's not easy missing a shot, missing it so close that the fellow you're playing doesn't realize you're robbing him.

One of the best pool towns in the country back in the 30's and 40's was Detroit. It was such a tremendous pool town that one day I ran a nickel up to $759 shooting pool.

I had been doing pretty good hustling, so good that this friend of mine, a fellow named Roscoe, and I took a $15-a-week apartment in a high-class neighborhood. We were drinking and cutting up with the girls all night and catching up in the poolrooms in the daytime. This one morning I woke up broke; when I checked my pockets, all I came up with was a nickel—just one nickel. Roscoe was in worse shape than I was. He was down to nothing. I got up and told Roscoe to put on the breakfast. He did all the cooking. But when we went to the cupboard, all we had left was a can of pinto beans and some corn bread left over from the day before. And about the same time, the landlady knocked on the door for the rent.

"Roscoe," I said, "warm up those beans, boy. It looks like I've got to take this nickel and run it up into some big money and I'll never be able to do it on an empty stomach."

I walked 15 cold blocks in a snowstorm down to the old Detroit Recreation, the world's largest poolroom. It had 144 tables. I spotted a young man who looked

like he wanted to shoot some pool and asked him if he wanted to play a little nickel odd ball. He was willing, and since I only had one nickel to my name, I said, "Tell you what, friend. Let's not pay off every point or we'll wear holes in our pockets. Let's just run up the points on the string and when one of us owes a dollar he'll pay up." He said that was just fine and an hour later I had won $4.

Another fellow came up wanting to play me some $1-a-game Nine Ball, and I picked up maybe another $8 or $9 there. All the while a Detroit hustler called "Jockey" was watching. Now he offered to play some $10-a-game banks. We went at it pretty good, with me banking all over the place, and when Jockey said he had enough, I had myself $109, all cash.

An old fellow who had been watching the game walked up and asked, "Sonny, where did you learn to bank like that?" I told him down home in Tennessee. He said he was a hairy leg (a backer) and knew where I could make some serious money shooting banks. "I'll play anybody $50-a-game," I said. "Listen, boy," the old man said, "you'll play for $100-a-game and I'll put up all the money."

We got in his car and followed the trolley tracks out to a little eight-table room right next to the Detroit carbarn. "Son," he said, "you're going to play the Michigan state champion, a Mr. Jimmy Moore. Here, take this $500 and walk in there and tell the houseman you want to shoot some banks at $100-a-game. He'll fetch Mr. Moore. Just don't let on I'm backing you. Take the $500 and you're on your own."

Well, now this Mr. Moore arrives. He was a big, square-shouldered man in his late 20's with a heavy head of black hair. Today he's as gray as a rain cloud, and he's a big name in legitimate pool. They call him Cowboy Jimmy because he wears cowboy boots at the pool table. Jimmy's finished second in the World Tournament several times, but 30 years ago in Detroit he was hustling pool the same as I was.

I beat Jimmy the first game for $100 and I said, "The bet's $200." I beat Jimmy again and we played for $400. I won that one, too, and now the stakes were $800. My backer had walked in and was taking in the action from a big steel chair in a corner of the room. He never said a word. He just sat there.

In the fourth game, Jimmy Moore shot a hot stick and banked six in a row. He had me six-to-one and needed only two balls to win all the money. I started bawling myself out because half of that $800 I was losing was my money. I managed to even the score at six apiece; in fact, I went ahead, seven-to-six. Jimmy pulled even, then I scratched shooting the last ball. They put the last ball, which was the one ball, on the head spot, and Jimmy More played the most beautiful safety you ever saw. He put the cue ball on the rail down at the other end of the table. It was flush against the rail. We were all even at seven-seven and I needed that last ball to win the $800.

My hands were wet from sweating. I knew I had to make that shot or Jimmy Moore would get back on the table. I couldn't stroke the cue ball smooth because it was flush against the cushion. I excused myself and went next door and bought a pint of Old Taylor. I took the biggest drink I've ever had in my whole life, even up to now, and then I reared up and cranked it. I banked that last ball off the top rail down into the corner pocket at the other end of the table. It was a doozie.

This backer of mine, who hadn't said a word since he walked in, fell off the chair. "That's good enough for me, Tennessee," he yelled. "If you can bank like that you can play any sonofabitch alive for my money."

My backer gave me $650 of the winnings and before he drove me home, I stopped at a grocery and bought $30 worth of food and booze. I carried eight bags out of that grocery. When I got home to the apartment, old Roscoe, my roomie, was sleeping. When he saw all the food I hauled in he said, "Jesus, Eddie, what did you do—rob a grocery store?" Then I put $300 on him and he almost fainted. After Roscoe cooked up a real fine meal, he went out girling and got rolled. The next day he was busted again.

Of course, all my poolroom adventures didn't come out roses. I've been busted, too. Back in 1938, I blew my bankroll shooting a fellow straight pool down in Kilgore, Texas. Straight pool never was my game. I walked out of the room with 15 cents in my pocket.

Every now and then I'd read about the world tournament in New York or Chicago. I knew all the top players competing for the title because over the years I had played them all in exhibitions down in Knoxville. When the tournament stars came to Knoxville, the room owners always had me represent the home territory. The exhibition match was always straight pool, which meant I was an automatic loser, but I played all the champions. I was only 14 when I played Ralph Greenleaf, the greatest of all the world champions. I ran 35 balls on him and thought I was going to startle the universe with a big upset. But Greenleaf beat me 125-to-42.

"How about a little banks for $100-a-game, Mr. Greenleaf?" I asked after the match.

"Son," Greenleaf said, "I've never played banks in my life."

If you mention bank pool in any room in the country today, you're going to hear the name Eddie Taylor mentioned right away. It never fails. Over the years I built up such a reputation shooting bank pool, that I'm considered the world banks champion by default. Nobody will play me unless I give 'em eight-to-three or eight-to-four (that means I'd have to make eight balls to win with them winning at three or four balls), and even the top players won't go to the table with me unless I'm giving 'em eight-to-six. It got so bad that after awhile people who didn't know me but happened to see me banking balls in a one pocket session would offer to back me against Eddie Taylor.

Back about 15 years ago I was playing a game of rotation with a fellow named Bootsy down in Macon, Georgia. Bootsy didn't know who I was. I told him my name was Jimmy Edwards, which it is because my first two names are James Edward. I played Bootsy for hours on hours and everytime I got out of line in rotation, I'd bank a ball and get back into position. I won a bundle off Bootsy.

When the match was over, one of the eyeballers (a spectator) came up and said, "Son, you've the best bank shot I've ever seen. I know where you can make a lot of money shooting bank pool."

"Where's that?" I asked him.

"Knoxville, Tennessee," he said. "The best banks player in the world lives down there—Eddie Taylor."

"Do you know this Eddie Taylor?" I said.

"Know him?" this fellow said. "Listen, boy, I was on the road with Eddie Taylor for six months last year. We went all

TRUE

"I finally solved my drinking problem—I was putting in too much vermouth!"

"I know this much—last month he bagged his limit!"

through the Carolinas and Virginia without booking a loser in banks.

"He's got money, too, worth $75,000, $100,000 if he's worth a nickel," the eyeballer informed me. "Why, he'll play you for $5,000-a-game. If you want to drive down to Knoxville, son, I'll put up the money. Just say the word and I'll get Eddie Taylor on the phone right now."

"Well," I said, "to tell you the truth, this fellow Eddie Taylor sounds like he's a li'l too good for me. I better not fool around with him."

A pool hustler has to be mighty humble at all times. Being humble is part of the psychology. It keeps your pigeon off guard provided you work it just right.

I always told them I was a pool hustler, a professional pool shark, but I always said it smiling so nobody ever believed me. I'd walk in a room and say, "Here I am, boys, the greatest pool player alive. I just beat Ralph Greenfield for $2,000. I ran 373 straight balls on Greenfield." They would always say, "You mean Ralph Greenleaf, don't you?" I'd laugh and say, "No, Ralph Greenfield, the world champion." By then they would figure me for crazy and give me a big spot. I'd win a few and lose a few and when the money was right, I'd run the table and walk out with all the cash.

"I told you I was a professional pool shark," I'd say. "You can't say I didn't warn you. I told you I beat Greenfield." They would just stand around looking at one another and shaking their heads.

Most pool hustlers get themselves a nickname sooner or later, and about 20 years ago I had one hung on me down in Hot Springs, Arkansas. I was playing a money proposition with a real top player from Fort Worth, Texas, a fellow named Utley J. Puckett. I was whipping Mr. Puckett pretty good and somebody in the room asked U. J. how he was doing?

"I can't win a game," Puckett said. "Playing this guy is like wrestling with one of those big old mountain bears."

Everybody started calling me The Bear after that and since I'm from Knoxville, I got to be known as The Knoxville Bear.

I've hustled in every state on the mainland except Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. I hustled all around New York, but I never got to play in New York City until 1958. New York never was a good town for a hustler, unless the hustler was a straight pool player. Back in the 30's and 40's when they were playing five-handed nine-ball at $10 and $20 a man in the South, the top players in New York were shooting 125-points of straight pool for $10. I was within 50 miles of New York City a dozen times and never bothered to drive there. When I finally did go to New York it was to get some action in one pocket, which had caught on in the big city. They call it pocket-a-piece up there.

I had seen one pocket played down in Tennessee and Kentucky 35 years ago, but I never bothered with it because I was getting all the action I wanted shooting banks. But back around 1950 I was laying off around Pineville, West Virginia, and I got to playing some one pocket with a fellow hustler named Hayden Lingo. He taught me the finer points of the game, and later on I learned the big secret in one pocket—the run out—from Minnesota Fats. I watched old Fat Man run out in one pocket, and the more I saw what Fat Man was doing, the more astonished I was. "Why, look here," I said to myself. "That fat rascal is banking those balls." That's when I started getting serious about one pocket myself.

The run out is exactly what it says. You run out the game as quickly as possible. One pocket is primarily a defensive game. Like the name of the game, each player has one pocket in which he must sink eight balls to win. Unlike, say, straight pool, the object of one pocket is not always the pocketing of balls. Since only eight balls are needed to win, sometimes it's more practical to keep your opponent in a position where he won't have a shot at his pocket. That's why it's a defense-oriented game. If you get two defensive-minded players on the same table, it might take an hour for one of them to pocket eight balls.

Now the Fat Man gave one pocket a new dimension by discarding the defensive techniques in favor of the quick run out. His thinking was the sooner you run out eight balls, the sooner you win the game. That makes a lot of sense. And the way old Fatty did it was using my speciality—the bank shot, which is the most lethal shot on the table if you can pull it off.

After watching Minnesota Fats, I didn't have any trouble adapting my banking to the game. And since I couldn't get any action in banks anymore, I went to one pocket as my money game. Today I've got the reputation of being one of the better one pocket players in the country. It's flattering, but it's a costly accolade. I can't seem to get any serious action in one pocket anymore. I'm right back where I started in banks. Nobody will play me for big money unless I give enormous odds. My deeds are too well known. Why, even the top players, including Mr. Minnesota Fats, want me to spot them a ball and the break. Those rascals are using the old hustler technique on me, an old hustler myself.

Getting the best of the spot (odds) in money pool is the secret to pool hustling. You've got to play it like a panhandler. You've got to sell your opponent on how bad you shoot, that even with generous odds, you don't belong on the same table with him. Then when you figure you've got the best of the proposition, you shoot off his ears.

About 23 years ago, back during the Second World War, I was hustling around Washington. One day I read in the paper that Irving Crane, the 1942 World Champion, was in town performing exhibitions at the military camps and hospitals. A few days later I met Crane in a poolroom in Washington and found out we were living in the same hotel. That night we played hearts at a penny-a-point until dawn, and when Irving, a real clean living fellow, realized it was almost 7 o'clock in the morning, he got all upset.

"I've got to play an exhibition at Walter Reed Hospital at 11 this morning," he said. "I won't be able to run a ball."

I told old Irving not to worry; in fact, I offered to accompany him to the hospital. When he got there all the patients were in the recreation room awaiting Crane's arrival. The hospital champion was introduced as Mr. Crane's opponent. He was just a kid wearing pajamas and a robe and he couldn't sink a ball in an ocean. The kid lost the lag and had to open the rack. He spread the balls all over the table and my friend, Mr. Crane, got up and ran 161. That's right, 161 balls. The poor kid just sat there big-eyed, feeling foolish, I guess.

"Irving," I said when the match was all over, "how could you run 161 balls on a kid like that?"

"He opened the rack, didn't he?" Crane said.

Now there's a pool player for you.

That night I invited Irving to accompany me to a room in Baltimore where I was setting up a real big hustle. Now Irving Crane wasn't a hustler, never was and never will be. He's a dyed-in-the-wool tournament player, one of the greatest ever, but he said he would accompany me to Baltimore just to watch me operate.

"I don't want any of the winnings and I won't share in any of the losses," he said. I told him that was all right with me, I just wanted to have the pleasure of his company.

In Baltimore we got out of the car near the poolroom, and I noticed Irving was wearing the gold ring he won as 1942 Champion. It had a big diamond in the center with an inscription reading: "World Pocket Billiard Champion—1942."

"Look here, Irving," I said. "You'll have to take off that ring or I'll never get a nickel's worth of action." Irving said he hadn't taken off the ring since he won it two years before, not even to bathe. But he finally agreed to take it off.

"Good," I said, encouragingly, "but don't take off that hat you're wearing, Irving. You look just like a Tennessee farmer with that hat."

It was a good thing he didn't shed the hat because inside the room there was this huge picture of Irving hanging on the wall with an inscription reading: "Irving Donald Crane—1942 World Champion." When Crane saw the picture he almost fainted.

I got myself a quick game of $20 banks with an old-timer in the room and won four straight for $80. The old gentleman said he had enough, but he suggested we get together in a little $50-a-game nine ball. "Hell," I said, "I'm no nine ball player. Now my cousin, here (I pointed to Irving), he's a mighty fine nine-ball man." Then I turned to Irving and said, "You want to play our friend a little $50 nine ball? I'll back you, cuz." Irving, still wearing that rube-looking hat, said that was fine with him.

Well, now Irving's on the table with the old man, and I'm looking straight ahead at this big picture of Crane. The old man was playing a world champion whose picture was on the wall big as life 20 feet away but the old man wasn't any the wiser.

The more I looked at Crane's picture, the more I began to sweat, but I didn't sweat long. The old man beat hell out of Irving, I mean beat him good and solid. Irving got so mad he pulled the hat down over his eyes and walked out of the room in a huff.

"Eddie," he said outside, "I can't understand how I lost to a bum like that. I'm going to come back here tomorrow night and win back your $50 for you. Tomorrow night."

"Hell, Irving," I said, "don't worry about the money. What's $50?"

The next morning Irving had to drive down in Virginia to play some exhibitions at a couple of Army camps, but he said he would meet me at the hotel that night and return to Baltimore to get back the 50 bucks.

I took a train to Baltimore the next morning and went back to the room. The old man was there waiting for me. "How about some $50 nine ball?" he said. I told him, "Hell, I can't play you nine ball after what you did to my cousin last night. I can't beat my cousin and you want me to play you? You'll have to really spot me something if you want me to get on the same table with you."

The old man spotted me the six and the nine for $50 a game and I beat him a quick $400. He wouldn't play me anymore unless we played even. So I beat him even up a couple times. I ended up spotting the old man the six and the nine, and when I walked out of the room that afternoon I had $800 of the old man's cash.

Back in Washington, Irving Crane was pacing up and down the lobby waiting for me. When I walked in he said, "Eddie, where've you been? Let's get back to Baltimore. I'm going to get back your $50."

"Now don't you worry none about that $50, Irving," I said. "I already took care of that gentleman in Baltimore myself. We played nine ball, all morning and all afternoon. He spotted me the six and the nine and I beat the old boy for $800."

"He spotted *you* the six and the nine?" Crane said. "My God, Eddie, how did you get him to give you a spot like that?"

"Irving," I said, "that's what you call hustling." **—Eddie Taylor & Tom Fox**

AMERICA'S STRANGEST FLEET

[*Continued from page* 40]

inscription Chief Edmund Canby has etched indelibly on his chest in Vietnamese Junk Force fashion: *Sat Cong*—"Kill Communists."

In a Navy increasingly given to sophisticated specialties like long-range missiles, the men who run the PBR's are a throwback to an older style of fighting. The boatswain's mates and gunner's mates who officer the boats have under them a sprinkling of 19- and 20-year-olds to man the guns, and they are all getting an idea of the kind of personal combat in which ships used to engage.

A grizzled chief gunner's mate put it this way: "I used to be a big-gun man on the high seas, but now the heaviest weapon I have is a .50-caliber machine gun. I don't stand miles offshore bombarding the enemy. We're shooting at each other from 25 yards away. When you're going up one of those narrow channels with Charlies on both sides, man, you've got problems."

The doughty little patrol boats and their salty crews are a key element in the new concept of fighting in Viet Nam, riverine warfare.

Captain Witham, 44, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, a tall, debonair man with a blond moustache, said, "The U.S. Navy hasn't been involved in anything like this since the Civil War, when Union boats patrolled the Mississippi. Consequently, we're writing the book out here."

In Navy doctrine, "riverine" can be defined as "operations necessary to achieve and maintain control of a waterway system and its contiguous areas, or to deny their use to the enemy." In Viet Nam, this boils down to the job of preventing Viet Cong supply, infiltration and troop movement along the many branches of the Mekong and in the Rung Sat Special Zone, a great mangrove swamp. The site of this terrain is Viet Nam's Delta—the vast table-flat area south of Saigon that contains one-third of the nation's population, most of its rice and 2,500 miles of waterways.

In the Delta, riverine warfare is complicated not only by shifting currents, shoals and tides—familiar snares for navigators—but also by high river banks, dense vegetation and abrupt turns, all of which serve as excellent cover for the enemy. The Cong can ambush small craft with automatic weapons or recoilless rifles and touch off command-detonated mines almost at will.

The Navy guards the coastal waters with larger craft, but it prowls the Delta with the River Patrol Force, called "Operation Game Warden." In Game Warden, four different units are used: PBR's, river minesweepers, "Seawolves"—helicopters armed with machine guns and rockets which fly cover; and "SEALS"—the Navy's Sea-Air-Land Special Forces-type commandos.

The main patrol burden falls on the PBR's, 10 boats to a section, with the sections organized into patrol divisions, squadrons, and the flotilla. The patrols operate out of bases at Can Tho, Long Xuyen, Sa Dec, Vinh Long, My Tho, Na Bhe, and from four tank landing ships anchored off the Mekong in the South China Sea.

The boats, minus armament, are essentially hulls that any yachtsman could buy. "They are really off-the-shelf pleasure craft," said Captain Witham. "We got these on a crash program—the first ones arrived six months after we ordered them. There was no particular research done in their design."

Constructed in Bellingham, Washington, the 31-foot runabouts are powered by twin marine diesels of 220 horsepower apiece driving water pumps. The pumps suck in river water through an intake and discharge it with great force through two jet nozzles at the stern to achieve a top speed of 30 mph. Steering is done by swinging the nozzles. There are no propellors or rudders. Each boat is 10½ feet wide and displaces 7½ tons. At rest or idling, it draws 18 inches of water, but at speed as the boat rises, the draft shrinks to nine inches. Because of the water jet propulsion, the boat does not handle well at very slow speeds or when backing. As for the protection the fiber glass hull affords, a PBR man has said, "You could throw a rock through it."

The Navy has mounted twin .50-caliber machine guns forward of the wheelhouse, and a single .50 in the stern, often with a grenade launcher attached. Each boat also carries two M-79 hand-held grenade launchers, a shotgun, several M-16 automatic rifles and the crew's sidearms.

If a crew doesn't think this firepower is enough, it may add to it. Chief Canby of the tattoos, for example, who has spent three years in the Delta, installed a 60mm. mortar on his boat, to be hand-held by crewmen wearing thick asbestos gloves. Other crews, getting reports of its worth, are borrowing the idea.

PBR's are usually manned by four men: boat commander/helmsman, engineman, and two gunners. All are able to shift roles in an emergency. The crews, largely volunteers, are trained in California at the bases at Mare Island and Coronado. In Viet Nam, the River Patrol Force comes under the operational control of the American Commander of Naval Forces in that country, but under the administrative control of Commander Amphibious Force, Pacific Fleet.

An ordinary patrol consists of two boats, the "lead" and the "cover," under the command of an enlisted patrol officer. Sometimes a commissioned officer comes along. Each two-boat patrol has aboard a Vietnamese national maritime policeman who is the official government representative during all searches.

The boats travel in pairs not only to aid each other in a breakdown, but as a tactical device, like a flight of two fighters over North Viet Nam. When one boat moves ahead to investigate a suspicious junk or sampan, the other acts as cover, with guns ready. If Viet Cong gunners open up from the shore, the lead boat makes its firing run backed up by the covering boat, then both tear off out of range to reload before boring back in for another firing pass.

The patrols last from 12 to 15 hours apiece—usually until relief boats come to take over a station on the river. Meals are simple: soft drinks from cans kept in a portable cooler, meat sandwiches and canned fruit. If a sailor wants a hot meal, he can warm up a C-ration can on the engine cover.

In the time the boats have been on the river, night patrols have produced the most spectacular action. The biggest PBR battle to date occurred in late 1966 near My Tho on the northern arm of the Mekong, when the boats spotted a group of Viet Cong sampans lurking near the bank of a canal emptying into the main river. (VC sampans are usually recognizable by their twin outboard motors with extra-long propeller shafts, which give them very good speed. The average peasant sampan has a paddle and pole—at most a single outboard.) The PBR's called for assistance from the rocket-firing Seawolf helicopters. In the three-hour running gun fight, the midnight darkness was crisscrossed with fireworks, and 43 Viet Cong sampans and seven junks were sunk. One junk blew up in an explosion that sent flames roaring 300 feet into the night sky.

In another night operation, the crew of a PBR cruising down a river spotted the muzzle flashes of hidden Viet Cong guns. A Seawolf was radioed in to help suppress the enemy fire. Then the PBR's searchlight lit up a radar contact—a large water taxi showing no number and camouflaged with palm fronds and shrubbery. The suspicious-looking craft nosed out of a canal onto the main river and a PBR made a high-speed run past it.

Crewmen saw 12 Vietnamese in uniform dive into the water as the PBR's opened up. Four Viet Cong were killed as they scrambled up a bank. The patrol made a second run on the now-drifting water taxi, and this burst of fire touched off a secondary explosion which destroyed the craft. The PBR cover boat found a nearby sampan stocked with black VC uniforms.

Still a third craft was sighted lying near the bank. It, too, was destroyed. Then Viet Cong gunners along the bank began firing with heavy recoilless rifles. The little PBR's returned fire with .50's and grenade launchers, and nipped off for home.

Typically, in a night fight, enemy muzzles will flash from the bank, sometimes with glowing tracers. "The thing I worry about with those tracers," said one PBR gunner, "is that for every one I see coming my way, I know there are four other slugs that I don't." (The ratio of tracers to nontracers in an ammo belt is one in five.)

Generally in the sudden, fierce fire fights of the darkness, the results are only guessed at. U.S. sailors and Viet Cong gunners exchange shots, and the fight stops when the firing ceases. Except when secondary explosions occur, indicating hits on an ammo cache, no one aboard knows who "won."

More often, a night patrol is a silent, lonely vigil on the Mekong. The two boats move up river, cut their engines, then silently drift down with the current, hoping to spot VC sampans trying to cross the waterway. The crews, talking only in whispers, strain to hear the faint sounds of a sampan motor or even the slosh of a paddle dipping into water after the curfew. In an hour or so, the boats start their engines and head up river again, to repeat the whole process.

During the day it is not a ban on all water movement that is enforced, but a river boat check, among other duties. Here is how one typical patrol went. The day's mission for boats 59 and 60—Bravo Patrol—out of Can Tho, was the usual one of examining craft moving along the river. But before the boats set out, Lt. Comdr. Donald D. Sheppard, the commander of River Division, decided to give an American flag to the district chief at the village of Mac Bac, about five miles up the tiny Ba Tieu river from the main stream. The chief had fought hard to keep his district from being taken over by the Viet Cong, and Sheppard wanted to demonstrate that he could count on the PBR's for support.

Now it is one thing to maneuver the boats on the wide Mekong and Bassac, but quite another to move up a narrow channel where the PBR's are slow-moving ducks for Viet Cong gunners, and tempting targets for mines.

When the nature of the day's patrol was revealed at an early morning briefing, the sailors received the news with something less than glee.

"I don't mind so much going up that little river," commented another. "It's coming back down I don't like. That's when they know you're up there, and can lay a nice, fat ambush."

As the brassy sun rose above the steaming river, the men boarded their boats, donned flak jackets, and checked their weapons. Aboard Bravo One, the lead boat, was a larger-than-ordinary crew: Commander Sheppard, 37, from Granite City, Illinois; Patrol Officer Bill Potter, 27, a chunky, bearded Boatswain's Mate First Class, from Norwalk, California; Boat Captain George Lewis, 28, a tall redhead from Lakeland, Florida; Engineman Harold Conner, 33, a burly giant from San Diego; and two young gunners, Clark Ammerman, 19, of Reno, Nevada, and Mike Meeks, 21, from Inglewood, California. Viet Nam, was as usual, represented by a policeman.

Smoothly the olive-green boats moved onto the great caramel-colored river, maintaining an interval of 200 yards. They picked up speed, leaving tan plumes as wakes. As they neared a sleepy hamlet on the south bank of the river, Patrol Officer Potter ordered the boats to slow down.

"We don't like to leave a big wake when we go by these fishing villages," he explained. "You know what happens to other small craft when a wise guy goes through a harbor in the States with his engines revved up. A big wake can play hell with these sampans, and then we could lose a lot of friends."

The village was populated mainly by refugees. "The Viet Cong opened up on us a couple weeks ago from this place," said Potter, searching the shoreline carefully. "That's one of the Charlies' favorite tricks. They move their automatic weapons into a friendly place to shoot at us, and we can't fire back or we're liable to kill a lot of innocent villagers."

"We do a lot of medical evacuation," said Commander Sheppard. "Civic action is half our job. One day the Viet Cong set off a Claymore mine in the market place at Tra On. My God, there were bodies all over the place. We sent in two patrols and helped evacuate the wounded to hospitals downriver. There were 12 killed and 49 wounded. And during last fall's floods we brought food and medical supplies to dozens of hamlets."

From the stern, Gunner Meeks called, "Pumps clogged."

Lewis shut off the engines, and in the shimmering morning sun Bravo One drifted dead in the water. The jet pumps, designed for debris-free waterways, be-

COMING . . .

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in the world's most controversial
army tells his story

I WAS A CONGO MERCENARY

An exclusive account
reveals the motives
and aims of
today's brutal breed of
hell-bent adventurers

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

come easily clogged with the flotsam carried by the Mekong and have to be cleaned several times a patrol.

"This is when we make a nice immobile target for any bad guys over on the banks," said Lewis.

But the pumps were cleared in five minutes, and Lewis steered past a tiny government outpost flying the Vietnamese flag: a solid yellow background with three horizontal red stripes across the center.

"We had a big fire fight here one night," said Potter. "The Charlies tried to overrun that outpost. We got down chop-chop with our .50's and grenades and helped drive them off and rack up a big body count. Those soldiers have been our buddies ever since."

Bravo Patrol noticed a junk puttering up the river and decided to search it. Lewis blew the boat's horn, and the junk pilot swung around.

Sheppard and Potter clambered aboard as the boat's gunners kept a watchful eye on the pilot, his wife and a child. The boarding party prodded through the junk's cargo but found no contraband.

"Ordinarily we do this dozens of times on a day patrol," said Boatswain Potter, "going through cargoes of sand, rice, coconuts, sugar cane, timber and household goods. But at night we look for sampans carrying soldiers or war supplies. The heaviest Viet Cong traffic comes between dusk and 10 p.m., preferably during high tide in the dark of the moon."

Recrossing the Bassac, past a series of long, oval-shaped islands, the crewmen put on steel helmets—they were getting into real Viet Cong territory now. The various channels have nicknames indicating the degree of danger. One is called "The Volga," and the crack of unfriendly small arms is customarily heard when the boats skitter by. Now the boat entered a Free Fire Zone, so designated by the district chief because it is entirely Viet Cong. Bravo Patrol sped through, and a crewman remarked, "That zone is a VC training area. We call it the Charlies' Fort Benning."

Then Bravo Patrol swung into the Ba Tieu River, ready to negotiate the treacherous passage up to Mac Bac. With the Stars and Stripes fluttering from their mastheads, the two boats slowly pushed upstream. The gunners looked at ease, but prepared for action. There was none, and the passage was uneventful.

As Bravo Patrol came near the wharf at Mac Bac, the villagers appeared apprehensive. But when Commander Sheppard jumped onto the pier and waved, they brightened up. Under his arm Sheppard carried a brand-new folded American flag which he presented to the district chief, Capt. Tran Van Bien. The goodwill mission was sealed when all adjourned to a nearby café for beer.

On the return trip to its base, Bravo Patrol opened up on the Free Fire Zone, the .50-caliber machine guns making an incredible racket as yellow flame spurted from their barrels. The other crewmen triggered off grenades with the launchers. "I think the grenade launcher is our best weapon," said Engineman Conner. "Grenades can get behind those earthen dikes that will sometimes stop a .50 slug."

A brisk wind came up along the river and the boats began slapping into the waves, sending spray over both the bows and the crews. As the 14-hour patrol drew near Can Tho, the men continued to keep a sharp eye pinned on the shoreline, ready to spot telltale signs of activity where there shouldn't be any or no activity where they should be some.

Back at the base, the PBR men tied up their boats, shut down the engines, and oiled and covered the guns. Then the men could relax. Their amusements are hearty. Not long ago, all hands joined in a celebration promoting two petty officers. At one point, a couple of chiefs, several sheets to the wind, grabbed a lieutenant and sailed him into the river.

"These guys aren't kids," the base commander, Captain Witham, explained. "They need to blow off steam. But occasionally we have to remind them they are still in the U.S. Navy."

The River Patrol Force as a whole has suffered, as of this writing, 16 men killed and 120 wounded of the 900-man flotilla. "I thought we'd take a lot more casualties, considering how vulnerable these boats are," said Captain Witham. "The PBR men are tigers. I suppose they've received more decorations than any other Navy unit except the aviators over North Viet Nam."

One of the liveliest operations recently won for Lt. Comdr. Charles H. Billings, 41, also from San Diego, the nickname "Monster Boss." Billings led a foray he named *Quai Vat*, or "Monster," into the Plain of Reeds area northwest of Can Tho during the past flood season, when nearly all the habitable land was under water. The operation used PBR's and air boats, tiny air-jet driven craft that skim over the water. Billings ordered sharks' jaws and big red eyes painted on the bows of the "monster" boats, which were acting as blocking forces in conjunction with a Special Forces sweep of the area. "Monster Boss's" operation netted 23 Viet Cong killed and 14 captured, with no friendly casualties, and earned Commander Billings the Bronze Star.

Relaxing over a cold can of beer at the Can Tho base, a young boat commander, Electronics Technician Thomas Schmidt, 26, tall and sandy-haired, from Richland, Washington, explained why he likes the PBR's. "There's never a dull moment," said Schmidt. "Out on the river you never know where or when an attack will come. Our morale here is high because our lives depend on each other. And I've proved to myself that I can handle a boat and do a good job as boat commander. That means something to me."

Of the work of the River Patrol Force, Captain Witham observed, "I won't say we are winning the war by ourselves down here. But there's no doubt that this river is a hell of a lot more pacified than it was when we came."

A reflective young lieutenant explained the role of the PBR's in another way. "I'm still new here," he said, "and maybe I'll change my mind. But the way I see it, this Vietnamese family is off in a sampan to catch a few fish, and here comes this rugged green boat shooting a shot across the bow. It's carrying a lot of tall, round-eyed white men wearing thick armored vests with all sorts of weapons, who board their boat—which is their home—and search through everything.

"Then just when they are most terrified, these huge Americans give the kid a bar of candy and the father a pack of cigarettes, and smile and wave them on. The next time we pass that sampan on the river, the family waves back. I swear to God that means something to me. You can talk all you want about your fire fights, but I think this other kind of thing might add up to more in the end."

—**William Tuohy**

TRUE

"If you want to see one, go ahead and see one. But a psychiatrist is only going to tell you the same thing I've been telling you for years!"

A JINXED U.S. SKI TEAM STRETCHES FOR OLYMPIC GLORY

[*Continued from page 37*]

"It's the French," was the reply. "Believe it or not, they've sent a squad of scientists along with their racers. Those guys up there are meteorologists and geologists. They're making tests of the texture, temperature and friction quality of the snow. They're also doing terrain studies to figure the fastest way down the hill. They're even testing some new 'anti-blindness' goggles—something to do with eliminating sun glare in the eyes at various angles."

Beattie got dressed and piled out of his room fast. Another major obstacle was looming in the way of his uphill struggle to make the United States a first-class ski power. Without a technologist to his name, the young U.S. coach was caught at a disadvantage even before the first countdown sent the first skier rocketing down the *pistes* of Portillo. An hour later, Beattie found that the situation was even more alarming: the French national coach, Honoré Bonnet, was smugly informing meet officials that due to heavy government financial support, he'd also been able to build a special and expensive wind tunnel outside Paris, where his racers earlier had undergone elaborate body-position experiments.

As an added blow to the other competing teams, Bonnet explained that his already almost-unbeatable slalom star, Jean-Claude Killy, and his teammates, were mentally tuned to swoop down the Andes like bats-from-hell through the help of another innovation—"total psychic relaxation." This involved yoga excercises followed by semihypnosis, induced by playings of tape recordings made by French psychiatrists.

Faced with all these exotic aids, Beattie did some cussing. "What the hell is happening to *skiing*?" he demanded. Soon he found out.

In the 25 years before Beattie came along, from 1936 to 1960, the U.S. was a flop, a joke figure in Olympic Games and *Federation Internationale de Ski* competition. But then came what has been called "the six years of Beattie." Desperate for a winner, the U.S. Ski Association, in 1961, hired the aggressive 28-year-old Beattie (pronounced bee-YAT-ee) away from the University of Colorado, where his winter-sports teams had been highly successful. A no-nonsense, hard-driving coach, Beattie ended the bickering which had featured past efforts to put together a competition unit worthy of the name. And he got results. Within three years the Yanks developed into a top Alpine force—up there in ability to win abroad and locally with the Swiss and Germans, pressing close behind the world-beating Austrians and French. But the European skiers met the American challenge. And at the World Championships of Portillo in 1966, the new tactics developed by the French appeared to be so effective that Beattie went off and beat his blond head against a snow cliff.

Moving at almost 70 mph., the lean, long-haired, nonchalant Killy skidded and twisted a suicidal 8,788 feet to win the downhill title. His teammate, Leo "Lion-Heart" Lacroix, was second. Guy Perillat and Georges Mauduit of France finished one-two in the giant slalom. One of the two leading Americans, Jimmy "The Bomb" Huega of California placed 19th and 13th in the two events. Before the other top American skier, Billy Kidd of Vermont, had a chance to test himself against French science, he became a victim of an injury jinx that has been plaguing the American team. Kidd left town in a helicopter ambulance after he crashed and broke his leg in two places. A third Yank, Walter Falk, hit a tree and was unconscious for 18 hours.

It was a U.S. disaster. Portillo remains the warning signal of what may happen at the greatest snow-and-ice show of them all—the Tenth Winter Olympic Games, February 6 to 18 at Chamrousse, in the French Alps, near Grenoble. (The games will be televised live by ABC.) Few experts figure that this country will make much impact there in such activities as bobsledding, ice hockey, Nordic skiing (jumping, cross-country and biathlon) and tobogganing. We failed to win any medals in these events during the 1964 Winter Olympics at Innsbruck, Austria. In the overall tallies, we were a washout. Russia won 11 gold (first-place) medals and a total of 25 first, second or third places; Norway won 15 medals, Austria 12 and little Finland 10. America had six, with but a single gold prize (in speed-skating) to show for furious effort. Though disappointing American hopes in most events, the U.S. team did much better in the Alpine ski events than the experts had expected. They did so much better, indeed—whipping through narrow slalom gates and hurtling a near vertical 2½ miles in the classic downhill to come within fractions of a second of victory—that hopes now are high for the sort of showing American ski fans have been yearning for ever since the frigid-weather Olympics began in 1924.

But split seconds in time difference as registered by electronic clocks aren't enough. In this Olympiad we need the Big One: a gold medal. No male American slats rider has ever won one. Now, on the slopes of Chamrousse, will the death defying but not particularly scientific methods of Bob Beattie finally succeed in closing the small gap between American skiers and the wiry daredevils of the Old World?

Some of the natural optimism of the bouncy, fast-talking Beattie has left him recently. "Who knows?" he grumpily replies. "The Europeans are so well-subsidized by their states and provinces that you can't call them amateurs without breaking out laughing; our kids have to shake a tin cup to get the money to go abroad. When you have to scrimp, you worry. Worry costs energy and fractions of time. And now they're using 'science' against us, too. What kind of a deal is it when the forerunners in a big international meet are wind experts and meteorologists?

"But this time our team has toughened up. One of our young guys just might go over to the side of the course, have himself a vomit and then beat Jean-Claude Killy, or any of them. It's happened before. In 1954 Buddy Werner went over and beat hell out of the best Swiss and Austrians. He was 18 years old. If Buddy were alive today, they wouldn't beat him with psychiatrists and secretly-engineered skis; they'd have to do it out in the open, on pure speed, leg strength and guts."

Shockingly—and with a bitter aftermath—Wallace (Buddy) Werner, one of the finest U.S. racing skiers of all time, was killed in Switzerland two months after he led Beattie's squad into the '64 Olympics. German ski-movie producers enticed Werner into doing stunt runs near St. Moritz. In an area clearly marked "closed—avalanches," Werner was buried 40 feet deep when a mountainside thundered down. Beattie was the 28-year-old Werner's best friend. "I flew over and claimed the body when they dug him out on Piz Nair peak," says Beattie. "What they did to Bud was criminal. The area was *verboten*, yet they went ahead and

TRUE

"Our incentive plan is quite simple. Make one mistake and you're through!"

shot film. It was so bad the movie promoter was tried in a Swiss court for homicide-by-negligence—and, of course, found not guilty."

The senseless death of Werner—"one helluva man," who fractured 12 major bones competing, who won the world's-most-dangerous race, the Inferno of Switzerland, while held together with leg-bandages—fused the current team with new determination. Members wore black armbands for one year. They vowed to "go like madmen" in the '68 Olympics, in memory of Werner. But it also cost us one of our three most-valuable men and began a trend which comprises another Beattie problem, his biggest. "We're under some kind of jinx," says Billy Kidd, the quiet, muscular U.S. answer to the great Killy of France. "No group ever went into the Games with more injuries behind it."

Skiers who run the twisting international slaloms or downhills—the latter ranging from two to seven miles in length and falling off as much as 5,000 feet—get torn up, and, now and then, one of them is hurt fatally. Downhillers pick their own way from crag top to the finish line. The fastest way calls for skimming rocks, leaping gullies, jetting past trees and hurtling over deep crevasses at speeds of better than a mile-a-minute. And skiers are unpadded. Australia's Ross Milne hit a rock, wide open, in the last Olympics and was killed. Canada's John Semmelink died of a crushed skull in the Kandahar classic in Germany. Austrian ace Toni Mark died after wrapping himself around a tree. No American Olympic skier since Werner has been killed, but the bone breaks, concussions, torn tendons and dislocated joints have come so thick and fast that experts fear the worst. Some of Beattie's critics blame the recent series of crackups on what they call his "bloodiness," exemplified by his teaching axiom: "When you think you're going too fast—*accelerate!*"

At U.S. training headquarters at Aspen, Colorado, in recent months, Beattie's battered warriors got ready for the coming challenge with a routine which would exhaust a heavyweight boxer. Twenty-mile hikes and "gut" running—sprinting down rocky slopes, on foot, dodging firs and rocks—was part of a workout plan which began at 7:30 a.m. and ended at dusk. But as they sweated, the dozen squad members had the injury problem much on their minds.

The select group (picked from 50-odd candidates) lined up with William Winston (Billy) Kidd of Stowe, Vermont, age 24, and Jimmy Heuga, of Tahoe City, California, also 24, as Olympic-holdover veterans and as number one and number two men. At five-feet-eight, Kidd is a compact 158-pounder. At the Innsbruck Olympics Kidd won a silver medal, in the slalom. Later he nosed the "unbeatable" Killy three times in Europe. At that point, *L'Equipe*, the authoritative French sports journal, called Kidd "the greatest all-events ski-racer in the world." The five-feet-six, 145-pound Huega was a bronze medalist at Innsbruck. A slalom specialist, "The Bomb" was ranked number six in the world for 1967. Of French Basque descent and of fiery temperament, Heuga is the only American ever to have won Europe's historic Arlberg Kandahar combined (all-around) gold medal.

Behind the two came a flock of youngsters with scatterings of big-time experience. Thin, studious, bespectacled 22-year-old Rick Chaffee has the look of a Ph.D. candidate—and he is, in economics at the University of Denver. Chaffee's best showing was a giant slalom win in Australia last August, against high-caliber Europeans. At 21, Jere Elliott is a five-nine, 155-pound ex-Colorado high-school quarterback with exceptional "light speed." In South America's rugged "Kandahar of the Andes" event of 1966, Elliott outlasted champions of five countries to win. Vladimir "Spider" Sabich of California is 22, a wiry type best at giant slalom—which is a combination of downhill and slalom. Muscleman of the team is heavy jawed, glowering Jim Barrows, a 185-pound downhiller from Steamboat Springs, Colorado, who "fires" himself through ice and fog (to Beattie's delight) like a drunken Canuck mountain guide. Last March, college-boy Barrows finished less than one second behind a startled Killy in the North American championships, earning a name as a real comer. Another comer is slim Dennis "Pancho" McCoy, virtually born on boards. Son of the operator of Mammoth Mountain, California, ski resort, McCoy, 21, is the current U.S. downhill titleholder. Put them together and they add up to hotly ambitious, not-well-tested youth somewhat balanced by the craft and poise of Heuga and Kidd.

COMING . . .

Baseball the way it was
when booze and blondes
were all the bonus a
country boy wanted.
Former Dodger ace
Kirby Higbe's book

THE HIGH HARD ONE

Excerpts from
the frankest and
funniest sports
story in many a year

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"We're impressive," is the way Billy "The" Kidd puts it, "but we're sort of glued together." One by one, almost all the lads have wound up in surgery since the death of Buddy Werner. The trouble began with keyman Kidd.

Beginning as a 16-year-old prodigy on Mt. Mansfield, Vermont, the trim, blond, good-looking Kidd has fought off wealthy women out to marry him, offers of soft pro teaching jobs and Jet Set membership to develop into a sensational slalomist, when he's healthy. His desire to become Number One in the world is so deep that he doesn't party, smoke or even permit himself cognac-over-sugar—the racer's "energy" drink. His education has been neglected. Last winter he had the Colorado U. credits of a sophomore. "All I've done with my life is compete. I'm so hooked on it that right now I have nothing going toward my retirement days," Kidd says, with vague self-reproach. In style, Kidd is the direct opposite of Killy and Francois Bonlieu, the ace Frenchmen. Where they are frantically acrobatic and slash their way through the 50 to 85 gates of the slalom, Kidd is famous for his smooth, subtle, controlled technique. "Sheer poetry," the girl fans sigh. Ironically, despite his restraint from recklessness, Kidd has been an ambulance case time and again.

At Sestriere, Italy, in the Colorado Cup Classic and at Kitzbühel, Austria, during the past three years, he fell and tore left-ankle tendons. His ankle bones also were shoved apart. Surgeons removed an unimportant ligament from the outside of the ankle and wrapped it around the bones, cinching them tight enough, it was hoped, to save Kidd's career. After eight weeks in a cast and on crutches, he limped back into action.

Weeks which Kidd spent with Beattie, studying movie films of himself, before entering the 1966 World Championships at Portillo, taught him plenty about falling. "Ordinary skiers think that racers rely on their fast reactions and agility to get them out of trouble," he explains. "Not true. Nobody is quick enough to catch an edge in ice or overshoot a gate and save himself when he's at 70 mph. You must learn to do it exactly *right*. To make no mistakes and, in fact, become almost perfect before you can stay upright consistently."

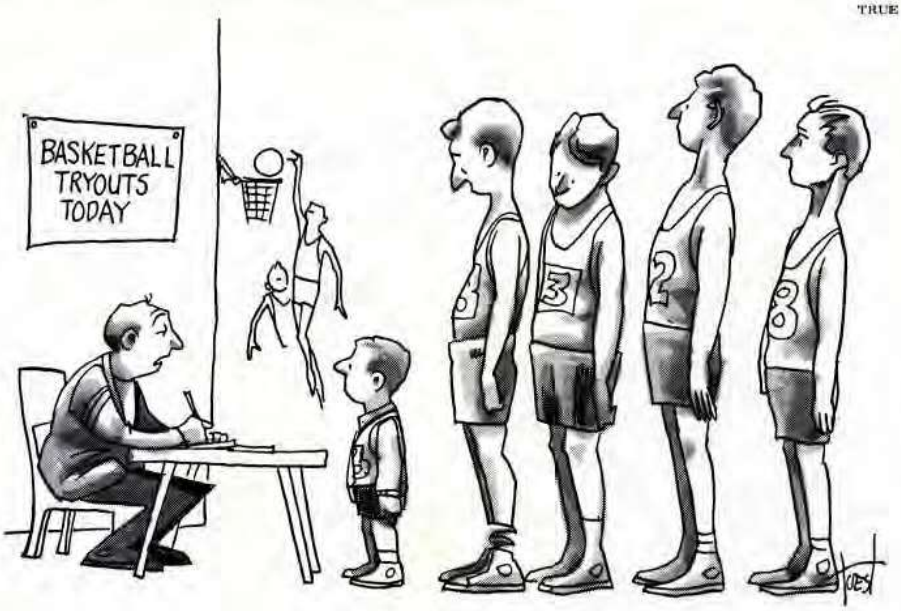
Portillo-in-the-Andes offered a pitch as hazardous as they come, starting at 10,200 feet on a slope so steep that starting platforms were dynamited and hacked out. One downhill hump shot racers through the air for 75 to 100 feet. On two tight turns, speeds of around 80 mph. were unavoidable.

"I made it all the way to the final tunnel," Kidd relates. "Off the tunnel rise, I was airborne maybe 30 feet high and cutting wind like a hawk in a dive. I landed on both feet, in good shape. But the jolt knocked my goggles over my eyes. For a moment I was blind and that's when I veered right and . . . well, I don't remember much after that."

His knees jammed up into his face, Kidd knocked out a tooth, went cartwheeling in a blur of pain. His right ski was torn off. When they cleaned up the blood, both the tibia and fibia of his right leg were found to be multiply fractured.

A pin-and-screw-insetting operation was required. During the following year and going into '68 Olympic training, Billy was able to compete only lightly. Today he feels fully recovered. But others disagree—believing his legs never will be able to take grinding punishment again.

This makes him as much a question-mark as Big Jim Barrows, the hot new downhiller. In Australia's Snowy Mountains last autumn, Barrows all but severed his Achilles tendon in a spill. Sydney doctors operated, inserting a wire brace in his lower leg. Barrows: "I'll be ready for the Games." Beattie: "Yeah. He'll make it. But I'm taking no bets that he'll be the old Barrows, that soon."



"You better be good."

The Spider Sabich case is considered medically phenomenal. One of our best giant slalomists, Sabich has broken his arm once and his legs seven times. This may be a record for an internationalist who remains active.

Casualties continue with Jere Elliott, whose knee was operated upon after a Colorado fall, "Pancho" McCoy, likewise, and Rick Chaffee, who sat out all of the 1966 season. Using a homemade exerciser, Chaffee spent a year sitting on a table edge, lifting weights, until a torn-up leg responded enough to permit him to snow-fly again. Last October, Bob Beattie turned his squad over to a Swedish physical therapist at Aspen, whose question after checking them over was, "They just get back from Viet Nam?"

The sound-of-limb, noninjured "freak" of the team entered in the Chamrousse Games, and, everything considered, America's best bet for a gold medal, is a cocky, hyperenergetic little man who came off a cement-pouring road gang in the California Sierras to confound people who claimed he would tear himself apart with his reckless style. Jimmy Heuga hasn't been hurt since he was 13 years old. "I'm a basher. I go all-out. But I don't fall," declares Heuga. "The reason is that—no matter what Kidd says about recoveries at high speed being almost impossible—I'm quick as a cat at recovery. There's no football runner who can swerve and reverse like I can. In the slalom it's all a matter of rhythm, like in a dance."

On a dance floor, frugging or waltzing, the dark-faced Heuga is almost professional. The night before his event was scheduled in the last Olympic Games, he avoided the vigilant Beattie and went nightclubbing. Next day, climbing to the starting line, Heuga attracted waves and cheers from girls in the audience, some of them ex-dancing companions. "How come you're suddenly so popular?" asked Beattie, suspiciously. "You haven't won anything yet."

"Just their hearts, Coach," Heuga blithely answered. "Just their hearts."

Then Heuga went to work. His first slalom run was timed in 70:16 seconds, good for fourth place in the standings. But his second run was a gambling, speed effort—timed at 61:36—and it won the man from California road gangs a third-place medal. It left Heuga disgusted. One week later he defeated every leading Continental skier in the next-biggest event, the Arlberg Kandahar.

Having sped down every major Alp on the world circuit, Heuga's theory is that the U.S. will become the foremost winter-sports nation only when our boys are commercially backed and become openly pro, like a touring golfer or auto-race driver. "Europeans think we're stupid to do it for fun. And they're right. We're a materialistic society, aren't we? Any Swiss or Austrian or Frenchman who wins an Olympic gold medal is set for life," Heuga comments. "He gets paid off big in hard cash and a good job, no matter what the amateur rules say. Any American who wins gets almost nothing. So our motivation is a simple one. We're out to win for our country—and of the two approaches, money pays off best."

In the middle of it all, Beattie remains a demanding, whistle-blowing, haranguing leader who settles only for a complete effort. The son of a Manchester, New Hampshire, roofing contractor, he played four years at guard on the Middlebury (Vermont) College football team, captained the club as a senior and skied. In 1955 he was one of the country's half-dozen best 15 and 30 kilometer cross-country men. He stayed on as Middlebury line coach and ski coach, briefly. The University of Colorado hired him as freshman line coach within a year, but the snow scene was his real obsession. Introducing rough grid-training tactics, Beattie turned out two NCAA championship ski teams at Colorado. His whip-cracking coaching methods, along with his demand that his students shoot down hills with no respect for a cracked head, impressed Dr. Amos "Bud" Little, chairman of the U.S. Ski Association's Competition Committee. Until then, front-rank racers had been treated tenderly.

"And by being soft, we'd been lousy," Doctor Little says. "Before the 1956 Olympics at Cortina, Italy, the team was so disorganized that cliques formed and jealousy was all over the place. Team members had to hold a time trial at the last minute to decide who'd compete. At the Squaw Valley Olympics in 1960 we had only one male entry, Tom Corcoran, within shouting distance of the French and Austrians."

The curt, abrasive Beattie nature had annoyed some USSA badge wearers. Nevertheless, while passing through Denver in 1961, Little met Beattie in the deserted Denver airport at 5 a.m. and offered him the national post. Beattie didn't even ask about the salary, which was $16,000 annually.

"Who runs things, me or the Association?" he demanded.

"You, with no interference," said Little.

Upon the new man's arrival, the organization's Olympic-junior development program was close to broke. In a short time, Beattie put the bite on snow enthusiasts and equipment-makers. He worked out a donation system to the extent that, as of 1967, the annual budget amounted to $300,000 with $500,000 in sight. Fund raising is a Beattie specialty. "Show him some rich old bird sitting around a pool at Sun Valley or Aspen or Sugarbush, Vermont, and Bob will quote patriotism and touch him for anything from a grand to 10 grand, sure thing," say USSA staffers. Beyond that, Beattie sold ski "specials" to ABC-TV's *Wide World of Sports* and also entered the endorsement field. The money bought airline tickets abroad and enabled Beattie to bring Europe's greatest racers to America, where their secrets could be studied at leisure. And it bought stop-action cameras and a mile of film.

"Movies. Football coaches live by them. But skiing had no idea of their training value until we shook up the program," Beattie says, impatiently. One night, while viewing film with Billy Kidd, the coach barked at him. "You see that? There's no reason you can't be a downhiller, too." Until then Kidd had considered himself only a slalomist.

In the next hour, Beattie proved that by using a "flatter" style, by keeping off the ski edges he employed in the swerving slalom, Kidd could succeed in the downhill—the riskiest but most-admired of events. Some months later Kidd turned in one of the world's three fastest downhills at Kitzbühel in the Austrian Tyrol.

Before the '64 Olympics, Beattie put a Chicago Bears-style schedule into effect; the name "Beattie's torture camp" was coined to describe it. He sent his men leaping over logs, running two miles uphill with sandbags on their backs, diving off ledges, climbing sheer cliffs and sliding down glaciers until they sometimes fell, exhausted. When they fell, Beattie made them run a mile around a practice track. Women's team members revolted, claiming Beattie was "beastly," much too hard on them. "They stopped crying," he said, "when one of them, Jean Saubert, won a silver and a bronze medal at the

Innsbruck Games. Then they loved me."

Mental and physical discipline, if anything will do it, will make this year's team a winner. Beattie permits no dating between male and female squadsters. There's no smoking, no talking at practice, no drinking other than a little *Gluwein* (mulled red wine) and no use of barbiturates ("bennies") or hormone pills. On the Continent, drugs commonly are used to whip up the *eisernen willen* —iron will and courage—of a man perched on top a precipice; but Beattie believes that drugs may have bad long-range effects, such as the loss of sex drive. "Almost all my kids are single and when they hang up the boards I won't be the guy who turned them into limp sissies, maybe childless people."

Rumors were strong at Aspen headquarters in recent months that a few of our Olympic skiers were on LSD. Beattie denied it with a roar. "The only mind changing allowed around here concerns the old idea that we can't whip Europeans!"

In his campaign to change that belief, the finest hour of Bob Beattie came before the Winter Olympic Games of 1964. A beef developed over seedings, or starting places, at Innsbruck. Any racer taking off after the first Olympic seed (of 15 men) has run the course is stuck with rutty, chopped-up snow and his chances of victory are remote. When France's Robert Faure announced positions, the U.S. drew such tail-end spots as 21st, 24th and a preposterous 46th. Past performance is supposed to determine seedings—and Heuga, Kidd, Werner and others had almost as good marks as anyone.

In an unprecedented top-blowing display, Beattie was heard across much of the Tyrol. "I yelled for hours. When they ganged up on me, I told them to stop stalling and speak English. I was the ugliest American yet." Beattie adds: "We won the argument. Our guys were moved up inside the top 12, and that's how we managed to bring home some of the medals."

What with the avalanche which later killed our number one man, no love is lost on either side; peace, most likely, will be the last thing to reign at the coming festival. And if steel nerves and competitive spirit count for much, the Americans may wrest some skiing gold medals away from the Europeans.

One night last year, the whole U.S. squad was suspended between the 25th and 26th floors of a Denver hotel when an elevator failed. For 30 minutes, in the pitch dark, they were trapped. It became the more frightening when workmen shouted orders to remain still and not punch any buttons.

Elsewhere in the hotel, Beattie was working on one of the stimulating slogans he likes to feed his squadron from time to time. This one read, coldly: "Win —or fall off the damned mountain!"

When the team finally was rescued, the commander looked them over and asked, "Did any of you panic?"

"No, we didn't," was the honest reply.

"Good," said Beattie. "You're in shape."

—Al Stump

ANATOMY OF RAPE

[*Continued from page* 54]

in the ladies' magazines. At the climax of this drama, the husband and his brother Oscar burst into the bedroom, the husband shouting, "Now I have caught you!"

In due course Maggie dragged her way to the sheriff and told her story and the drifter Reagan was promptly arrested, charged with, and convicted of rape. But the countryside still remained up in arms over the atrocity and the red-faced authorities next arrested Jerry Chapman and his brother Oscar, charging them also with the rape of Maggie Chapman, this under a statute, long common in most states, making all persons aiding, assisting or abetting in a crime equally guilty as principals. The two brothers stood mute, pleas of not guilty were entered on their behalf, and Wayne County (the Detroit area) braced itself for perhaps the most sensational criminal trial in its not-unsensational history.

Maggie appeared and again told her story, concluding with how, when she saw her husband and rushed up to him exclaiming, "Oh, dear, kill him!" he coldly pushed her away and the three men shortly left the house together, apparently on friendly terms. She then told how three days later she was served with divorce papers filed by her husband on the grounds of the adultery of his wife with Reagan.

The hapless Reagan was brought out of prison to court by the prosecution to tell his strange story, and it boiled down to this: That Jerry Chapman had solicited him, Reagan, to come board at his house, and bargained that if the husband could catch Reagan in bed or, better yet, "aboard of her," in Reagan's words (so that the husband could accordingly get rid of her by divorcing her for adultery) Reagan would be paid $25; that one fine day after the peepholes were bored and the brothers were at their stations, Reagan went in and raped the wife; that the husband and his brother witnessed the rape and heard the wife's screams and watched her struggles without lifting a hand and that (as the wife had already testified) at the crucial moment the two brothers burst into the bedroom, the husband exclaiming, "Now I have caught you!"

The state's evidence in, the defendant husband took the stand and flatly denied everything. He said that no such bargain had ever been made with Reagan, but that on the contrary, he being jealous and suspicious of his wife, he and his brother hid in the house to verify his growing mistrust; that Maggie Chapman was a willing participant in the adultery with —not rape by—Reagan; and that when he rushed into the room during the adultery he grabbed and brandished a chair, shouting: "I have caught you now right in the act—I have a notion to paralyze both of you." Loyal brother Oscar stoutly supported this testimony.

The evidence in, the prosecutor in his jury argument scornfully pointed out that within three days after the commission of whatever actually took place the defendant had indeed filed his bill of complaint for divorce on the ground of adultery; and that at no time did he lay a hand on Reagan or seek to prosecute him for rape or prosecute both of them for the crime of adultery. The jury arguments in, the jury retired and had a smoke and whatever else they do out there, and presently came back to declare they found the husband Jerry Chapman guilty of the rape of his wife Maggie. The husband promptly appealed to the state supreme court.

There Chapman's astute lawyer argued that even if his client had made any such bargain with Reagan (which the husband at all times had resolutely denied) it was not for rape but for adultery, and that his mere presence in another room could not make him guilty of Reagan's independent and unplanned crime; that to be found guilty he would have had to manifest some positive act of assistance in the actual rape—of which there was no shred of evidence.

In a scalding opinion Justice Morse rejected all of these arguments. The case at bar is one in which aid and assistance were rendered. . . . Reagan knew [the husband] . . . was in the next room, in sight of his work; and when the wife screamed, and respondent did not interfere, he knew that the husband was willing he should succeed [by any means and thus] . . . imparted to him a confidence in his undertaking. . . . By the lifting of a finger or the opening of his mouth he could have prevented the injury to his wife, but he did not do so."

At this juncture in this fantastic case occurred one of those courtroom events that sometimes tempts one to despair of the whole judicial process: a majority of the supreme court did an abrupt about-face and let Chapman go on a technicality —that certain witnesses at the preliminary examination in justice court had not at its conclusion signed their testimony! The defendant Jerry Chapman was let go, presumably divorced his shattered child-wife and, one almost prays, lived for one hundred and eight more years—with one sleepless eye glued relentlessly to a peephole, watching other men endlessly pleasuring themselves.

It would be pleasant to think that Chapman was the last male in this country who ever assisted or conspired to have a stranger rape his wife—pleasant but sadly erroneous. There have been many similar cases since then, but the one that really stops the clock is a weird old North Carolina case (1890) where the white husband held a loaded gun over his white wife and a Negro and ordered them on pain of death to cohabit in his presence. The terrified Negro reluctantly tried to follow orders but out of fright failed to perform. Then, when the brandished gun went off in the hands of the frenzied husband, the Negro fled in terror.

Both the Negro and the husband were arrested, *both* were charged with assault with intent to commit rape, and *both* were convicted—whereupon the husband

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"You drive much better from the back seat."

(that is, where the woman erroneously thinks the man is her husband) the English court in the famous (or infamous) Choirmaster case held that, where a choirmaster during a private tutoring session with a 16-year-old girl who sang in his choir, had intercourse with her by telling her that "I am going to make an air passage. This is my method of training. Your breathing is not quite right," this conviction for rape was proper. Presumably today he might go free; back then both his timing and his taste were equally faulty.

Some of our states have statutes making intercourse obtained by fraud or by impersonating the woman's husband rape, but even in these states there are cases going both ways.

Thus in an old Texas case two married women were asleep in different beds in the same room, waiting for their absent husbands to come home. Ed Huffman came home first and got in the bed of his friend Andrew's sleeping wife, Fannie. As she testified later at Ed's trial for rape:

"As soon as he got in bed he whispered in my ear and said, 'Turn over, Fannie.' . . . I thought it was my husband, Andrew. . . . [Then] I said, 'Andrew, did you get that meat, kerosene and stuff?' and he answered, 'No, I thought I'd wait until tomorrow.' . . . Before I [could turn] over [he] . . . raised one of my legs and [entered] . . . me from behind. . . . [Then] I heard . . . [defendant's] wife Florence say, 'Ed, what makes you treat me this way?' and I thought Ed was in bed with her, and that she was talking to him about being so late. When she said this . . . [defendant stopped] and lay over on his back still for a moment. I still thought it was my husband there with me, and thought he [stopped because] . . . he did not want Ed and Florence to discover [us having] . . . intercourse. . . .

"Then when Florence . . . [spoke the same way again] and defendant began to get up . . . I discovered it was Ed Huffman . . . and not my husband . . . and I sprang at him and beat him and abused him every way I could. . . . Ed said he had make a mistake and got in the wrong bed. His wife said, 'No you didn't—you have lived with me too long a time not to know the difference between me and Fannie.' "

In the trial court Huffman was swiftly convicted of rape by impersonation, but on appeal his conviction was reversed on the ground that, while the wife was obviously mistaken, the defendant had not used sufficient stratagem to induce her to believe him her husband and thus make it rape.

That there are limits of latitude even in Texas is shown by a rather touching case in which a surprised Mrs. Womack awoke one night not only to find a man in bed with her but upon her, attempting to have intercourse. "Mr. Womack?" she respectfully inquired. "Yes," he whispered in reply, settling down to his work. Presumably less absorbed than he in the enterprise she next inquired, "How is Granpa Young?" "About like he was," came the reply. "What time is it?" she inquired. "I don't know," he panted. "When did you leave Granpa?" she persisted. "I don't know," he repeated. "I don't believe this is Mr. Womack," she then said, later testifying, "whereupon I pushed him away and said I would see who it was. He got out of bed [and] . . . went for the back door. . . . I followed him and . . . by the skylight [saw] . . . it was . . . Henry Ledbetter.

"I at once hallooed and said to him, 'Henry Ledbetter, you vile wretch, you shall pay for this with your life!' " Since the defendant was convicted of rape, and rape is a capital offense in Texas, which has capital punishment, she just may have been right in her macabre prediction. But if there is any essential difference between this case and the Huffman case it is so subtle it has eluded me.

One of the strangest—and saddest—cases in this whole strange realm of rape by husband-impersonation occurred in Scotland. In 1918 Margaret Anderson lost her young husband in France, where he was officially reported killed in action.

Eventually she was remarried—to a William Baxter of Glasgow. Then in August 1925 a strange man showed up at their home and told her he was her "late" husband, James Anderson; that he had been captured by the Germans and had after many vicissitudes only recently returned to Scotland. He so far convinced her with his story that then and there he bedded her in her own home. But he lied; in fact the man was an imaginative impostor called Montgomery. When his masquerade was penetrated he was indicted for rape under a statute providing that a man who induces a married woman to engage him sexually by impersonating her husband shall be deemed guilty of rape.

The defendant Montgomery objected strenuously to the indictment, arguing that since the woman was lawfully married to Baxter and he had not impersonated her husband Baxter but a *dead* man who was her *former* husband, the statute clearly did not apply and the indictment was bad. The court wrestled and cogitated—and, I suspect, also consulted the Zodiac, if not the entrails of a freshly killed chicken—and finally held that if the woman believed he was her first husband, and that accordingly her second marriage to Baxter was invalid because innocently bigamous, and, while thus mistaken, she consented to lie with him, the statute was violated and the man would be guilty of rape.

To my mind this decision injects a dangerous subjective test of guilt that plainly was not written into the statute or ever contemplated by it. One suspects that the outraged judges were consulting their prayer books rather more assiduously than their law books to reach such a devious result—and one says this regardless of the admittedly scoundrelly behavior of the bad (or too good?) actor Montgomery.

L'ENVOI: There must be a moral lurking in all this for the hotbloods of America, and perhaps I can best conclude the seminar by giving them my best guess as to what that moral might be.

Moral: If you *must* crawl into the sack with a strange woman, don't have made any previous side deals with her husband, as it will avail you not and may land both of you in prison. Above all, before commencing hostilities be sure first to wake her up and when she murmurs sleepily, "Is that you, dear?" don't say, "Yes," but merely grunt. Following these simple ground rules may in the long run save you a lot of *time*.

—Robert Traver

THE U.S. GOES TO WAR ON LSD
[*Continued from page* 30]

pinned to his coat—"Turn on LBJ." "Mary Poppins Is a Junkie," "Make Love Not War"—were the most genuine thing about him. For the Village hippie called Joe Jackson was merely the front for Irwin Dahlberg, a federal undercover agent working for a bureau in the Food and Drug Administration.

Dahlberg is one of a new breed of nearly 300 G-men. Although he is concerned with specific kinds of drugs, he is not a narcotics agent. His targets are the psychedelics or mind-expanding drugs, like LSD. On this particular night in December, Jackson-Dahlberg had $500 in marked tens in one pocket, and a snub-nosed Colt .38 Police Special in another. In a few minutes, if everything was right, if his cover hadn't been blown, the supplier whose confidence he had gained would show up for the first buy. Dahlberg would have to be very careful. This was the biggest case his office had encountered since it came into existence less than a year before. It would not be a simple sequence of drug purchase and arrest; Dahlberg was under orders to develop information, to find out where the supplier was getting *his* supplies. Who provided the LSD that was sending the hippies flying into dreamland and out of windows?

The mind-expanding drugs offer instant thrills, instant wisdom, instant escape—maybe instant insanity. LSD is the best known of them, but there are others: mescaline, made from the cactus called peyote, and the related STP; DMT—dimethyltryptamine, a synthetic compound; psilocybin, produced from the juice of a tropical mushroom; Methedrine, known to the Hippies as "speed" because of its fast action; BOL, a drug similar to LSD. They're all described as hallucinogens, for the wild dreams they send their users into, and sometimes as psychomimetic or psychosis-copying drugs.

When LSD was first introduced into this country from Switzerland in 1949, it was hailed as a drug showing great promise in the treatment of mental disorders. But then college students began both making it (a relatively simple conversion of a then widely available base called lysergic acid) and conducting their own experiments. The experiments not infrequently led to the development of mental disorders of a far different kind from those LSD had earlier been thought to help.

People in the throes of LSD's "false schizophrenia" began to turn up by the thousands, not only on the campuses but among youth generally. Many were unstable individuals hallucinating wildly, violent both to themselves and others. Though most of them could be calmed by the tranquilizer-antidote Thorazine, it was found that psychotic symptoms and complete mental breakdown could occur weeks and months after a "bad trip."

Psychiatric treatment was often impossible. At Harvard a boy convinced by LSD that he was invincible stepped into

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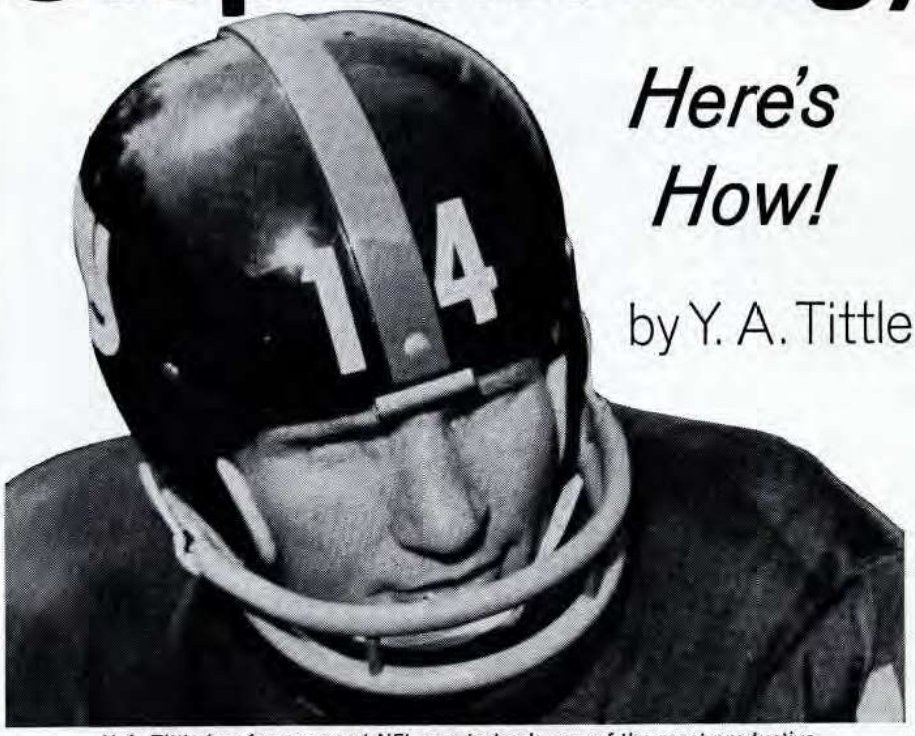

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moving traffic and was crushed dead. In city after city bad trippers had the delusion they could fly, soared out windows, and fell to their deaths. The more fortunate merely stripped off their clothes and ran naked in the streets.

A Congressional committee began hearings preparatory to the development of laws aimed at controlling this new menace. It learned, among other things, that there were as many as 650,000 LSD users among college students alone, plus non-college youth, high-school dropouts, curious adults and general oddballs. The suppliers of the drug now were no longer mainly college chemistry students, but pushers out for the money. At the time, an average fix, 200 micrograms, cost $5. A single gram—35 thousandths of an ounce—of lysergic acid could be turned into 750 doses of LSD, worth $3,750 at retail. Based on a moderate figure of 500,000 users taking two trips a month, there appeared to be an annual black-market turnover of $60 million in LSD alone, exclusive of the other mind-expanding compounds.

Convinced of the threat these new hallucinogens presented the youth of the country, Congress passed and the President signed a Drug Abuse Control Amendment to the long-standing Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. It was to take effect seven months later, on February 1, 1966.

The commissioner of the parent Food and Drug Administration, Dr. James L. Goddard, started the machinery for the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control—B-DAC—by appointing as its director John H. Finlator, a former FBI administrator. Finlator formed B-DAC stations in the nine cities where LSD users were chiefly gathered: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Boston, Baltimore, Dallas and Denver.

The initial staff of 100 undercover agents siphoned from FBI, Treasury and preexisting FDA services was overwhelmed in just trying to ferret out the existing hidden hoards of both LSD and lysergic acid. More agents were recruited for a special training program with the lure of action, public service, sophisticated challenge and a possible salary of $12,000. Irwin Dahlberg was one of them.

Dahlberg, then a very junior business executive, had been bored with his job. When he heard of the forming B-DAC force, he jumped at the chance. His first assignment was to an eight-week high-pressure course on the University of California campus at Berkeley. There he was introduced to a number of subjects: rules of physical evidence and arrest and search, theories of criminalization, social psychology of law enforcement, development of informants, constitutional law, tailing by car and on foot, undercover techniques, pistol shooting, self-defense.

Crammed with this knowledge, Dahlberg was assigned to B-DAC's New York district office. To acquaint him with the tools available, he was taken on a tour of the FDA laboratory in Brooklyn. A chemist showed him how material suspected as illegal would be processed. LSD dissolves in chloroform and shines a certain way under ultraviolet light. An electronic gadget the size of a telephone booth can reveal the presence of LSD molecules in complex graph patterns. A $70,000 infrared mass spectroscopic analyzer can pinpoint not only LSD but mescaline and the other mental drugs, as well as barbiturates (sleeping pills), amphetamines (pep pills) and other chemicals under B-DAC scrutiny. All this equipment and these tests were necessary to make cases that would stand up in court.

As a new boy, Dahlberg helped on his first big case by waiting in an alley during the raiding of a lab five stories up. "We knew," he says, "that when the law knocked, the evidence would go down the toilet and out the window. Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of LSD capsules rained on my head. I hunted them out by flashlight and ran them to the lab."

Shifted to undercover work, he was given an office locker. Then he was asked to assume the Joe Jackson identity, and to set up shop with another agent three days and nights a week in a dummy apartment on 13th Street in the East Village, which used to be known as the Lower East Side. When he was on duty, he was to hang up his "home" clothes in the locker and don a "front," or undercover outfit, and reverse the process when he came off duty.

This kind of thing was routine, yet his life was changed abruptly. He had been home nights; suddenly he was not. His mother worried about him. His sister found out that he carried a gun, and told his wife.

Despite the concern in his own family, Dahlberg made an easy transition into a beatnik identity. ("Maybe I'm just a slob at heart.") Developing his own cases in the streets and hangouts of the Village, he sensed in the individuals around him the identity crisis and alienation which drive people to seek escape in drugs. He learned to sympathize with the users, as he was probing to find their suppliers.

Having picked up the Village beat, Dahlberg took only a month in which to crack a pair of nightclub entertainers running in thousands of doses a week from Canada. "We broke into their room," he remembered tensely, "and one of them picked up a sawed-off shotgun. I yelled, 'Government agent,' and he dropped it. When they hear you're federal, they go limp."

While Dahlberg had been working on this case, another had been developing. Dahlberg and others of the 40 B-DAC undercover men in New York had heard rumors of a big LSD dealer—the biggest the bureau had yet encountered. When Dahlberg had cleaned up the nightclub runners, he was put on the new job.

TRUE

"All you men think about is noses, noses, noses!"

The Village apartment B-DAC gave Dahlberg and his roommate, Ed Hastings, is a tiny, strictly threadbare affair. In it one evening Hastings is sitting grumbling about the $300 in government money he has just blown on "phony sugar" bought from a counterfeit dealer.

"How often have you been burned?" he asks Dahlberg.

"Three times." The agent shrugs the memory off, then opens the matter at hand. "I went over to Bellevue Hospital earlier," he says. "You remember Phil Banner. Tonight he took a bad trip and tried to blow out the lights. We grabbed him, and I got him in a cab and over to emergency. I thought he might spill his source. There were city detectives all over the place, and the medics gave him Thorazine fast, so I didn't get anything. But Phil was scared."

Banner is an "acidhead" pusher with a lot of trade routes and plenty of money coming in. "His place," Dahlberg explains, "is a few blocks away, on the same street as this. My first attempts to buy led me to him, and I began to hang around his pad and watch the action. When I offered to take quantity he became suspicious—checked my Joe Jack-

son driver's license kindly provided by the state, and my phony Social Security card. Tried to put me on LSD, because cops won't take it. I told him I was off the stuff—bad trips. He thought for a week, then sold to me. I took vials and cubes, and our lab said it was nice pure stuff."

Dahlberg had worked on his relationship with Banner, overlooking the smoking of marijuana in the apartment. He even did his best to protect the place from the city narcotics detectives prowling the area, who could inadvertently wipe out weeks of B-DAC groundwork with a single scare.

As the evening grows late in the agents' apartment, Dahlberg figures Banner's bad trip has been quenched at Bellevue, and the pusher released. At 11 p.m. the agent decides to walk over to the acidhead's pad.

A walk into East Village is a walk into the Bohemia of antiwar demonstrators, pot smokers and acidheads. Between Fifth Avenue and the East River, along 14th Street, intellectual rebellion seethes in tenements and tiny stores, theaters and coffeeshops. Here anybody with five bucks can get an LSD ride.

COMING . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Dahlberg has Banner on his mind. He talks about the rough ride. "He took the dose before I got there. His girl Carmen was there, and Dewey Callum, a folk singer. Banner took a very bad trip. He thought Carmen was covered with live lobsters. He went into the bathroom, and the towels turned to lizards. He looked in the mirror and saw his father, and then his father turned into an American Indian. He came out and sat on the bed in a stupor. He became disembodied; the furniture became strange. He felt his skin and flesh falling off. He screamed, went over to the window and opened it. It would have been a 20-foot fall to the court. I'd come by that time and we grabbed him. Now I will go over to offer condolences; maybe he will tell me where he is buying."

On the way, Dahlberg does business. In a basement shop called Underground Uplift Unlimited on St. Mark's Place, he negotiates with a skinny long-haired kid in tattered blue jeans. The shop itself deals in produce for the dislocated: protest buttons, psychedelic literature such as a magazine called *Inner Space* and the weekly *East Village Other*, which boosts LSD experimenting. The B-DAC man leafs through some of it, and chuckles over an article titled "Panic on the Potomac" badgering B-DAC as a worthless enterprise. Uniformly the underground press of every large campus and every American Bohemia blasts B-DAC as a sort of secret police outfit repressing liberty and scientific progress.

Actually, more than 2,000 scientific papers on LSD have been published, none with conclusive proof of psychiatric benefit of more than narrow application, and many testifying to patient difficulties. Furthermore, to support research, the FDA, through the National Institute of Mental Health, releases LSD to legitimate experimenters attempting to develop therapy for the psychiatric patient and the acute alcoholic.

Coming out of the shop, Dahlberg passes the Village Theater. Dr. Timothy Leary, the soul-soaring ex-Harvard professor (TRUE, November, 1967), is treating a packed house to a show which consists, according to the posters, of the Illumination of the Buddha, sensory meditation, symbol overload, media mix and molecular phrasing, against a background of pantomime, colored lights and unusual dance sequences, all for three bucks —a cheap glimpse of what supposedly awaits in LSD-land.

On Avenue A, the Psychedelicatessen sells LSD propaganda and way-out art designed to guide the novice's first trip. At a place known as the Head Shop, Dahlberg eases among customers looking over hand-carved pot pipes, brassbound hashish hookahs and gaily colored cushions and drapes. "Heads" throng the joint—a *head* is usually hairy and unkempt, one who lives in the inner world, who has "blown" his mind of all square associations (such as work).

"Stores like this," the agent explains, "are popping up in all the acid towns. A kid thinks LSD is all visual thrills and sight gags, not a possible cause of permanent damage."

Hanging from the wall is a gigantic plastic female breast, complete with veins. Five feet across, it casts a hideous pall over the hippies fingering the merchandise beneath it.

"Down this street," says Dahlberg. "Look out!" Surly kids are snow fighting in and out among parked cars, heaving chiseled chunks of ice. "In here!" he yells, and ducks down a long dirty hall to a peeling door. He knocks three times, and a shuffle of feet sounds within. The door opens, and there stands Banner the LSD pusher, dark, young, testy, a smooth-skinned man in his early 20's.

"They cured me," he says, with a half laugh.

"Man, did they give you a tough time?"

"Miserable."

"How do you feel?"

"Reborn, man."

Sitting on the bed is Dewey Callum, a lean, hirsute head from San Francisco, who strums a sitar and sings almost inaudibly in a milk-chocolate voice. Everybody smokes pot, Jackson faking it as a good agent should—probably the most difficult stunt an undercover man must master.

This two-room apartment is far from psychidyllic; the floors are littered with

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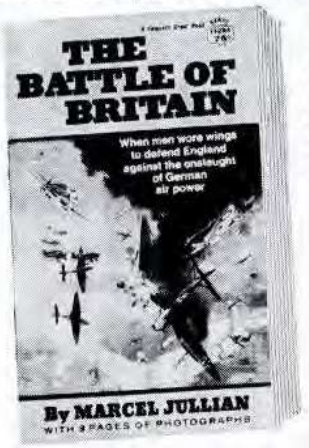
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"You don't have to feel insulted, baby. Lots of the greatest movie stars were dumb broads!"

bottles and cans and crud. An upright piano only a year old has been ruined by cigarette burns and bust-up parties. Banner got it from his father as a study inducement, but he took only three lessons, then, although intellectually promising, flunked out of college. Now he whiles away the evening dripping a clear fluid into pencil-drawn hearts on ordinary paper napkins. The paper will be burned off, and the hearts of LSD ultimately sold for five "cents" each—which, in head argot, means five dollars. The acid merchant pays only two to three dollars a portion to his supplier.

When Banner has finished, he sells the completed "heart trips" at a wholesale price to Jackson-Dahlberg, who complains about shortages, and offers, because of Banner's recent illness, to go direct to the supplier himself—cutting Banner in, of course.

"Jackson-baby," says Banner, "you're push."

"Leave him alone, Joe," says Callum to Dahlberg. "He's sick."

"Tomorrow," says Banner. "Tomorrow I take you to the man. Bring shekels, *beaucoup* shekels."

We go out. Callum trots along dog fashion, his matted, waxy hair bobbling. The nocturnal slum kids hold their fire, impressed by numbers. Dahlberg leaves with a wave, ostensibly to sell Banner's hearts.

The Dahlberg investigation proceeded the next day. Phil Banner did arrange a meeting between his supplier and the B-DAC man in a village coffeehouse. The three drank espresso while the agent tried to adjust to one of the most oddball characters he had ever met.

His name was Marsden Spitzer. Of medium height and thin, he sported a magnificently flowing red beard and moustache that gave him a terrifying aspect. From inside the beard oozed a voice high, decorous and nasal—nasal because a vibrating chunk of plastic had been fitted in the roof of his mouth to replace the soft palate, without which he was born. Like many people so afflicted, he had a deformed lip, which his whiskers covered.

Spitzer was the hippies' hippie—cool, confident, alert, and as a supplier, full of questions. He liked Dahlberg's account of Banner's bad trip, particularly the bathroom mirror bit where Banner's reflection was that of his father.

"A profound penetration of your soul, Phil," Spitzer wheezed. An extensive philosophical discussion followed; no mention of money was made as Spitzer touted LSD and the spiritual revolution. But at a hint from Dahlberg, Spitzer became all business. How much LSD did Jackson-Dahlberg want and when? He was to bring the money to Washington Square Arch at 7 in the evening, and be alone.

That evening delivery date would be the first of the crucial contacts in the development of evidence. In the course of time, Dahlberg was to make several buys, building trust, pursuing Spitzer's philosophy of the inner mind over the outer, the soul over the body. A level of acceptance would be reached whereby Dahlberg could make LSD pickups at Marsden's apartment.

The B-DAC man found Spitzer's place as neat as a pin, lined with books, the walls tuned with cork to the acoustics of an expensive hi-fi. It was nothing like Banner's garbage-filled pad. There was a desk where Spitzer had typed his thoughts onto hundreds of pages of soul-searching manuscripts. One room had been turned into an LSD processing plant, where Spitzer dripped a flavored solution of the drug onto sugar cubes. While Dahlberg watched, the red-bearded hustler ran up and down beside long lines of the cubes on a table, until he pulled up gasping from the exercise to complain how far behind he was in his orders.

Later Dahlberg sat in a leather chair reading Spitzer's writings, talking, noodling for information on where Spitzer got his supplies. The agent was impressed with the man. This was no ordinary crook grasping for money, and no ordinary beatnik. Dahlberg was moved by his thinking. He knew Spitzer would have to go behind bars, but he felt oddly that it was a shame to put him there. Yet the man was a supplier, and the law was specific.

Dahlberg kept making buys, coming back long enough to observe that Spitzer gave LSD out free to get people started in its use, that he was mailing the stuff as far west as Chicago, and that his skill in distribution was as dangerous as his source.

Spitzer would not divulge his source, except to indicate that his supply came through the mail. Dahlberg even brought in an "illegitimate" chemist who promised to provide automatic pill-making equipment, in return for information on sources, but Spitzer played it cozy. The chemist put on a good show, but not good enough—he was actually an FDA lab supervisor. Dahlberg asked Spitzer what was wrong, and the red-beard said he wanted to make a lot of money in order to retire and work on his writing, but that it would be a mistake to be caught up unshakeably in the business, with machines geared to large-scale output.

"I use no drugs now myself, except once a month, to restore my viewpoint," he told Dahlberg. "I am dedicated. I am no beatnik. I'm no manufacturer, either."

Dahlberg concluded that the time had come to end the operation. While the raid was being planned, Spitzer continued to receive his LSD in powder form through the mails. Part of this material he processed for his own trade, and the rest he reshipped to subdealers on college campuses. It was to be while he was making up envelopes for the campus pushers that the raid came off.

A federal raid is executed with the care of an opening performance of the Metropolitan Opera. Every participant has his cue and position. In this case, Dahlberg was on the inside of Spitzer's apartment, watching his target package the stuff of which hippie dreams are made. Like a conductor tapping his baton to open the overture, the B-DAC agent gave the signal to the raiders waiting outside by flicking a venetian blind. Moments later, the twilight of Spitzer's paradise began.

When the raiders streamed through the door, Spitzer was stunned. But he was not angry even when his good friend Joe Jackson-Dahlberg joined them. Instead, a funny smile formed on his lips.

"Joe," he said, "you did a terrific job! You fooled me completely." Then, reaching out to shake Dahlberg's hand, he added, "Please, don't let the press call me a beatnik, because of my beard."

A check of the apartment revealed that Spitzer's LSD supply had arrived from England in airmail envelopes without re-

turn addresses. B-DAC, in a display of thoroughness common in federal enforcement, pulled typing and watermark reports on the envelopes and also on hoards of other identifiable envelopes received legitimately by U.S. drug firms from British suppliers. A scrupulous comparison job followed, and the result was to identify a big British pharmaceutical firm that was feeding LSD to thousands of American acidheads through overseas mail. Immediately, with a little international pressure, that source was closed.

Marsden Spitzer's trial was a sure thing. Under the applicable section of the FDA law, he received a one-year sentence to the federal penitentiary at Danbury, Connecticut. Phil Banner was tried, too, but he got off with six months' probation. With some reservations, he gave up his pad in the Village to live with his dad. Dewey Callum took over the apartment, to strum his sitar laconically while rebuffing the landlord and all possible employers.

Dahlberg paid him a call, tying up loose ends.

"The fink returns," Callum observed, drawing on a pipeload of marijuana. Later, having given the agent what passed as answers to his questions, he said, "I miss poor Phil. He took a lot of trips. He desired to unlock the farthest reaches of his mind. Now he's in a place where all he'll get is a hot cup of coffee. You know, Phil kept a scrapbook."

Callum hauled out a little album full of scrawls and drawings made when Banner was flying on LSD. They were childlike in style—scraps of paper bearing scratchy statements of noble and overpowering revelation. A line from the stumbling pen of the once promising young man caught Dahlberg's eye: "Asparagus is everywhere!"

Asparagus? Morning glory seeds may help the high-seeker, and perhaps the imported juice of the Central American snake vine. Some daring individuals even claim a mescalinelike effect from smoking the dried scrapings of the insides of banana peels (although official investigators have denied the pith has such powers). But asparagus? Irwin Dahlberg and B-DAC aren't confiscating it yet.

—Dale Shaw

THE FISH THAT GOES FISHING WITH ME

[*Continued from page 59*]

Kahahane and the great fish be told now.

How I learned about Kahahane is a story in itself. While visiting Maui, I met Jack Ackerman, who has a shop which sells the fabulous black coral which he discovered at considerable depth on the ocean floor. The recovery of the coral has almost killed three men, Jack Ackerman among them. He can no longer dive below 80 feet. When Jack needed divers to go deeper and to stay longer than men had ever done before, he went to men like Frank Kahahane and taught them to dive with aqualungs. They, in turn, trusting him, showed him things of the Island that no other white man had seen.

I liked Ackerman on sight. He's got a crooked grin and an adventurer's gleam in his eye that make you believe the stories that are told about him: That his favorite weapon against the tiger shark was his fist, that he has spent more time swimming below 200 feet than any man in the world. We drank together and he told me about some of the ancient ways that still exist on Maui under the noses of the tourists. Finally he told me about the Kahahanes and the great fish. And I didn't believe him.

Presently we drove out to Frank Kahahane's house, where we awakened him from his afternoon nap. He's a big, warm, honey-colored bear of a man in his early 40's, with classic Polynesian features and jet-black hair stitched with iron gray. He's got the beginnings of a pot to which all Hawaiians tend, but the muscles in his shoulders are hard and full.

I remembered a story Ackerman had told me about him: how, after diving a lot to depths of 300 feet, he had felt strange coming out of the water for the last time. He had not told anyone, but about 11 o'clock that night had begun to feel severe pain in his joints. His wife had called the doctor and Ackerman. The doctor had wanted to give him a sedative but Ackerman advised him to go out into the channel and dive 300 feet and stay there three hours or so.

I looked at the quiet, gentle man in front of me, and I thought of the courage it took to stay alone in that dark abyss, and I shook his hand and heard him say that he would take me and my son Clay out into those same straits the following morning.

All night long I couldn't sleep. Twice I left the hotel and walked out on the beach and sat there, staring at the quicksilver sea, remembering what Ackerman had told me about Frank and the fish, and tried to tell myself that somewhere beneath that lacquered surface, somewhere in that swift darkness, one of the most feared and terrible fish in the sea was waiting for us—and that tomorrow it would come surging up from the depths toward our fragile boat in answer to our call. And I still couldn't believe it.

An hour before dawn I wakened my son, put all the film I could find into a knapsack, took both cameras and started off.

We were early, almost 40 minutes so, because I had not wanted to take chances on a flat tire or a dead battery or anything that might interfere with us being on hand at the appointed hour. Of course there was no one on the beach when we arrived. The outrigger canoe lay canted against the sand, looking ridiculously small and fragile in the predawn half-light. Suddenly I felt inordinately foolish. Was it possible that I, an eminently practical man, had really dragged myself out of bed before dawn, driven 25 miles, and was now standing on a lonely, deserted beach with an empty belly in the hope of witnessing a drama so improbable that not even a child could have been hoodwinked into believing it? I remembered that despite my enthusiasm my son had looked extremely skeptical when I told him about it, and he'd got

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out of bed with the greatest reluctance.

Now, as we waited on the silent beach, he curled up beneath the outrigger and went back to sleep. I watched him for a few seconds, then walked down to the water's edge and looked out toward the Island of Molokai. There wasn't a breath of wind. Above my head the palm trees were motionless and the sea was like polished glass. Behind us where the cane and pineapple fields marched up the leeward slopes of the island, dawn had broken.

I heard a car door slam up by the roadway and turned to see the Kahahanes getting out of a battered station wagon. Clay jumped to his feet and they came down to us. "Boy," as the Hawaiians are fond of calling their sons, was lugging a small washtub heaped with orange chunks of something or other, and Frank toted 50 pounds of ice negligently with one hand and two or three oval-shaped containers that looked like sardine cans in the other. He grinned at me, lowered the ice and we shook hands. I pointed to the cans. "Lunch?"

He shook his head. "Bait. We mix it with the pumpkin."

I turned to stare at the washtub that Frank, Jr., was putting into the outrigger and couldn't keep the note of incredulity out of my voice. "You fish with canned sardines and raw pumpkin?"

Frank grinned again. "We chum for mackerel with it."

I shrugged helplessly, not knowing what to say, while Frank turned his head and looked out toward the sea, the smile still on his face. "You don't believe about the fish, eh?"

"I don't know," I said haltingly.

Frank tossed the cans of sardines on top of the pumpkin and slid a roller under the stern of the boat. "He be there. Twenty-six years he wait for me to bring the net. More than 40 years he wait for my father before me." He chuckled softly. "Yes, old Limubak, he be there sure."

He remained staring out into the water for another few seconds, then we put our shoulders to the outrigger and slid it down the rollers. It wasn't until I felt the water closing around my ankles and saw the canoe float free of the sand that I allowed myself, for the first time, to think that perhaps the stories we had heard might be true.

When we were all in the canoe, Frank, Jr., poled the craft over the shallow coral reef, and then started the outboard motor which seemed strangely incongruous on the back of such a primitive craft. The sun was clear of the mountains now and the water had turned to a hard, aching blue. I checked the cameras and looked at Clay. There was an expression of sharp excitement on his face that made me realize that he, too, was losing his skepticism.

Presently, Frank, Jr., stopped the motor. He picked up a lead sinker and began to tap it rhythmically against the side of the boat. In the prow, Frank stood and stared out over the water. Over the side of the canoe, I could clearly see the coral formations on the bottom 40 or 50 feet down. Frank, Jr., tossed the weight to Clay and nodded. I could tell by Clay's expression that he felt a little foolish, but he began to beat the side of the boat in the same rhythm Frank had used. We waited one minute . . . two . . . three. Suddenly Frank nodded.

"There he come!"

I swiveled and looked but could see nothing. Frank grinned. "He way out. But he coming."

Once more I strained my eyes. Then, about 40 feet from the boat, I saw a flash of silver beneath the surface. I swallowed hard, and then I saw it. A great barracuda came in slowly, majestically, moving under the outrigger and straight at the boat. I saw then why they called it Limubak, Hawaiian for "mossback." Green stuff was growing at the site of an old wound behind the head. When the huge fish was three feet from the boat it opened its mouth, a maw large enough to chop off a man's arm. Frank flung a piece of fish into the gaping mouth and the 'cuda swerved slowly, braking alongside the boat, remaining there, inches from where I sat, gill covers pulsing slowly, silver scales refracting the sunlight.

Frank put his hand down into the water, touched the great head, ran his fingers along the fish's back, then grinned at me. "You believe now?"

My mouth was too dry to talk. The camera was running. I heard the film run out and I put the camera down. Then I looked at Frank. The fish was still there, still hanging lazily above the eight clear fathoms, submitting to the touch of the man's hand. "You want to pet him?"

I started to put my hand over the edge of the boat, but in that moment Limubak twisted slightly and one great baleful eye stared up at me. The jaw opened ever so slightly. I got another flash of those gleaming teeth and I drew my hand back inside the boat and said, "Maybe a little later." Frank's grin widened. He patted the fish on the head. "You go to work, boy," he said.

Limubak's tail moved slowly as the fish planed down into the water. I heard Frank say, "You don't have to hurry." I was taking still pictures now. "We be out here till noon. He don't go away."

"You mean he'll stay with us all morning?"

Frank nodded. "Sure . . . without him we don't get no fish. Look."

Limubak was down near the coral bottom, and for the first time I saw, around it, smaller fish which were mackerel.

Frank took a knife from his belt, picked up a sardine can and cut the top off it as if the tin were made of soft cardboard. He washed the tomato sauce out of the sardines, put the open can down on the seat, and took a line from beneath the prow. The line had a heavy lead sinker tied to the end of it, and suspended from a point just above the sinker was a piece of soft, sun-bleached canvas, a little larger than a pocket handkerchief. Frank spread the canvas out on the thwart in front of him so that the sinker rested on top of it, then he squashed several chunks of pumpkin in his big hand and dropped the orange meat on the canvas. He crumbled a couple of sardines, added them to the pumpkin, flipped the corners of the canvas inward so that it formed a sack, with the lead weight concealed in the center, then flung the whole thing into the water. The heavy sinker carried the chum bag down so swiftly that the pumpkin and sardine did not escape until Frank gave a sharp jerk on the line. Then the sudden reversal of direction pulled open the corners of the canvas and the chum spilled out in the water 30 or 40 feet down in a kind of miniature explosion. Several dozen mackerel rushed in to feed on it.

And around the periphery of the small fish, Limubak swam in slow, easy circles, an elephant herding gnats. I watched

TRUE

"There was a sign in the florist's window—'When was the last time you brought your wife flowers?'—and it's been bugging me. When *was* the last time I brought you flowers?"

fascinated, then turned to Frank. "Why aren't they afraid of him?"

"They are using him. He don't eat them, and they know it."

I stared at Frank in bewilderment and pointed to the small fish he had cut up and fed to the barracuda. "But isn't that mackerel, the same kind as down there?"

Frank was pulling in the chum line and spreading the canvas on the thwart again. "Yes. He eat any fish I cut up for him . . . but he don't bother those live ones . . . maybe they too small for Limubak to chase."

"What does he eat?"

"Bonito, jack, tuna, dolphin—all fish that feed on the mackerel. That's why they stay close to him . . . they know if they stay by him, the other fish won't get them."

"Is it true?"

Frank nodded. "Yes, it's true. The big ones come round the boat sometimes, the yellowfin and the others, and they pick off one or two, but they don't ever try to 'ball' the mackerel when Limubak is around."

"Ball them?"

Frank made a circular gesture with his fingers. "They swim round and round

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

school of mackerel—sometimes they go so fast you can hardly see them. They get the mackerel wound in so tight they're like big silver ball . . . then the tuna he open his mouth and go straight through the center. He get whole belly-full of fish in one bite. But he don't do this when Limubak is there."

At the edge of the school I caught a flash of silver and I spun around excitedly. Sure enough, there was a silver shape about three feet long coming in. I turned excitedly to Frank. "There's a tuna now!"

Frank shook his head, and the customary grin was on his face again. "That's not a tuna, that's another 'cuda . . . we call him Lightning."

"*Another* barracuda?"

"Sure. He see Limubak get fed and what he does. He want Limubak's job. Only the old man won't let him have it. When he get too close, Limubak chase him away. You watch."

I watched in disbelief as the little drama took place. Lightning came in cautiously and the old fish spun slowly on its axis, looking balefully at the younger one. I heard Frank speaking again. "You watch, now. Limubak get mad. He change color."

It was true. The silver color of the big fish was darkening, becoming almost black. The gill covers which had moved lazily before were beginning to fluctuate swiftly, and suddenly the huge barracuda, which had moved with such sedate dignity up to now, exploded! I have never seen a fish move so fast. It streaked toward the smaller fish like a torpedo. Fortunately, Lightning was even faster and lanced away from the boat. Limubak put on the brakes, remained staring after Lightning. The angry fluttering of the gill covers gradually moderated and the natural silver color returned. Then the great fish spun majestically and swam slowly back into the shadow of the outrigger.

I was striving to get the fingers of my mind around the enormity of this concept: A fish in the open sea that would come at a man's call and work for those who called it! And a second fish that was learning from the first. It still seemed too incredible.

We were drifting slowly with the current and I saw that we had picked up a great many more mackerel. In the front of the boat, Frank was continuing to toss the chum line, drawing more and more of the small fish into the area surrounding the boat. As I watched, my son said, "Mr. Kahahane, why do we need the barracuda? The small fish are coming in to get the chum bait anyway."

Frank opened another can of sardines and washed out the tomato sauce. "They come in all right," he said, "but if we don't have Limubak, the mackerel don't stay with us. They come in, they feed, they go. But as long as Limubak is here, they stay."

Clay looked disappointed. "That's all you need him for . . . just to keep the mackerel around the boat?"

Frank shook his head. "No, he got more work to do. His big job come pretty quick." He stared down into the water and nodded. "I think maybe now. Boy!"

Frank, Jr., nodded, and he and his father lifted from wooden elbows mounted on the edge of the canoe a fishing net attached to two long flexible poles. They bent these into a circle, secured them where they overlapped with a hitch of twine and suddenly there was a circular bag net 12 feet across, tied at the bottom with a small piece of twine. They lowered the net until it rested on the bottom.

Frank dropped a glass-bottomed box over the side and thrusting his head inside the box so that he controlled its position, he stared down into the water. His weight was counterbalanced by the outrigger on the opposite side of the canoe, and I marveled at the dexterity which made it possible for him to move the box in almost any direction while he leaned outward at a perilous angle.

Suddenly he motioned to me to look down into the water. I saw the barracuda complete a turn and swim slowly over the net, drawing the silver shower of mackerel along. Frank shouted "Now!"

The boy lifted the oar and slammed it hard on the surface. At the same time, Frank snatched up the viewing box and tossed it into the boat. Then, with practiced precision, he and his son were both

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"Yes, I'll have to agree with you. She doesn't turn me on either."

pulling hard on the net line. Having nothing to do but watch, I saw that the smash of the oar on the water had frightened the mackerel straight down into the bottom of the net. Now, as the net came up, the barracuda hovered above them, its great body covering more than half the distance across the net's mouth. When the net was halfway to the surface, Limubak swam sedately out of it. While the net continued up.

It contained about 40 pounds of fish, a better than average lift. At 50¢ a pound, this one netful would bring Frank $20. We were to get over 300 pounds of fish —another eight or 10 netfulls before the morning was over, an average day's work. I looked back across the 26 years that Frank had used this fish, and the 40 years that his father had worked with Limubak before that, and I realized incredulously that this one fish had fed and housed and clothed three generations of Kahahanes!

I saw in that moment how important the fish was to them. How, in a sense each of them relied on the other, for all morning long, since the fish first came to the boat, Frank had been feeding the brute as it helped with the work. It suddenly occurred to me what a disaster it would be if this fish were inadvertently caught. I said so, and Frank nodded.

"Yes, it would be, *but you can't catch him.*"

"What?"

"He won't bite on line." At my bewildered look, Frank picked up a morsel of fish. "I'll show you." He tied the fish to a length of fishing line and tossed it into the water. Limubak came surging up from the depths as it had done all morning long, great mouth opened to suck in the meat—then the fish saw the line, shut its jaws sharply and veered away. This happened twice more.

I shook my head. "But how does he know?"

Frank chuckled. "We teach him."

"How?"

"Catch him. We use thick line, strong hook. We pull him around for hours. We do this three, four times. Pretty soon he won't touch anything with a line attached. He very smart fish. You watch." He drew the morsel of fish out of the water and cut off the line, leaving perhaps an inch of it still attached. Now, when it was returned to the water, the piece of fish began to sink. Once more Limubak came up and swam around it twice without touching it. The line had been cut off, but there was still that small piece of it visible.

Frank pointed down in the water. I waited expectantly until the barracuda did a very remarkable thing. Having circled the bait, it now swam above and below it. If there had been a line attached to the bait anywhere, the fish would have felt it. There was none, so Limubak turned and swallowed.

By 11 o'clock the big barracuda was beginning to move more slowly and reluctantly. Limubak showed an increasing tendency to drift to the surface and wait for food rather than to do duty down by the net. For perhaps half an hour, Frank coaxed the fish, but finally he began to coil the chum line and I looked at him in some surprise. "We're going back?"

Frank nodded. "He's had enough. He don't fish any more today. And if he don't fish, we don't fish."

I pointed to the smaller barracuda still warily circling. "He's not full. Couldn't you fish with him?"

"Sure. But old Limubak, he won't let us."

I began to laugh. "You mean he's full, and he's worked all he wants to, but he's going to make sure that nobody gets his job?"

"That's right. The only time we get to use Lightning is sometime when Limubak don't show up."

"There are times when he doesn't answer your call?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes when the current she go the other way, Limubak don't come."

"Where does he go?"

"We don't know. We think maybe those days he go to see his girlfriend. Then we work with Lightning . . . he work very hard. But he's scared of net. He don't bring the mackerel in as good as Limubak. And he nervous. Twice when something scare him, he go clean through net. But someday he learn. Old Limubak, he can't go on forever." He paused and looked thoughtfully down into the depths where the monster fish still drifted in the shadow of the boat. "I just hope he go on as long as me."

"How old do you think he is?"

Frank shrugged. "He got to be 80. He work with us almost 70 years, and he big fish when my father first see him."

How long had his people fished this way? Frank didn't know. The most famous fish of all, he told me, was Old Jacob, named for Frank's great great uncle, also called Jacob. Both were dead before Frank was born, but his father remembers going out as a small boy to fish with *his* father to work with the 'cuda which Old Jacob had trained. By this time, the old man was nearly 100 . . . too old for the labor of lifting the net, or even to go out at dawn with the younger men. But at midmorning he would come out alone in his canoe and, as he passed the reef, he would begin to thump his paddle against the side of the boat at the end of each stroke.

When this happened the fish would turn instantly and move toward the sound. And sometimes the fishermen would play a game—they would fill the water ahead of Old Jacob with the kind of tidbits they knew the fish liked best . . . they would pound the boats with their oars . . . do everything they could to keep the fish from leaving them. But it was never any use. Old Jacob would go on until it reached the old man's canoe. Then it would swim alongside while the old man talked affectionately and chidingly, telling the fish it had become old and fat, that it had never fished well since they stopped working together. And the fish would stay right beside the boat, inches from the old man's hand, until Jacob paddled back to shore.

They say that unlike Limubak, Old Jacob the fish came every day regardless of tide or current. And every day for almost 10 years, Old Jacob the man made the journey beyond the reef to see his friend. And then one day, the fish did not come. For a long time the fishermen continued to call, but Old Jacob did not appear.

The men were stricken with a terrible premonition, for the old man had not appeared either. Fearfully they returned to the shore, and found the old man dead. Old Jacob the fish was never seen again.

You can believe the story or not. Personally, I believe it because I want to. After all, it's not much more improbable than the story of old Limubak, and I think maybe it's important to believe it. It's part of a mystic, wonderful thing that is disappearing from the earth.

—John Mantley

"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after,* this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued,* and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

Leonard Lee Rue III

To color-blind deer, hunter's red jacket is no brighter than black-and-white photo.

While hunting last fall, Joe Aschman of Salt Lake City, Utah, was put in mind of a question he now fires our way. Can a deer spot a bright-red hunter's jacket quicker than he can a drab one?

The answer is that you could wear a jacket of gaudy cerise if you wanted to. Deer, as far as science knows, are color-blind. Zoologists believe that everything a deer sees looks like just one shade of gray or another. But that isn't true of all animals—although until recently it was thought that just about every species is color-blind. Now, as researchers test various creatures to find out what colors they can and can't see, the lab men are coming up with some surprises.

Dr. Jeri Sechzer, for instance, has discovered that cats are perfectly capable of telling the difference between red and green. The biologist found that out by tests in which food was placed behind lighted plastic doors. The cats quickly learned that food was behind doors of a certain color.

In some tests dogs seemed to see color; in others not. The trick seems to be that, while a dog sees everything in gray, his eyes are sensitive to extremely minute variations in shading. In other words, to a dog red is quite a different gray than green is.

Some scientists work with only one kind of animal. Not Dr. G. Duecker, of the University of Muenster. The West German zoologist has put a number of zoo animals, from apes to zebras, through their paces, using boxes of food with different colored lids for his tests. It can now be reported that the mongoose has excellent color vision, the opossum is totally color-blind, the giraffe can't tell green from orange. Monkeys and apes come closest to seeing colors as humans do, with the chimpanzee topping them all in color vision.

Ducks, geese and other birds can see reds, greens and yellows well, but, with the exception of the owl, flunk out in identifying blues and violets. U.S. Air Force researchers, studying the navigational powers of birds, found that homing pigeons were blinded when blue filters were placed over their eyes. This blue blindness of birds—that is, their inability to see blue light at all—is shown by a striking demonstration. For this little show scientists use chickens, scattering feed on the floor and then training a blue light on one spot. The birds will gobble up all the food—except the feed bathed in the blue light. This area, to the chickens, is just a black spot in which they can't see anything at all.

Q: Who was the first Negro to be commemorated on a U.S. coin? *C. Gilbride, Hicksville, N.Y.*

A: Booker T. Washington, who was born a slave in Franklin County, Virginia, 1858, and who died one of America's most distinguished educators and scholars. Congress authorized a half dollar in his honor on August 7, 1946. Later, in 1951, another coin was authorized which showed Washington together with George Washington Carver, the Negro inventor.

Q: Are dermatologists having any success curing baldness through autografting, that new method of actually transplanting hairs? *Anthony M. Haynes, New York, N. Y.*

A: Yes. Of the 5,000 transplants completed in this country, 90 percent have proved successful. A complete transplant —involving 3,000 hairs on the average— requires 200 painstaking and somewhat painful autograft operations which cost about $5 each.

Q: What is the world's oldest known living vertebrate? *Susan Schnecter, Queens, N. Y.*

A: The coelacanth, a vicious-looking, four-foot-long, mucus-covered fish. From fossil remains scientists know that this creature looks almost exactly today as its ancient ancestors did. Few scientists believed that such a creature could still exist until 1938 when a fishing trawler off the coast of South Africa hauled one aboard. Coelacanths are related to the species of sea being which crawled out of the sea and evolved into land animals and, ultimately, into man.

Q: A friend tells me that dogs have been successfully crossbred with pigs, and that he recently saw a dog-pig—it had a head like a dog's and a nose like a pig's. Could this be true? *P. C. Angelone, San Fernando, Calif.*

A: Your friend is pulling the pigskin over your eyes. Even species more closely related than dogs and pigs cannot be crossbred successfully. There just ain't no such animal.

Q: Are the lions in front of the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue cast or carved? *Dr. Thomas W. Palmer, Tuckahoe, N. Y.*

A: They are carved out of pink Tennessee marble in 1910. Edward C. Potter, the sculptor, was paid $13,000 for the works which at first were somewhat controversial. Critics claimed they were too tame or mild. Most art critics now praise the lions, saying they are as decorative and as realistic as the location and situation demands.

Pictorial Parade

Q: What is the Indian instrument called the sitar, and how is it played? *Brian Dugglely, New Hartford, N.Y.*

A: It is a Hindu guitar with a long neck and varying numbers of strings. Some of the strings are plucked to provide the rhythm and melody. Others, called "sympathetic" strings are not touched. They pick up the vibrations of the strings that are being played, causing the sound to reverberate in different ways.

Q: Why was King Leopold I called "Hog Mouth"? *William Ferraro, Seattle, Wash.*

A: Leopold I, Holy Roman Emperor, King of Germany, Hungary and Bohemia, who ruled from 1657 to 1705, was so called because of a protruding lower jaw and thick lower lip. Rather than try to conceal these family characteristics, in official portraits, he insisted that they be prominently displayed.

Q: What became of all the German missiles after World War II? Were they destroyed? *Lewis Britian, Baltimore, Md.*

A: No. Advancing American and Russian troops captured many before the Germans destroyed them. About 100 V-2 rockets were shipped to the U.S. where they became prototypes for American missile developments. The Russians, it is believed, shipped complete missile factories, workers and all, to Russia.

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Q: Who originated the Rhodes Scholarships? *H. T. Dean, Williamsport, Md.*

A: Cecil Rhodes, an English financier who died in 1902. Having made a fortune in Africa, Rhodes stipulated in his will that money be provided for two groups of two or three-year scholarships at Oxford University. One group of 32 scholarships is assigned anually to male U.S. students who have reached at least the junior year at a recognized university or college. The second group of similar scholarships goes to students from any of the British colonies. Without exception to race or color, Rhodes scholars must be of the finest intellect and character and possess a fondness and aptitude for sports. The list of former Rhodes scholars includes Sen. James Fulbright of Arkansas, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Supreme Court Justice Byron White and author Robert Penn Warren.

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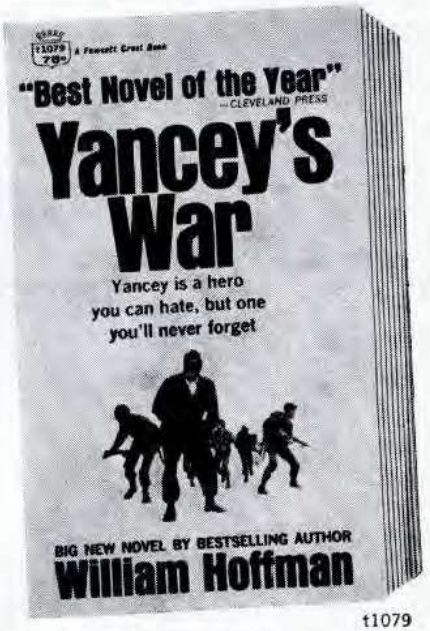

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A BIG ARGUMENT ABOUT A MYSTERY PHOTO

[*Continued from page* 57]

Pose, wrote him: "It just doesn't look like Lincoln." Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Lincoln lecturer and director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation, earned Stashin's ire by replying: "No amount of scientific evidence will convince Lincoln scholars you have found a new photograph of the Sixteenth President."

There is good reason for caution. A Lincoln picture from the daguerrotype era, which ended about 1855, would have almost limitless value—there is only one known photograph of him before 1857. It has been estimated that such a picture, properly authenticated, might be worth conservatively $150,000.

More important, however, Stashin's picture, if genuine, could sharply alter history's view of Lincoln. For the man in the daguerrotype is not the traditional kindly, benevolent Lincoln. Rather he is tense, tight-lipped, embittered. "He looks like he is sitting on a tack," says Congressman Kupferman. Stashin explains that the camera caught Lincoln in 1849 when he had just been hounded out of Congress because he was a dove on the Mexican War. He says the experts won't accept his picture because they would have to admit Lincoln had sour moments like everyone else.

Stashin came across his "find" in a Greenwich Village, New York, antique shop. He had been discussing Lincoln's views on Negro rights with his wife Judy the night before and a bust of the martyred President caught his eye from the shop window. Stashin entered to price the bust. Suddenly the proprietor said: "Would you like to see an old picture some people claim is Lincoln?"

"As soon as I saw it, I knew this was the *real* Lincoln," Stashin recalls. "The picture was in very bad shape. The back was coated with mildew and the old rope used to hang it was in frays and tatters. The gold trim on the frame was dingy and tarnished. And you could hardly see the picture—it was so badly oxidized that you had to tilt it and catch the light to make out anything at all. But I could see here a man with a firm gaze, a strong look, true character. It wasn't the usual Lincoln, but I knew it was the real man." Stashin paid the dealer's $28 asking price, got a bill of sale for "one daguerrotype of Abraham Lincoln," and left.

His first step was to learn what he could about the daguerrotype. Opening the back, he found a framer's mark from 1854, plus some New York newspapers of the same year used for backing. That dated it, at least. Next, he set out to restore the faded image—a careful chemical process that required weeks of research to do it exactly right without damage. Then he made photographic copies of the daguerrotype, and prepared long, detailed letters explaining why he thought this unlikely subject was really Lincoln. He sent them to every Lincoln expert he could think of.

Up to this point, Stashin had supposed —perhaps naively—that Lincoln experts would welcome his find and assist in his attempts to authenticate it. He hardly expected the answers he received.

Stefan Lorant, author of *Lincoln: His Life in Photographs,* whose good opinion Stashin was particularly eager to have, replied first. "Alas," Lorant wrote sympathetically, "the man in the picture is *not* Lincoln. The eyes, the mouth, the nose are not Lincoln's. The abundance of hair at this period of his life is not Lincolnesque. Collar and tie are not the kind Lincoln wore."

Ostendorf, of *Lincoln in Photographs,* was next. "It is a bit painful to say," he echoed Lorant, "that I am certain this is not a photograph of Lincoln. Your man has:

"Too low a forehead and skull.

"Ears too small for Lincoln, and not fleshy enough.

"Nose too long and pointed; too high an arch.

"Cheekbones and jaws not as prominent and squared as Lincoln's.

"Eyebrows not bushy enough.

"This man seems a smaller person; eyes too big and Italian looking compared to Lincoln's."

"We have examined the photos and find no reason to believe they are of Abraham Lincoln," declared James T. Hickey, curator of the Lincoln collection of the Illinois State Historical Library. "In my opinion it is definitely not a likeness of Abraham Lincoln, although it may well be a photograph of one of his unidentified contemporaries," replied David C. Mearns, editor of *The Lincoln Papers* and chief of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress. "It is . . . a picture of a man whom I do not recognize at all," wrote Miss Josephine Cobb of the U.S. National Archives.

One of the most extensive rebuttals came from Ruth P. Higgins of the Lincoln National Life Foundation. She listed six points of difference with Stashin ("Lincoln had a pendulous lower lip; Lincoln always parted his hair on the left side; the convolutions of the ears are dissimilar—ears are a positive means of identification; they do not change") and concluded with:

"Compare the pictures I enclose of the beardless Lincoln. These were taken 12 years apart. Can you believe that somewhere within this span of a dozen years his appearance so altered that he could be the man in your picture? We think not."

The unanimity of the replies angered Stashin. "They regarded me as a fool," he says, "and I resolved I would show them." He was particularly incensed that no one had even taken him seriously enough to ask to see the original daguerrotype. And he felt that most of the objections raised could be readily answered.

The comments about the lip, for instance. It was not "pendulous" in his picture because, according to Stashin, the man was biting his lips. Stashin's dentist, an oral surgeon, confirmed that a firm bite would shape the lips that way, and said that the configuration of the mouth was the same as in other pictures of Lincoln. Stashin also foraged through the biography by Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon, to find that "compressed lips" were characteristic of the prairie lawyer.

Likewise there was the subject's age. Not years but troubles accounted for the crow's feet and worry lines in his daguerrotype, Stashin felt. The differences in the "convolutions of the ears" could be accounted for by a combination of shadow, camera angle and straggling side-whiskers. The ears seemed too small because they were half hidden by hair.

"Remember," says Stashin, "this is the only photograph of Lincoln taken from a high camera angle. It changes the entire face. For the first time you are not looking under the chin, right up the nostrils. The angle makes the nose seem longer and catches the highlight right at the bridge."

To answer Ostendorf's contention that the subject seemed a "much smaller man" than Lincoln, Stashin used calipers to compare every physical feature in his picture against a Lincoln photograph of 1858. He found they corresponded precisely. He also dug out a Herndon letter which declared that Lincoln appeared no taller than average sitting down; it was when he stood up on his long legs that his full 6-feet-4 was so noticeable. In reply to Lorant's remark that "coat and tie were not the kind Lincoln wore," he found a reference in *Lincoln And His Wife's Hometown* by William Townsend that, on a visit to Lexington about 1850, Lincoln wore "a stock collar and a choker tie."

Stashin concluded that recognized experts really knew, or comprehended, little about Lincoln. "Unbelievable!" he snorts. "Amazing how many told me my picture could not be Lincoln because it lacked his telltale horizontal crease across the top of his nose. Not one seemed to realize that it was simply a crease left by the nosepiece of his glasses. Just before a picture was taken he would whip the glasses off, and that would leave a fresh mark on his nose. There's no crease in my picture because Lincoln didn't wear glasses until 1856 or 1857.

"These people," Stashin says, "had spent too much time and effort establishing a different Lincoln. I could see I would get no help from them." He thanked each of the experts for assistance,

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

but to Miss Higgins, whose letter he considered condescending, he wrote: "If Lincoln always parted his hair on the left side, why does the picture on your letterhead show it parted on the right?"

Now Stashin began pulling together his known facts and deductions into a working theory of the picture's history.

The photographer, he decided, was one N. H. Shepherd, a druggist-daguerrotypist who had taken the first known photo of Lincoln in 1846. The occasion probably was early spring, 1849—hence the overcoat. Shepherd, whose shop was near Lincoln's law office, probably yanked him right in off the street, which is why he still wore the coat before the camera.

But Lincoln, according to Stashin, probably didn't like the picture. It showed, as Judy Stashin says, "too much of his melancholy." So he left the plate—daguerrotypes were originals, and only one existed unless it was copied—with the photographer. Shepherd used it as a sample, and carried it with him when he left Springfield.

Further research bolstered this theory. Stashin found significant similarities between his daguerrotype and the 1846 Shepherd picture. In each, the subject is sitting erect in precisely the same posture, coat carefully opened and arranged in the same way. Each picture has been taken by natural light from the subject's left—"heavily crosslit," photographer Stashin characterizes it. (In Stashin's photo, the window itself can be seen with a magnifying glass, as a reflection in the subject's left eye.) Each subject has a halo effect, which photographers call rim lighting, around the shoulders. Finally, both photographs had been mounted in the same unusual way: the corners had been trimmed to make an octagonal shape and fit the frame.

Stashin also found that Shepherd was no ordinary small-town photographer. Advertisements in the *Sangamo Journal*, a Springfield newspaper, declared that N. H. Shepherd, "daguerrotype artist late of New York City, was now prepared to execute likenesses, from the smallest to the largest ever taken in this country"—in other words, he could make a photo of the half-plate size of Stashin's picture. Shepherd also advertised that he could use "the pencil of nature," which Stashin takes to mean that he could retouch daguerrotypes. (Although daguerrotype experts contend that a plate can not be retouched, Stashin notes that Lincoln's mole had been removed from the 1846 picture.) The ad also promised an exhibit of his work, indicating he did keep samples.

As to why Lincoln looked as he did in the picture—described by various friends of Stashin's as "mean," "nasty," "stern" and "like his teeth don't fit"—Stashin found support for his idea that Lincoln's appearance at this time reflected a tragic period in his life.

"Melancholy dripped from him as he walked," Herndon wrote of Lincoln's return to Springfield in 1849. "Lincoln was aggrieved, irritated and depressed," reported biographer Albert J. Beveridge.

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the Whig opposition to President James K. Polk's war in Mexico. He had introduced resolutions condemning the war as unconstitutional, and opposed taking land from Mexico. This "unpatriotic" stand alienated many constituents. Lincoln was branded a "second Benedict Arnold." He had already agreed not to run for a second term, but even when campaigning for the Whig presidential candidate, he was hooted and jeered. "He had better have stayed away," wrote one correspondent after a Lincoln speech. "If ever a man was at a low point," Stashin says, "he was, when Shepherd photographed him."

For photographer Stashin, the most convincing evidence that this was indeed a photograph of Lincoln came out of the darkroom. Stashin obtained an 1858 ambrotype of Lincoln in which Lincoln was seated in the same three-quarter position as in Stashin's picture. Stashin superimposed one picture over the other in two ways. First, he laid the mouth of one photo directly over Lincoln's mouth in the other. The width of the mouths matched exactly, as did the shape of the face and such details as the position of the telltale mole. For the other superimposition, Stashin used the eyes as the starting point. Now the eyes fit perfectly. And while the difference in camera angle between the two pictures caused some variation in the position of the nose, mouth and cheekbone in the composite, the distances were identical in all instances. Stashin's wife, who is a doctor of anatomy, concluded that the chances of such a coincidence were perhaps one in a million.

In still another darkroom test, Stashin superimposed his subject's face on the cover picture of Lorant's *Lincoln in Photographs*. Eyes, hairline, chin line and features fit exactly. Next he got a copy of Leopold Volk's life mask of Lincoln. From this he found the exact position of some smaller Lincoln moles, which were in his photograph, plus a scar over the left eye. The scar was in his photograph, too.

None of this has had impact on the Lincoln experts. And even Stashin does not feel every question has been answered. The nose still bothers him. Although he has calipered it, found that its dimensions are the same and that it curves away from the eye as did Lincoln's, it still seems too bony and pointed compared to other pictures. According to Herndon's letters, sometime in the 1850's Mrs. Lincoln slammed her husband across the nose with a stick of firewood, but whether this would account for the change Stashin is not sure. The handkerchief in the breast pocket also puzzles him. It seems dandified for a man who would pose wearing his overcoat and with a hole in his tie.

An even bigger question is where the portrait has been all these years and how it found its way to Greenwich Village. The dealer who sold it to the Village shop proprietor has since died; he kept no real records of where he obtained things, anyway. Photographer Shepherd left Springfield for the California goldfields in 1849 or 1850 and then dropped from sight. His family was from New York State but no trace can be found of them today, either.

Today Stashin fears he will never fully authenticate the picture, merely pile up more and more bits of circumstancial evidence. He continues to dig into biographies, memoirs, letters and journals, and conducts a voluminous correspondence with historians, genealogists and anatomists. But his greatest hope now is that Itek's photoanalysis machines can prove electronically what he has not been able to do with photographs and research.

Itek came into the investigation under the auspices of Congressman Kupferman. The representative, a second-term Republican maverick from Manhattan, holds Saturday morning office hours for constituents, and on one of these occasions he was startled to find Stashin with his pile of photographic exhibits and books. They talked for 30 minutes. "My first reaction was, 'That's not Lincoln,' " Kupferman says. "Then I thought, 'Who am I to make such a statement?' So I told Leo I would try to get the people who analyze space photographs to help him, and they were more than willing. Now I'm kind of hoping they *can* prove it—I get annoyed at all these people who maintain Lincoln never could have looked like that."

As for Itek, its chief photographic engineer, Col. Charles J. Susong, Jr., makes Stashin no promises. "Our tests will be made by making density cuts [of your photographs and comparable photographs of Lincoln], taking microdensitometric readings, and making other comparison readings on machines capable of one micron accuracy. The tests will not prove the true authenticity of your portrait but they may provide proof that details shown on your portrait match details on other photographs of Lincoln." So far, says Colonel Susong, the tests have shown "about 20" points of similarity.

Meanwhile, Stashin continues to try to line up man-on-the-street-support. He polls every friend, acquaintance and professional associate. The results, Stashin concedes a little sadly, are 50 percent votes for Lincoln, about half the remainder divided among such other Civil War figures as Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens and Thaddeus Stevens, and a scattering for such people as John C. Calhoun and Henry David Thoreau. "The others," says the abashed Stashin, who is tall and craggy-faced like Lincoln, "think it's me."

"What can you do?" asks the man who professes to have the photographic find of the century. "Americans are brainwashed. They see Lincoln's picture on the penny before they are a year old, and by the time they are adults they refuse to accept that he could look anything but kind. They will not believe that he was a person, too, with his bad moments and his inconsistencies like anyone else."

"This," says Judy Stashin of the daguerrotype, "is a picture no one will ever put into the National Gallery, or on the five-dollar bill. But it is one that should be there. This is the real Lincoln."

—Edwin Kiester, Jr.

[*Continued from page* 35]

out of this world. It is easy to die. You have to fight to live. And this was the greatest fight of my life—and *for* my life.

Because I had decided not to die. I recognized that wonderful mellow sensation for what it was, death, and I fought it. I fought death mentally, pushing away the rosy sweet blandishments and actually welcoming back the pain.

There was a radio in the room, and at 7:00 that evening Walter Winchell came on. Suddenly I heard Walter say, in that excited, high-pitched voice of his: "Flash! It is confirmed that Eddie Rickenbacker is dying. He is not expected to live another hour."

That made me furious. I had always considered Walter a good friend of mine. With my good hand, my right hand, I grabbed the nearest thing, the water pitcher, and heaved it at the radio. It hit full center, and they both broke.

Kept under the influence of dope, I was unable to tell the doctors about my extreme reaction to it. One night, through sheer exhaustion, I slept for five hours straight and woke up refreshed. My mind was clear. I realized what that morphine was doing to me, and I told McRae to discontinue it.

"Eddie," he said, "you won't be able to stand it." Finally he agreed to withhold it for a period of 24 hours. He warned me that I would regret it.

The pain was horrible. The morphine had indeed reduced it to a degree. But, even as the pain increased, I could feel myself coming back mentally. The drug had been retarding my natural recuperative powers. Free from it, I began to get better immediately.

Doctor McRae estimated that I would be in the hospital for about eight months. I disagreed with him. When the cast was off, an excellent osteopath, Dr. Alexander Dahl, came in. The treatments were painful, but I knew that they were helping. I had the mechanics in Eastern's Atlanta shops make up a kind of a kiddie car for me. At first I sat in it and pushed it along with my feet; then, slowly, I graduated to standing up inside it and, with its support, taking a few steps. I prowled the corridors of the hospital hour after hour, learning to walk again. Then I graduated to crutches, then to a pair of canes. I walked, walked, walked, exercising my bad leg by the hour.

More than 18,000 communications, including some 7,000 telegrams, came in from all over the world. Many of the messages reflected the personalities of their senders. For example:

"KEEP PUNCHING. Bob Considine."

"YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MANY PRAYERS WERE BEING WHISPERED AROUND OUR TOWN THIS MORNING. Bill Corum."

"IF RICK NEEDS BLOOD, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF IT. WILL TAKE FIRST AVAILABLE TRANSPORTATION. Cedric E. Fauntleroy."

"GET UP OUT OF THAT BED. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. Steve Hannagan."

"I KNOW THE INDOMITABLE RICKENBACKER SPIRIT WILL PULL THROUGH. John Edgar Hoover."

"PLEASE TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. Fiorello La Guardia."

"GOD BLESS YOU OLD MAN AND TAKE CARE OF YOU. Wendell Willkie."

The Atlanta crash left several physical mementos. I was still hard and tough, the indestructible Rickenbacker, but my carriage was not as straight, and I walked with a slight permanent limp because of a severed nerve in my left leg. I found that I couldn't use that foot to disengage the clutch when driving a car. That was easy; I gave up driving. The groove in my temple filled in gradually over the years.

But the crash, with all its immediate pain and permanent disabilities, did have a positive and beneficial result. It brought home to me once again the conviction that surely I was being permitted to continue living for some good purpose. I was being tested for some great opportunity to serve, a privilege that might come at any time. It was now 1942; we were at war. I was ready—but for what?

The call came from "Hap" Arnold, commanding general of the U.S. Army Air Forces. "Eddie, I've got a very important mission for you. I can't tell you over the phone. When can you come to Washington?"

"I'll be there bright and early Monday morning," I said. Though I had no idea what job he had for me, I knew that it would be an important one, one related to the mission of the Air Forces in our fight for freedom. I thanked God for sparing me to fight again for America.

BEFORE WORLD WAR II

I saw the beginning of World War II. It was the gleam in the eyes of a group of German former fighter pilots who told me ruthlessly and arrogantly, one October day in 1922, that Germany was determined to regain her position as a world power, through peace or war.

I was even given the blueprint. Hermann Goering told me in his harsh, guttural accent:

"Our whole future is in the air. It is by air power that we are going to recapture the German Empire. To accomplish this we will do three things. First we will teach gliding as a sport to all our young men. Then we will build up a fleet of commercial planes, each easily converted to military operation. Finally we will create the skeleton of a military air force.

When the time comes, we will put all three together—and the German Empire will be reborn. We must win through the air."

In 1922 my wife Adelaide and I honeymooned in Europe. We were in Berlin while Germany was in its terrible inflationary period. I saw German children with emaciated bodies and drawn faces. German morale, already low, was falling. Under such conditions, people will turn to any glimmer of hope, to any prophet, true or false.

Ernst Udet, the leading German ace after Richthofen was killed, sought me out and asked me to come to a dinner with him and other German pilots including Goering and Erhardt Milch. Goering, then a fine figure of a man, was the leader of the group. He had commanded the Flying Circus after Richthofen's death. All three were determined to elevate their country again, through force if need be, to a position of world leadership. There was the ring of *Deutschland Uber Alles* in their voices.

Adelaide and I continued on into Italy, and were there when Benito Mussolini and his Black Shirts took over the government. I remember remarking on his Napoleonic pose.

In 1922 I saw the future course of history as constituting a grave danger to the United States and the Allies. I drew up a plan that, I firmly believed, would, first, help Germany back to a healthy economy and, second, alleviate the conditions that were pushing the world toward war.

The Rickenbacker Plan for World Peace provided for reduction of the amount Germany owed other nations combined with an extension of terms that would make it possible for her to pay the balance. It included the loan from United States to Germany of an amount sufficient to meet immediate indemnity payments, stabilize the government, place the currency on a firm basis and rehabilitate the country in general. It would be coupled with the reservation that the money could not be used to build up another military machine, thus enabling France to disband her own enormous army and use the manpower to economic advantage.

I took this plan to Washington, but the war was over, and no one wanted to think of the grim possibility of another. Looking back on the Rickenbacker Plan for World Peace from the vantage point of some 45 years, I still believe that it would have worked. World War II, the most terrible in the history of mankind, cost the United States alone $600 billion to fight that war. Had we spent two percent of that sum in 1922, we could have changed the course of history. Not only would World War II have been averted, but also its aftermath, the deplorable conditions and problems that we face today in almost every corner of the globe.

Eventually a program basically similar to mine, the Marshall Plan, was proposed and put into effect. But it was 25 years too late.

Not even America's first air-power strategist, Gen. Billy Mitchell, was able to put across his theories. Mitchell made a plea for a separate air force; instead, what little air strength remained after World War I was split between the Army, the Navy and the Marines. He claimed that bombs dropped by airplane could wreck cities and sink ships, but this was scoffed at. He foresaw the Hawaiian Islands' vulnerability to Japanese bombers but the only people who paid any attention to him were the Japanese.

Mitchell was charged with insubordination and brought before a court-martial. I was proud to appear as the general's final witness and I had a bitter exchange with members of the court, including Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

I might as well have been talking to a stone wall. Billy Mitchell was found guilty and dismissed from the service. A decade later he died in New York. His body was to be shipped back to his original home in Milwaukee. A few of his old friends escorted his casket to the train. The casket was unloaded at the back end of Grand Central Station, and we carried it through the dark and cold catacombs to the express car. I felt so bitter, so grief-stricken, so shocked at this ignominious, demeaning end to a brilliant career, that I found the whole episode hard to believe.

Had our military hierarchy carried out Mitchell's recommendations, we could have had an air force truly worthy of the United States. In my opinion, it would have awed Hitler and Goering to the extent that they would never have started the war.

If we could not build a mighty aviation industry to produce military planes, I reasoned, then we must develop an aviation industry to build commercial planes. At least we would have a base to progress from. That was my major reason for entering the aviation field and staying in it. During my early years in aviation I was offered positions at several times the income I was receiving at Eastern. But I believed that, by staying in aviation, I could help to build commercial air transportation, create a need for more airplanes and force the aviation manufacturing industry to grow in order to produce them.

In Germany, in the meantime, the nation's leaders were building a mighty war machine, with full emphasis on military aviation.

In 1935 I made another trip to Germany. Udet and Milch, dressed in full Nazi uniform, complete with shiny sabers, took me to a special luncheon. Hermann Goering, then president of the Reichstag, joined us for a few minutes.

"Herr Eddie," he said, "do you remember what I told you about the future of our air force when you visited us in 1922?"

"I remember it very clearly," I said.

"*Gut*," he said, beaming and rubbing his hands together in a characteristic gesture, "now we will show you. Ernst Udet will take you in charge and show you everything that we have been doing."

I too felt like beaming and rubbing my hands together. I knew that Goering, in his intense national pride, would hold back nothing in order to impress me. I would see what no other outsider in the world had seen.

First we visited Udet's old squadron, the Richthofen Flying Circus. He explained fully the way Germany was going about building an air force in absolute violation of the Treaty of Versailles.

"We handpick every man in the squadron—cooks, clerks, mechanics—and train them as pilots while they are doing their assigned jobs," Udet said.

I also saw aviation factories turning out both commercial and military planes. This massive aviation program was to recapture the glory of the German Empire. They were prepared to fight.

I wondered why I had heard so little about German military aviation over the years. A partial answer to that question came at an embassy party in Berlin. The air attaché, who should have been finding out what was going on in his area, proved to be more interested in the social life of the German élite.

Back home our military leaders did not accept my reports on the true situation in Germany. At one conference with several high-ranking Air Corps officers, including my friend Hap Arnold, I attempted to describe in detail the methods by which the Germans were training their pilots. When I said that the Germans were making pilots out of cooks, mechanics, drivers and the like, they refused to believe me.

"Eddie, you're nuts," one of them said. "It can't be done. You can't make qualified pilots out of mechanics."

In vain I pointed out that I myself had been a mechanic, but had managed to do all right. I was talking to deaf ears. Our military leaders continued on their placid way. I determined to work for American preparedness in my own way. Through commercial aviation, we could establish nuclei of production and training that could be expanded when the need arose.

Even then we received small encouragement from the armed forces. It was the airlines that worked with Don Douglas on the development of the DC-1, the DC-2 and the famous DC-3, or "C-47," as it was known in the military and the DC-4, or C-54.

In 1925 and again in 1939 I made far-reaching proposals for achieving air power.

In 1939 we were tragically unprepared for high-speed production of airplanes of any kind. Judging by the number of planes on hand, in production or capable of being produced; by replacement capability; by the numbers of aeronautical engineers and technicians working and in training; by the number of pilots and pilot-training programs, and by all the other ponderables involved, the United States was at best a fifth- or sixth-rate air power.

How to accomplish a drastic step-up in production? Carry all first-class mail by air. This move would stimulate the immediate production of a fleet of 50,000 planes.

Equally important would be increased training of pilots. Of all the services, land, sea and air, only the Air Corps lacked a nucleus of personnel and the means of training additional pilots. As I pointed out repeatedly in the 1930's, there should

have been a West Point of the air. Until the establishment of such an academy (and it was not founded until 1959), an increase in commercial flying would provide an excellent advance-training program for pilots.

Within a few months, President Roosevelt announced the official recommendation of 50,000 planes. By that time the war had begun, and Germany had demonstrated the tremendous new potential of aviation in warfare. I proposed the following: 250,000 military airplanes, 500,000 pilots, 1,175,000 non-flying personnel, 1,000 master airports, 100,000 parachute troops. I recommended that we build an air force capable of dominating any place within 3,000 miles of the United States—and that included Hawaii. Those figures, astronomical as they seemed at the time, were underestimates; the United States built more than 300,000 airplanes in World War II.

Those airplanes helped to win the war. I believe that my actions and words had some influence in producing them more quickly and more efficiently. But I am also convinced that, had our nation's leaders only listened to me earlier, the entire war could have been prevented. One billion dollars invested in air power during the five-year period from 1935 to 1940 would have given us an air force capable of deterring both Germany and Japan. Hitler would never have dared to begin hostilities had the American military potential been, in 1939, a fraction of what it was by 1945.

Aviation, instead of the tremendous destructive force that it proved to be, could have meant peace to the world.

TO WAR AGAIN

During the first years of World War II, I was busy building Eastern Air Lines for the role I knew that we would be called upon to play in the crucial years ahead. I declined active participation in the armed forces at that time. I had canceled my commission as a colonel in the Specialist Reserve in 1934.

Perhaps if I had been in uniform I might have been somewhere else on that February morning in 1941, when the airplane crash near Atlanta laid me up for over a year. In March, 1942, I received that call from Gen. Hap Arnold summoning me to Washington for an important specific mission. I entered his office on the following Monday morning.

"I'm concerned about the reports I'm getting from combat groups in training, Eddie," Hap said. "I'm told that they are indifferent, that they haven't got the punch they need to do the job they're being prepared for. I want you to go out and talk to these boys, inspire them, put some fire in them. And while you're there, I want you to look around and see what our problems are."

It was the kind of mission I had been hoping for. "I'll be ready to go in 10 days," I said eagerly.

"Eddie," Arnold interrupted me, "some of these units will be on the way overseas in 10 days. If you don't go right away, there's no point in your going at all. The situation is that serious."

"I'll go right away, General," I said.

My companions on the tour were to be Gen. Frank O'D. "Monk" Hunter, a fellow pilot in the 94th Squadron in World War I, and Col. Hans Christian Adamson, a reservist who would handle our press relations. General Hunter had broken his back in a crash a few months before and planned to take his doctor along with him. I realized that the trip would be a strain on my battered body, still not completely healed from the Atlanta crash, and I took along a masseur. That's the way we started out—two battered old retreads attended by a doctor and a masseur going out to inspire young fighter pilots headed for combat.

At the air bases, after talking with the leaders of the outfit, I would limp out and talk to the rest of the personnel, particularly the pilots. Frequently we would have brief question-and-answer periods. "Don't tell me what's right," I would say. "Tell me what's wrong." The root of the problem quickly became clear to me. There was nothing wrong with those boys. They were America's best: keen, alert, inspired, enthusiastic, fit. They craved action.

But instead of putting in the long hard days that their energies and desires demanded, they were undergoing severely curtailed training. Why? There was not enough equipment. The obstacles lay in the entire complex of maintenance. There were not enough parts and equipment in inventory at any base I visited. Nor was there an efficient distribution system by which the necessary equipment could be quickly delivered from the manufacturers.

The transportation pipeline was in no condition to keep the items moving. The Air Corps was supplying itself by ground transportation, primarily railroads, and the nation's railroads were already overtaxed. Planes were grounded for weeks at a time for want of parts—and there were not enough planes in the first place.

There was also a shortage of guns and ammunition. I remembered well the importance of target practice from my own early experience. I had found learning to shoot accurately as difficult as learning to fly. The weapons of World War II were more complicated and required more training and practice. Again, owing to lack of equipment, pilots of pursuit ships and gunners of bombers were not receiving enough training, and they knew it.

The natural griping of young men with nothing else to do was the feedback that General Arnold had been getting. I began ending my talks with this thought: "I know what your problems are, and I just want you to be a little patient, because I think I can help cure them."

After visiting only six groups, I was able to make a preliminary, but comprehensive, report to Hap Arnold on my findings. The problems were, first, not enough flying time; second, not enough gunnery practice both on the ground and in the air; third, insufficient maintenance personnel; fourth, scarcity of parts and delays in getting them to the field units; fifth, lack of standardization and insufficient training in the use of the extremely complicated gun turrets on bombing planes.

I found different improvable areas at each group. In Tallahassee, for example, I spoke to a squadron of Negro pilots who were still enlisted men. As I wrote Hap, "They are a grand bunch of kids and great pilots, but something should be done immediately to commission them, they are deserving of it." This suggestion was acted upon quickly, and the nation had a new group of second lieutenants.

We talked with 41 groups in as many states in 32 days, finishing up on April 13 at Mitchell Field, Long Island. Then I hurried down to Washington to make my final report to Hap Arnold.

"Hap," I said, "cut off the telephones. I want three hours of your uninterrupted attention."

"That's impossible, Eddie," he said. "I want to hear what you have to say, but you've got to be quicker than that."

"Hap, you're the headman of this outfit," I said. "If you won't listen to me, then there's no sense in my continuing my efforts to be of help to you."

"All of my generals are here right now," he said. "They've come in from all over the country for a conference. You go on in and talk to them."

"I've been all over the country talking to them," I said. "I want you there, too. Unless you go in with me and listen to what I have to say, then there is no point of my carrying on. I'll walk out right now, and we'll forget about the whole thing."

And I meant it.

We entered the conference room at 11:00 a.m. A group of generals was already there. We all, and that included General Arnold, stayed in that room until 6:00 that evening.

"You'll have to develop an *air* transportation system to get parts and other necessary equipment to the men who need them," I said. "I suggest that you call in the operators of all the nation's airlines. When you get these operators together, tell them the truth about just how bad the situation is. Ask their cooperation in turning over to the Air Corps a certain number of their airplanes—cargo carriers and passenger planes—complete with crews. Speaking on behalf of Eastern Air Lines, I hereby pledge any part or all of our fleet. This will be the nucleus of a military air transportation system which is already long past due."

The officers in that room that day were combat oriented and could not have cared less about hauling carburetors and fan belts. But by 6:00 they had come to realize that, without those spare parts delivered efficiently and swiftly by air, the combat wings would suffer. They bought the program.

The existing Ferry Command, whose mission was strictly to deliver planes from factory to base, was expanded, renamed

the "Air Transport Command" and assigned the mission of air transport. The ATC grew to a complement of thousands of planes flying millions of tons of supplies, matériel and personnel, including returning the wounded to hospitals back home during World War II. It later became the Military Air Transport Service, one of the major branches of the Air Force.

MISSION TO ENGLAND

WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON, D.C.

September 14, 1942

Dear Captain Rickenbacker:

This spring you did a magnificent job in evaluating the fighting spirit and training of our men in the Army Forces. I am writing you at this time to ask if you would undertake to go to England and visit the various Army Air Forces stations in the bomber and fighter commands, as a continuation of your tour of inspection in March and April.

I am, of course, fully aware of the high-spirited confidence and efficiency of the AAF air and ground crews. Nevertheless, my interest in our Army airmen overseas is so deep that I would welcome a firsthand report by a nonmilitary observer on how they are getting along.

No one could be better equipped to undertake this mission than you, not only because of your distinguished aviation record and profound aviation knowledge, but also because of your clear and sympathetic understanding of human problems in military aviation. I am certain that your visit itself will serve as a welcome message from home.

Therefore, if you accept this assignment, as I hope you will, I am happy to authorize you to proceed to England and visit the various AAF stations. On your return to this country, you would report to me directly.

Awaiting your early and favorable reply, I remain,
Sincerely yours
(signed) Henry L. Stimson,
Secretary of War

To Whom It May Concern:

The bearer of this letter, Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, will visit the station and installations at the Army Air Forces in the British Isles for such purposes as he will explain to you in person.

Captain Rickenbacker, in this capacity, as Special Consultant to the Secretary of War, is to receive every possible assistance in the performance of his special duties, by all commanders concerned, and he is to be provided with such transportation both ground and air as he may need and such accommodations as may be available under the circumstances.

(signed) Henry L. Stimson,
Secretary of War

Commanders to whom I showed this sweeping communication raised their eyebrows as they read it. This blanket order virtually gave me the authority to command them to assist me in my mission.

I undertook these missions, incidentally, at a salary of $1 a year and paid my own expenses. Following the successful tour of the United States bases, I was offered a commission as brigadier general by both Arnold and Stimson. I refused. They raised the offer to a major generalship, but I still declined.

"When I return from these missions," I explained, "I want to be able to pound the table, point to the facts and insist on what I believe to be the most efficient way of doing things. I have had all the honors a man can get in uniform. Now let me serve as a civilian, where I can do the most good."

I never even thought of trying to figure out how much the missions cost me financially. Fortunately Eastern Air Lines was by then organized on a firm and dependable basis and could get along without me for periods of time. Between assignments, I worked twice as hard and twice as long to make my absences possible. Air transportation was a vital service during the war years. After turning over half our planes and an even greater percentage of our personnel to the government, we at Eastern still carried more passengers than ever before.

As for the work, time, discomfort and danger involved in my missions, I never considered them. Travel is my life. I have worked hard and lived under pressure since I was a boy; I always have, and I always will. My personal reason for going on these missions, indeed the foundation of my life, can be summed up in one sentence: *Men grow only in proportion to the service they render their fellow men and women.*

In order to appraise the conduct of the war on my trip to England, I talked with British leaders including the great Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill himself. Churchill had not yet said "never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few," in describing the role of the Royal Air Force in the Battle of Britain, but we knew that it was so.

One of those "few" was Air Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, the quiet, thoughtful man who had, years before, analyzed the coming German attack and organized the only possible means of thwarting it. I had seen the preparation for the Battle of Britain being made in both Germany and England in 1939. The Germans were concentrating their aircraft production on the short-range bomber known as the "Stuka." It was obvious that the plane had but one purpose—to bomb England. The Germans risked everything on their belief that they could knock England out quickly with unescorted swarms of poorly armored and poorly defended bombers.

Britain too put all its eggs in one basket: the short-range, rapid-climbing, swift fighter plane. Credit for the foresight to create the only force capable of holding back that merciless attack must go to Hugh Dowding.

As we talked, I thought of something that even Sir Hugh did not know. In 1939 in Germany, Ernst Udet had told me that he had recommended a different type of bomber force. His idea was to build larger planes capable of carrying heavier loads longer distances, with strong fighter escorts. The valiant English pilots in their swift little planes would have had to break through a screen of fighters to reach their targets.

What would have been the course of history had Udet's recommendations been adopted? The world will never know. Udet told me that it was Hermann Goering himself who decided against his proposal. After the failure of the Battle of Britain, Udet killed himself.

The most productive results of my mission to England came from inspections and conversations on the airfields. One day, at a field in southern England, I watched a mock combat between an American P-38 and a captured Focke-Wulf 190 flown by a British pilot.

The English pilot, I learned, had had a great deal of combat experience, whereas the American had had none. Even so, the P-38 was clearly superior to the Focke-Wulf. It had greater power and could climb faster. Had the combat been real, the inexperienced pilot in the P-38 would have eradicated his opponent. There was that much difference in the two planes.

When the two men came down, they verified and augmented what I had seen: This P-38, which had not yet been flown in combat, was clearly superior to the best plane the Germans had in the skies at that time.

This one episode was worth the trip to England. At that time the P-38 was still under heavy criticism. It was unusual in appearance, with twin engines and twin booms. Its critics outnumbered its supporters because no one really knew exactly what the plane could do. Well, now I knew. I made a full report on it to Hap Arnold and Secretary Stimson. Arnold told me later that I did more than any man living to keep the P-38 in the Air Corps. It served us well.

Another plane I saw impressed me even more. It was an English plane, but it was no Spitfire or Hurricane. It had been made in the United States. Through my friendship with E. H. "Dutch" Kindelberger of North American Aviation, with which I had been connected when it was known as the Fokker Aircraft Company, I had heard the story of this mystery plane some time before. North American had been making training planes for the British, who liked them. In 1940 the RAF asked Kindelberger to build them a pursuit ship similar to the P-40. "I'll build a better one," he said, and he did.

In England I saw it and talked with pilots who had flown it. I had never heard such enthusiasm for an airplane.

It was the P-51, the Mustang. After it was in production, thanks to the English orders, the Air Corps had bought a few. But we did not know what we had.

But after seeing it and discussing it with men who had flown it, I knew that it was the best fighter plane in the sky.

And it could be even better. The Rolls-Royce people in England had produced the Merlin engine capable of 1,600 horsepower. What a combination! At that time the ship was being sent over with an Allison 1,450-horsepower engine. I recommended that only the frame be shipped and that the Merlin be installed in England, which was done.

I do not believe that any plane in history has had a more loyal and enthusiastic group of rooters than the Mustang had. On my return to the United States, incidentally, I visited the Allison factory to persuade them to step up their 1,450-horsepower engine. The Allison engineers did step it up to 1,750 horsepower, with no increase in weight, which was a remarkable achievement. It was that combination—P-51 plus the Allison 1,750-horsepower engine—that made the Mustang the ruler of the skies until the jet fighters took over.

Other recommendations affected the P-38, the P-39, the A-20 and the B-26. My work with the B-17 bomber was much more comprehensive, however. In the fall of 1942, we were beginning to carry the air war to the Germans. Morale was high from top to bottom. But still there were complaints. I had long discussions with unit commanders, attended briefing sessions, talked things over with pilots and crews and came to the conclusion that many of the complaints were justified. I listed 21 separate criticisms of the B-17 and 17 separate recommendations for improvements. Some of them, though technical, may be of general interest.

My first criticism read, "The center of gravity is too far aft." The big ship had undergone so many modifications and additions that the center had shifted, with a resulting loss of 10 to 12 miles an hour.

"The oxygen supply is insufficient." A definite number of oxygen bottles had been assigned to each plane at the beginning, but as missions grew longer, the amount of oxygen was not increased. It was an important oversight. I also found out that our oxygen masks were inferior. Under certain conditions, they would actually freeze to the wearers' faces. Masks used by the British and the Germans were lined with chamois skin and were far superior. British flying clothing was also superior; I recommended the use of similar lightweight, electrically heated clothes.

"Lack of armor plate under the pilot and navigator section and in front of the instrument panel." Years before I had placed a stove lid under the seat in my Spad. Here was the same problem all over again.

"Position of guns at waist stations too close to each other." When I sat in the waist gunner's seat and simulated firing at a moving target, I would bump into the other gunner. Gunners also needed chin rests to help sight their guns. Empty cartridges were spewing out into the air, with resulting damage to planes following in close formation. I recommended a catcher for the cartridges. Gun turrets were freezing at high altitudes. More electrical power was needed to heat them.

"More firepower." German fighters could hover out of range of our guns and reach us with theirs. Strangely, the gun in the nose was fixed. The pilot had to aim the whole ship at the target. That gun should have been flexible.

All these criticisms and recommendations led to a major one: It should not be necessary to send Rickenbacker all the way to England to find out that planes are out of balance or that gunners bump into each other. One of my strong recommendations was therefore that representatives of the manufacturers visit the proper commands for a week at a time at regular intervals, in order to keep up with the rapid changes that take place in combat.

LOST AT SEA

The Secretary of War must have been pleased with my performance for on the day after my return from England he issued orders sending me to the South Pacific Theater with the same basic directive. In addition I was entrusted with a message from Secretary Stimson to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, a message of such sensitivity that it could not be put on paper. It was given to me orally by Secretary Stimson himself, and I memorized it.

Col. Hans Adamson accompanied me as my military aide. We left New York on the night of October 17, 1942, and flew to Hawaii on civilian planes. There Brig. Gen. William L. Lynd, who commanded Hickam Field, promised to have a B-17D with an experienced crew from the Ferry Command ready at 10:30 p.m. to take us on to General MacArthur's headquarters at Port Moresby, New Guinea.

I was a little surprised, on arriving at Hickam Field, to find that my pilot was a Texan with a goatee and high-heeled cowboy boots. Later I was to come to know him and the others on board better than they knew themselves, but that night the introductions were brusque, on a last-name-only basis.

The pilot was Capt. William T. Cherry, Jr., who had flown with American Airlines as a copilot. The copilot was First Lieut. James C. Whittaker. He had about 1,500 hours in small planes to his credit.

The navigator was First Lieut. John J. De Angelis, small and wiry, with dark skin and black hair. The radio operator, Sgt. James W. Reynolds, was a slender young man who seemed experienced, competent and confident. Private John F. Bartek, the mechanic, a red-headed, freckle-faced kid, had been out of mechanical school only about three months.

There was one other passenger, a young crew chief who had just been discharged from the hospital in Hawaii and was on his way back to join his unit. I didn't get his last name and asked him to repeat it.

"Oh, just call me 'Alex,' sir," he said. "Nobody can pronounce my last name."

His full name was Alexander T. Kaczmarczyk, and I was happy to call him "Alex."

When we were airborne I went up to the cockpit to visit with the crew. It was a beautiful night. A three-quarter moon shone down over high, thin clouds onto the plane and the great Pacific beneath us.

We discussed our first destination, Canton Island, 1,800 miles southwest of Hawaii. It was a tiny dot in the Phoenix Islands, one-third of the way to Australia. Cherry said our estimated time of arrival at Canton was 9:30 a.m. At 8:30 he put the big plane into a shallow descent and leveled off at 1,000 feet. At 10:15 I asked Cherry how much gas he had.

"A little over four hours," he said.

Could it be possible that we had overshot the island?

"How much tail wind are we supposed to have?" I asked.

"About 10 miles," Cherry said.

I had a feeling that we had more than a 10-mile-an-hour tail wind and consequently were flying faster than we thought. Sometime later I happened to meet the navigator of a plane that had left Hickam Field for Canton only an hour before we had. After shooting the stars he had figured, as I had, that the actual velocity was greater. He had taken this difference into consideration and, after landing at Canton, had proved that the tail wind was really about 31 miles an hour.

I'd been lost in the air before, but never over such a vast expanse. The ocean seemed endless. It was obvious to all of us that we were in grave danger. De Angelis, the young navigator, was naturally on the defensive.

"One hour's fuel remaining," Cherry said. He told Reynolds to send out an SOS. There was no answer, no acknowledgment. Wherever we were, no American could hear us. That meant that, even if we made a successful crash landing on the water, nobody would know which way to look for us.

It was time to start lightening the ship. We began throwing everything we could move overboard. We kept back a small hoard of rations and filled several Thermos bottles with water from the main tank.

"Eddie," Hans Adamson said, "don't you think we'd better drink all the water we can hold right now, before we leave the ship?"

"No, I don't," I said. "I think we'll need it more later."

As Adamson remarked later, that was probably the worst piece of advice he had ever been given in his life.

The Thermos bottles, with a metal box containing emergency rations, were carefully placed on the deck in the radio compartment. The plane was equipped with three rafts. Places were assigned. Cherry, Whittaker and Reynolds took one of the five-man rafts, and Adamson, Bartek and I took the other. De Angelis and Alex, both small, got the two-man raft.

Most of the men took off their shoes, and some even took off their pants to make it easier to swim. I remained fully clothed. We were all wearing what we called "Mae Wests," those big yellow life preservers.

Time was running out. How long would we have in the plane after Cherry landed it? Would it remain afloat for 30 seconds, 60 seconds or no seconds at all? We all took our places. I could feel the nose go down as Cherry put the plane into a long glide.

Crash! It was louder than thunder, louder than the crash at Atlanta. A heavy piece of equipment in the tail of the plane broke loose and crashed into the compartment with us. Pieces ricocheted around like shrapnel. But the plane remained afloat. Bill Cherry, goatee, cowboy boots and all, had brought it down perfectly.

The crew and I were all right, but the impact had whipped Adamson's head forward, straining his neck and back.

Water was rising fast in the plane. Cherry and Whittaker came wading toward us. "Go ahead," they shouted to Adamson and me. I stepped up on the arm of the seat, reaching up to the hatch, grabbed hold and pulled myself up while the others shoved from below. Then I helped pull Adamson up. He was in great pain and almost immobilized. Bartek and I held the raft steady so he could slide down the wing into it. The swells were fully 12 feet high, and the plane was wallowing. But we got Hans aboard, and Bartek and I slid in after him.

A strong breeze was blowing, and it pushed all three rafts away from the ship. It was still floating, but low.

"Who's got the water?" somebody shouted.

There was no water on our raft or on any other raft either. Nor was there the ration box. We had gone off and left them there in the confusion.

Whoever determined the dimensions of that so-called "five-man" raft had midgets in mind. The overall length was nine feet, the width five, including the doughnutlike roll that held us up. The inside dimensions were six feet nine inches by two feet four inches. How could the three of us possibly fit into this wet, narrow area?

Adamson was in agony, and we gave him the place of honor. He lay lengthwise. I was at the other end, sitting crosswise in the bottom, my knees over the roll. Bartek was catercornered, his head toward Adamson, his feet behind my back.

De Angelis and Alex had an impossible situation. They found that the least uncomfortable position was facing each other, with each man's legs over the other man's shoulders.

Each raft had a pair of broken-down aluminum paddles, but paddling through the heavy swell lying down was practically impossible. The strong wind and the high seas were pushing our three rafts apart. With a handline we tied them together, about 20 feet apart.

I noticed dark shadows in the water. Then an ominous triangular fin broke the surface. We had company, and I hoped that they hadn't come for dinner. They were sharks.

We checked our supplies. Cherry had four small oranges. We decided to hoard them. I warned everyone about drinking salt water. "Salt water will kill you," I told them all. "No matter how thirsty you get, don't touch a drop."

Night came on. A cold mist settled on the sea. Though we were practically straddling the equator, it was miserably cold. The seas were still running high and splashed on us. We were wet through.

I still had a few traces of discomfort from the Atlanta crash. One was the stiffness, the numbness, the poor circulation. I was in the habit of turning over many times during the night. Now I had to lie in one uncomfortable position without moving all night long. Even as I heard Hans Adamson groaning softly in his sleep and little Alex still giving a dry heave every now and then, I realized that the worst part of the ordeal for me would be the enforced immobility.

It was not the first time that I had faced death. It might be days, even weeks, before we were picked up. It might be never. There would be long grueling days ahead, days of excessive sun and excessive cold, days without food or water.

The seven men bobbing with me in these crowded rafts made up a typical cross section of young American manhood. They had their strengths, and they had their weaknesses. Somebody was going to have to hold them together, and that somebody would have to be me.

Breakfast time. After several minutes' discussion, it was finally determined that we would stretch the four oranges over a period of eight days. We would eat one of them now. We had pulled our rafts together and seven pairs of eyes were on me as I prepared to cut the orange into eight equal parts. I made the decision to cut it in half crosswise, along the line of its equator, cut each half in two, then bisect each of the four pieces. I used the roll of my raft for a table and carefully made the incision. Everyone ate seeds, pulp, skin and all, except Cherry and me. We had seen fish other than sharks swimming around us. Two fishing lines had come with the rafts. Each of us carefully cut a sliver of orange peel, carefully placed it on the hook and carefully dropped the hook in the sea.

The fish paid no attention to it whatever.

The sun climbed higher and higher above us and began to burn into us, through us. Time and again I would fill my hat with water, then slap it back on my head. But the others had discarded their caps, some even their clothes. Poor Reynolds, who had chosen to strip down to his shorts, was in the worst predicament. I could almost see his skin becoming pink, then red, then blistering.

Where were we? Cherry and I believed we were north and west of Canton Island. If our theory was correct, and we later proved that it was, the nearest land was the Japanese-held Gilbert Archipelago four or five hundred miles away.

I felt sure that some current was running. But, even if we came close to an island, we might not see it from our position on the surface. We had 18 flares which had come with the rafts.

Should we send them up? If we were near the Japanese, calling attention to ourselves would be suicide. The consensus was to take the chance and send up three a night.

This prospect at least gave us something to look forward to. But the long day passed slowly. The sun blazed down on us, and its rays were reflected from the sea. The constant glare burned into our eyes. It had a hypnotic effect, and we fell into a kind of stupor. Hours went by in which nothing was said. We did not have the energy or interest to converse.

Nightfall came. Captain Cherry carefully loaded the flare in the Very pistol. He pointed the barrel to the sky. We heard a sharp report, saw the flash of fire in the darkness and then looked skyward to see the flare burst into light. Nothing happened. The shell was a dud.

Cherry tried again. The flare burned for a few seconds, then went out. It did us no good. The third flare burst into a brilliant red ball of flame. Suspended from its parachute, it hung over us for what seemed an eternity—perhaps 90 seconds. It illuminated our entire world—raft, men and sea—with an eerie, eye-hurting light. When it finally went out, leaving us in a night that was blacker than it had been before, we could not help hoping that keen eyes had spotted the flare and had marked its course—and that rescue was on the way. But as the night went on and no plane was heard overhead, no ship loomed on the moonlit horizon, our spirits dropped again.

We continued the flare operation each night but the good ones lasted only a few nights, and no one ever saw them.

At least the empty cartridges served a purpose. They were about six inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. Even though there was no water, we all had to urinate at normal intervals. We would not stand up in the rafts, so we used the empty cartridges to urinate in, emptying them over the side.

The next several days and nights merged into agony. The dead calm continued. The sun beat down. It burned the skins of the men red, then blistered them and left them raw and bleeding. We were all in constant physical contact with one another. The slightest move made by any of us rubbed a sore spot on another man, perhaps two other men. Sores resulted from the constant exposure to salt water. Pus formed, the heads broke and we were left with running sores that would not heal.

We divided the second orange on the fourth morning; it was the only food or drink that we had had. On the fifth day, we decided that it would be better to eat the third orange. Alex was crying piteously for water. We could see him growing weaker and weaker. In the daytime he lay broiling in the sun. At night he was so cold that his whole body shook. There was nothing we could do for him.

We ate the last orange on the sixth day. Now there was nothing. Almost immediately some of the men began suffering pangs of hunger so strong that they could not be controlled.

We held little prayer meetings twice a day, morning and evening. Afterwards we'd sing hymns. When some of the men began to lose interest and faith, I'd sing louder, keeping time on the side of the raft. On the eighth day a small miracle occurred. After the meeting, something landed on my head.

It was a sea gull. Slowly, I began moving my right hand up to my hat. When I sensed the presence of the gull, I closed my hand. The bird's legs were in it.

It took about one second to wring the gull's neck. It did not take much longer to defeather it. Then I cut it into eight equal pieces, with seven pairs of eyes watching intently. The raw meat was dark, sinewy, tough, fishy—and delicious. We chewed it slowly, bones and all.

I held back the intestines to use for bait. Cherry pulled in a small mackerel, about twelve inches long. I landed a small sea bass. The flesh was cool and moist; it seemed to satisfy our thirst as well as our hunger.

The eighth night it began to look like rain. We planned to sop it up in our clothes, squeeze it into the bailing buckets. Hours went by, then a squall hit us. The wind tossed us about. Waves lifted us, dropped us, broke on us. Bright frightening flashes of lightning etched us momentarily against the wall of darkness. Thunder cracked in the peculiar echoless reports of a storm at sea. We were all shouting: "Over here! Rain! This way! Rain! Rain!"

Then—"Hey! We've broken loose! Help! Help!"

The little raft had broken loose. It was hard to see in the blackness, and De Angelis' cries were hard to hear in the gusts of wind. But a breaking wave furnished a white background, and there was the raft silhouetted against it. We caught up and secured the line in the darkness.

Rain fell, not in drops, but in sheets. Adamson and Bartek passed me the soaked articles of clothing for me to wring out. The wind howled, the waves threw us up and down, the lightning and thunder were all around us, but we kept working. When the squall left us, we had accumulated about a quart and a half and had all managed to get a reasonable amount of pure water in us.

But we were still in a terrible state of dehydration. We agreed to portion it out, half a jigger per man per day, beginning then. I sipped it slowly and savored it. It was indeed the sweetest water in the world.

We entered another dry period. Sharks carried away our fishing lines. Alex's condition grew worse. We increased the water ration, but he was failing fast. We all felt so sorry for the poor burned, shivering kid. Late one night I heard a long sigh and then silence. Our little sergeant was suffering no more. In the morning, as gently as possible, we rolled the remains of Alex Kaczmarczyk over the side. The body did not sink but floated face down along with us. We paddled away and left him there.

If anyone was slated to go after Alex, I knew that it would be Hans Adamson, my closest and dearest friend of all those in the rafts. The pain of his wrenched back was with him constantly. His saltwater sores were the worst of all. His face, arms, hands, legs and feet were masses of red pulp. Though we didn't know it, he was developing lobar pneumonia and other serious ailments brought on by starvation. I knew that he would be the next to go. There was no doubt in my mind that I would outlast them all. I had been there before. From suffering comes experience and I had had my share of both.

Everyone's spirits drooped lower and lower. I'm afraid that some of them would really have preferred simply to give up and lie there baking in the sun, waiting to die. But I wouldn't permit that to happen. I used every trick I knew on them. To some I spoke with encouragement but others required stronger medicine. I rode them: I tore them to pieces.

One of the men screamed back at me, "Rickenbacker, you're the meanest, most cantankerous so and so that ever lived!"

I smiled inside. I had proved that there was still some fight left in that man. If he could snarl back at me, he could snarl back at death.

Nineteen days. Afternoon. Rough sea. Suddenly, out of a squall, came a plane, flying low and fast. We started shouting and waving, but the plane flew on and disappeared. Down went our spirits. We knew now that we were difficult to see. Our little rafts were just specks against the ocean.

Against my wishes, Cherry took the small raft and paddled off alone. Whittaker, De Angelis and Reynolds followed. I was alone with Adamson and Bartek. Neither of them was in any condition to know what was going on. I had to hold their heads up to pour their allotments of water down their throats.

Friday, November 13, was a scorcher. Twenty-four days on the open sea.

"Listen, Captain—planes!"

Two of them. To show we were alive I swept my old gray hat back and forth over my head. The planes, low over the water, passed by us and kept on going. This time even I felt despair. I didn't know if my companions could stand another night.

Half an hour later I heard the planes again. They went right over us. And this time the pilot saw us. I saw him see us. He was smiling and waving. It was a Navy plane. God bless the Navy. I kept on waving my hat. I wanted them to know that we were alive.

One of the planes landed. Adamson was hoisted into the cockpit, Bartek and I were tied on the wings. We taxied over the ocean to a rendezvous with a PT boat which took us to the naval base on Funafuti in the Ellice Islands. The others had also been found and we joined them there.

From 180 pounds I had gone down to 126. Adamson and Cherry, both heavier than I, had each lost 55 pounds. Jim Reynolds had lost 40 pounds, but he had started out with only 130. He was an emaciated wreck. Cherry, Whittaker, De Angelis and I recovered quickly. Bartek and Reynolds also started to mend. Adamson, however, remained in critical condition.

In the meantime I had advised Secretary Stimson that I would be able to continue the mission. Hap Arnold, in a warm message, promised to send a plane when I was ready. I drank fruit juices by the gallon, ate everything in sight and put 20 pounds back on in two weeks.

Several men stationed at Pago Pago had hometown newspapers and showed them to me. I hadn't seen my name in such big black headlines since I was winning auto races back in the Teens. Several papers had brought out extras. I chuckled at what I was called in the purple prose of the lead paragraphs. The International News Service: "The Death-Cheating Pioneer of the World's Air Lanes." The Associated Press: "The Man Who Always Comes Back" and "Iron-man Eddie." The United Press: "That Indestructible Man of Aviation."

I had a mission to finish. At sunrise on December 1, I climbed aboard a B-24 converted for transport duty, and we were off. Continuing on over the vast expanse of the Pacific, I was perfectly at ease. My only concern was about meeting General MacArthur. The last time that I had seen him had been at the court-martial of Gen. Billy Mitchell. We had disagreed vigorously and had said some unpleasant things to each other. When I landed on New Guinea, he was waiting at the airstrip.

"God, Eddie, I'm glad to see you," he said and threw his arms around me.

I delivered my oral message. Though I remember every word of it to this day, I shall not repeat it. Stimson and MacArthur took it with them to the grave, and so shall I.

After 11 days of hard going, including a stopover on Guadalcanal, the slaughterhouse of the Pacific, in December 1942, I began the long trip home. All the others except Adamson had been returned to the States and I took him with me. In Washington my family and Hap Arnold were waiting to meet me. Suddenly my young son Bill broke out of the waiting group and ran to me. I bent over, and he threw his arms around me.

"Oh, Daddy, I'm so happy to see you again," he cried. I couldn't say a word.

AFTERMATH OF AN ORDEAL

He who does most, lives most. He who lives most, gives most.

It had never occurred to any of us out there on the Pacific that our suffering would result, directly and indirectly, in many measurable benefits to the nation and to the world.

First and most obvious, of course, was the improvement of ferrying operations in the South Pacific which saved an inestimable number of men, planes and tons of cargo from our fate or worse.

I unburdened myself to Secretary Stimson about several suggested improvements in life rafts. Later the Air Force proudly demonstrated one of the new rafts to me. It was equipped with radio, chemical water distillers capable of drawing one and one-half quarts from the sea daily, hermetically sealed rations, sedatives, fishing tackle and other necessities. The new rafts, I was told, were referred to as "Rickenbackers."

The chemical water distiller grew out of a separate personal

campaign. You have to go without drinking water to realize how delicious this ordinary liquid can be. Ever since my rescue, I have drunk several glasses of water a day for the sheer enjoyment of it.

I gathered a group of scientists and implored them to seek a practical means of desalinating seawater. The immediate result was the development by the Navy of a pill that would make a small quantity of salt water potable. The small distillation apparatus, which became standard equipment in all life rafts, followed. Interest has steadily grown until today some of the United States' largest corporations are developing and building plants to take the salt out of seawater.

Water is our greatest life-giving natural resource. It is God's gift to man. We must make use of it. The development of nuclear power, the nearest thing to perpetual motion, is making desalination possible on a scale I never dreamed of back in 1943. It will affect the entire population of the world. There is not enough hard money in the world to raise the standard of living of the world's peoples five percent in 10 years. But by desalinating water from the great oceans we can, without building huge reservoirs and inundating more land, irrigate the deserts and feed half a billion more people. With irrigation from the oceans we can create great wealth.

The Pacific experience has also resulted, at least indirectly, in a helping hand in time of need for thousands of dependents of deceased airmen. After a press conference held in Stimson's office, I visited with Hap Arnold. He happened to mention that he and Mrs. Arnold were planning to create an Air Force Aid Society to help the widows and children of airmen killed in action. At the time Mrs. Arnold had raised about $500. I turned over the proceeds from my published account of the ordeal to the Society, and helped solicit funds from the aviation industry. Today the fund is worth about $25 million.

The aftermath of the Pacific ordeal led to a suggestion that I had never before considered: that I run for public office. In Ohio, my home state, both Democratic and Republic leaders suggested that I run for senator. Several newspapers carried editorials proposing that a new Cabinet position, Secretary of Air, be created and that I assume the office.

Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News* and a powerful behind-the-scenes figure in both New York and national politics, invited me to come to lunch with him and his wife Mary one day. We had hardly sat down when Mrs. Patterson leaned toward me.

"Eddie," she said, "a group of well-known people has asked us to urge you to consider running for the Presidency of the United States."

"Thank you for this great honor, Mary," I said, "but I couldn't possibly consider it. Even if I were qualified for the job, I wouldn't have a chance of being elected. I'm too controversial a figure to be elected, and you know it."

RUSSIAN MISSION

On the large wall map in his office Secretary Stimson, in April, 1943, traced the path I would take on my fourth mission from Miami: to the West Indies; to Natal, Brazil, the easternmost point of South America; across the Atlantic to Dakar, the westernmost point of Africa; up the coast to Algiers, where General Eisenhower was directing the North Africa campaign; then east along the Mediterranean coast of Africa to Cairo, Egypt, and Abadan and Tehran in Iran, the gateway to Russia through which Lend-Lease supplies were pouring; on eastward to India; and via the airlift over the Himalayan Mountains to China.

"Mr. Secretary," I said, if I'm going to be in China, why not arrange an invitation for me to go into Russia through the back door? I know there's a lot you'd like to know about Russia, and General Marshall and General Arnold would too."

"That's a good idea," he said. "You're certainly right about our wanting to know more than we do know about Russian activities. I'll take it up with the Secretary of State at the Cabinet meeting tomorrow and let you know his reaction."

Owing to my outspoken criticism of the Roosevelt administration, this approach failed. I tried another. The director of the Lend-Lease administration, which shipped $1.5 billion worth of aircraft equipment alone to Russia during the war, was Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., an old friend. We met secretly in my hotel suite. He was most interested in my proposal—his own representative in Russia saw only what he was permitted to see—and agreed to try to help me get into Russia.

He arranged meetings for me, on the quiet, with Gen. Alexander I. Belyaev, chairman of the Soviet Purchasing Commission, and Russian Ambassador Maxim Litvinov. Both saw the benefit to the Soviet Union of a visit from someone familiar with American equipment.

Three months later, after visiting American installations two-thirds of the way around the world, my C-87, its crew augmented by two hard-eyed Russians who were obviously members of the secret police, landed in Moscow. We were met by a group of high-ranking Russian officers and three confused-looking Americans: Adm. William H. Standley, our ambassador, and his military aides. Standley came running up to me and whispered, "What in the hell are you doing here, Eddie?" He had been notified of my arrival just 30 minutes before.

He did not believe that the Russians would permit me to see or hear anything. But Litvinov was in Moscow, and he invited me to lunch. Foreign Minister Molotov was present, and so was Marshal Georgi Zhukov, chief of staff of the Russian army. Litvinov himself served as our interpreter.

The dining room was magnificent. The table linen was white as snow, and the service was of solid gold.

"Have you ever lost any of this through the activity of souvenir hunters?" I asked Litvinov, gesturing at the gold service.

He looked directly at me, smiled and said, "Not up to now."

Luncheon consisted of fresh caviar, black bread and rich butter and cold fish, all washed down with vodka.

"What is it that you wish to do here and what do you wish to see?" Molotov asked me through Litvinov.

I methodically ticked my list off as Litvinov wrote down each request and Molotov and Zhukov watched. Neither showed any signs of understanding what I was saying. When I had finished, however, Molotov looked at me and spoke. Litvinov translated.

"The captain, of course, has his interpreter with him?"

"No, sir," I said, "I don't. I came here to learn what problems you are having with American aviation equipment and to try to help you surmount them. If I had brought along an interpreter, he wouldn't know any more than I do. What I want you to do, Mr. Molotov, is to give me a man who is a good pilot and a good aeronautical engineer and who also speaks English well enough so that we will be able to understand each other."

There was an immediate flash in Molotov's eyes. He said a few words to Litvinov, and Litvinov nodded.

"The Foreign Minister has asked me to arrange with the military to show you whatever it is you want to see, and to answer your questions promptly and honestly," he said. "You will hear from me as soon as the war office has made the arrangements and found an interpreter for you."

"Thank you," I said calmly. Inside I was shouting with joy. That bit about the interpreter had been the clincher.

The call I was waiting for came at 11:00 p.m. I was to be at the headquarters of the Russian Air Force at 6:00 a.m. I was there on the dot. A young Russian captain named Smolazov, a handsome six-footer disabled for combat service, was waiting for me. He spoke English better than I did. I asked him a few questions and it was obvious that he was a good engineer.

We drove to the headquarters of the Moscow defense command, where a mysterious colonel joined us. I never did find out who he was or what he wanted. He pretended not to understand English, but his eyes gave him away. Smolazov took us to the command post, deep underground. The commander of the operation was waiting for us. Smolazov was about to introduce me when the commander took a second look, rushed over, threw his arms around me and cried, "Ah, Eddie!"

What a coincidence! I even had old friends in Russia. The commander was Andrei Youmachev. He had been the copilot on the Russian single-engine plane that had flown over the North Pole from Moscow to San Jacinto, California, in July 1937. I had been asked to entertain the pilot and copilot when they came through New York, and I did, in real American fashion and for a solid week. Now here was the commander of one of the most sensitive military operations in Russia, pounding me on the back and pumping my hand. I couldn't have asked for a better stamp of approval.

After our reunion, I asked Andrei my most important question: "Why are the Germans bombing locations as far as 500 miles behind Moscow but not Moscow itself?"

Andrei smiled. "I will show you," he said. He handed me a stopwatch. "When I telephone, you push."

He picked up a telephone on his desk and bellowed a command into it. I pushed the button on the stopwatch.

"Now come quick," he said. We hurried up to an observation post. There was not a plane in the sky. Suddenly, they began to appear—American P-39's. In 39 seconds I had counted 100 of them. Andrei beamed at me. There was my answer.

Back in the command post, he showed me the locations of air bases around Moscow on a large wall map, then called for his staff car and took us to several of them.

As we drove around, we discussed every phase of the operation. I talked at length with the pilots at the bases. The pilots had learned to fly on Russian aircraft, of course, and, as far as the American planes were concerned, they were more or less self-taught. I was able to pass on to them a great deal of information that I had garnered in my previous missions and that would enable them to improve their handling of these planes. Pilots and engineers both could see that these technical improvements would mean a great deal to the Russian air force.

After a long, cold day, Andrei said, "Now we will have lunch." The dining room was underground. Andrei's staff was already seated. Even the military operated on the strange Russian schedule: late breakfast, midday snack, lunch at 6:00 and dinner at midnight or later.

A bottle of vodka was on the table. The mysterious colonel filled our tulip-shaped glasses to the brim, about two ounces, and said, "To the great American Air Force!"

I stood, acknowledged the toast, took a sip of vodka, and sat down.

"Do dna, do dna!" he roared. I knew what that meant—bottoms up! Every eye in the room was on me. I was a foreigner, an imperialist and a capitalist, but I was also an airman, and I was being challenged by this colonel who unquestionably also represented the NKVD. I didn't have much choice but to stand up again, raise my glass and gulp it down. Incidentally I don't like vodka. Give me bourbon any day. Vodka has no taste—it's like liquid fire.

"Rickenbacker," I thought, "you'd better go on the offensive." I took the bottle, filled his glass to the brim and said, "To the great Red air force!"

It was *do dna* all over again. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that my interpreter was cheating. Andrei, seated next to me, nudged me with his elbow and said, "eat, eat."

I took a slice of thick bread, spread about an eighth of an inch of butter on it and about a quarter of an inch of cavier on top of that and ate. In the meantime, the colonel was proposing another round. He wasn't fooling me. The idea was to get me plastered and loose-tongued so that I'd talk carelessly on the drive back to the embassy. The younger officers were looking on with sympathy. They knew what liquid dynamite could do.

We drank another toast and another. Now everyone was cheating except the colonel and me. I was fighting the alcohol mentally, fighting to keep it out of my bloodstream, fighting to keep a clear head. As lunch concluded, the colonel began to talk loudly and roar with laughter. I filled his glass for the seventh time. He looked at it, then suddenly his face went slack. He slid off his chair and under the table.

The air force officers leaped to their feet, yelling like a bunch of kids, and waved their napkins over their heads. The underdog had triumphed!

Standley and his aides were amazed at my account of the day's activities. No American had ever seen so much before. Much of what I had picked up, when properly evaluated and interpreted, would be of great value to our war planners back home.

Standley had received, in a sealed diplomatic pouch, several questions from General Marshall and General Arnold to pass on to me. It was obvious that any information I could pick up concerning the true situation on the Russian front, both on the ground and in the air, would be of vital importance to our own top-level plans for the prosecution of the war.

This, remember, was in June 1943. The Germans had made two frontal assaults on Moscow and had been beaten back. Would they take the offensive again? If so, when? Would they be successful? Would the Russians retreat, hold or mount a counteroffensive?

If they collapsed, as in 1917, or signed a separate peace, several German armies would be released to resist us in the west. Or did the Russians have the capability and the determination to carry the war on to Germany?

Zhukov told me that the Germans were concentrating troops and armor in the Orel sector, 200 miles south of Moscow.

"What will you do?" I asked.

"If they attack, we will defend," Zhukov said. "If they do not attack until winter comes, then we will and will tear them to shreds."

His eyes bored into mine. I believed him completely.

Why were the Russians so frank with me? After a pleasant supper with three Russian generals, I was bold enough to ask them why.

"There are two kinds of foreigners whom we entertain," one of them said. "One kind is those we must, the other, those we like. You happen to fall in the latter category."

Late one night I received word to report to the airport in the morning. Smolazov and I were going to the Orel sector. A Lend-Lease DC-3 was assigned to us.

"We will provide an escort of five Yak fighters for you all the way," the commanding general of the base said. I did not think it necessary to burn up gasoline and put wear and tear on planes and pilots to escort me to Orel, and I told the general so.

"If something happened to you," the general said softly, "what do you think would happen to me?"

We flew southward at less than 100 feet. I saw tank traps and gun emplacements by the thousands and great concentrations of troops. We landed at the headquarters of an air regiment flying Douglas A-20 twin-engine light bombers.

I spoke at length on the A-20's flying characteristics, and I could tell, from the enlightened expressions on the faces of the pilots, that I was giving answers to questions that they did not have sufficient experience with this plane to formulate.

The engineers and maintenance men had questions too, most of which I was able to answer. Before leaving the base, I made a quick inspection of two of the planes. They were clean and well cared for, proving the Russians' respect for this American equipment.

We flew on to the headquarters of the air force commander of the Orel sector, Maj. Gen. I.D. Antoshkin. I visited with him between trips to other units and we became friends.

Suddenly one night the earth began shaking. Smolazov and I ran out to see what was going on. To the west the sky was lit up with shell bursts. Artillery blended into one steady deafening blast. We hurried to Antoshkin's headquarters and were admitted to his underground war room.

"The Germans have attacked!" he cried excitedly. "Let them come. We'll stop them and chase them all the way back to Berlin!"

I almost forgot to answer. I couldn't believe my eyes. On the wall, plain to see, was a complete map of the entire front line, with the location of every major unit plainly indicated by markers in the universal military language.

I made some remark to the general, while I concentrated with all my power on memorizing what I saw on the map. It never occurred to me that the Germans might have broken through the lines, which were only five miles distant, and could have been enveloping us at that moment.

I stood there, trying to look casual, and memorized that map.

I returned to Moscow late that afternoon and gave Admiral Standley a verbal report of everything that I had seen and heard. One of his secretaries took it down in shorthand. I described in detail the map I had seen of the front lines and the location of the military symbols on it.

The moment that I finished, Standley was on his feet. "This information must go to Washington without delay," he said. "Eddie, we've got to get you on a plane for Tehran *now!* Tonight!"

"No, Admiral," I said, "that would be suicide on my part. I'd never reach Tehran. They're still suspicious of me; they watch everything I do. Besides, I haven't finished here. I'd like to suggest that you have this prepared in code, put it in a diplomatic pouch and send it to Tehran by courier tomorrow. Arrange to have a fast plane waiting in Tehran to speed it to Washington."

He finally agreed, and the material was sent on to Washington the next day. It included not only troop dispositions but also my observations and opinions. I stated my conviction that the Russian army, with its enlightened leadership and its fanatical determination to achieve total victory, would never quit fighting, would never sign a separate peace, until the enemy had been totally destroyed.

I had come to know the Russians. I liked them as people.

They had lost two-fifths of their productive capacity, two-fifths of their land. Five million of their soldiers had been killed or wounded. Fifteen million civilians, men, women and children, had also been killed, had starved to death or had died of disease in the occupied areas; another 10 million had died from starvation, neglect and lack of medical supplies in Russian-held territory. It was impossible to think that these people would accept such losses without retaliation, without complete dedication to total victory.

I was convinced that the Red army and the Red air force were growing stronger every day. The military leadership was excellent. Russia's military forces were no longer a Communist rabble without discipline or order. They comprised a capable military machine, and I was convinced that they would fight to the very gates of Berlin.

In London, several days later, I discussed my visit to Russia at great length with my old friend Gil Winant, our ambassador. He arranged for me to meet with top officers of British Intelligence. I was amazed at their lack of knowledge about Russia and told them so.

There was silence for a moment. Then the presiding officer got to his feet, pounded the table with his fist and said: "I concur with everything Captain Rickenbacker has told us here today. We're going to have to reorganize and start all over." He later repeated these sentiments in a personal letter.

Word of this meeting reached Prime Minister Churchill. He sent me an invitation through Winant to come to lunch at Chequers, Churchill's country estate.

"I suppose he wants me to talk about Russia," I said to Gil.

"I think so," Gil replied.

"All right, I'll be there," I said and began organizing my thoughts for the discussion.

The Prime Minister's car picked me up at the Savoy Hotel. It appeared to be European-royalty day at Chequers, with all the deposed kings and queens of the Continent present. After a pleasant luncheon, Churchill and I moved outside and sat under a large oak tree. He asked me about Russia, but, when I started to give him my observations, he interrupted me in a bantering tone, questioning my statements as though I had been sold a bill of goods.

"Mr. Prime Minister," I said, "you invited me here, and I was pleased to come. If you don't care to listen to what I have to report, then I would really prefer to leave, for I am behind schedule and have plenty to do. And if you aren't busy, you ought to be, as I would imagine you'd have plenty to do too."

"Oh, I'm sorry, so sorry," he said. "Please do continue."

I did, and this time he listened attentively. I concluded by imploring him to work for a better understanding between him and Roosevelt on the one hand and Stalin on the other. I recommended that Britain and the United States be realistic with Stalin and establish a firm and just agreement before the war was ended, with positive understanding and respect on all sides.

Winant also wanted to arrange a meeting for me with Roosevelt. I said that I would bet two to one that Roosevelt would not agree to any such meeting, but Winant insisted on sending a cable recommending it. He showed me the cable; it was a positive statement of the importance of the information I had and almost begged the President to see me. Roosevelt, of course, did not even have the courtesy to reply to Gil Winant's cable. After 10 days had passed, and I was home, I cabled Gil one single word: "No." He knew what that meant. Later, after I made a mission to the Aleutian Islands, Gil returned to the States and asked if he could try one time to persuade Roosevelt to listen to my observations on Russia.

"Please, Gil," I said, "don't try it again. I would have seen him before, out of respect for the office of the President of the United States and because I believe I had something important to tell him, but I wouldn't see him now if he asked me."

And so my observations on the Soviet Union and recommendations for dealing with this vast country were never carried by me personally to the President.

If they had been, they might never have been considered or applied. But the fact remains that, owing to a unique and fortuitous set of circumstances, I was able to see more in Russia and talk more frankly with that country's political and military leaders than could all the official emissaries, both British and American, sent to Russia during that period.

I strongly believed that Roosevelt and Churchill could and should get together and negotiate with Stalin, with both understanding and strength. I believed that positive concessions should be made but that they should be based on justice, not on any effort to buy Stalin off. I believed that Stalin would listen and meet us halfway.

But we did not negotiate from strength, and Stalin, wily and suspicious, got the better of us at the conference table. As a result, today there is a divided Germany, and Berlin is 100 miles within the Communist sphere, with a wall running through the middle of it.

THE POSTWAR PERIOD

While the United States was winning a war overseas, our Eastern Air Lines family and I were waging our own personal and corporate war back home against inefficiency, shortages of equipment and personnel and the inevitable bureaucracy. For years we had been the only airline to operate without dependence upon the taxpayer's dollar in the form of subsidies, the only airline to show an honest profit.

When the war was over, ironically enough, we, the first airline to volunteer our equipment, were the last to get it back. But still we showed a more favorable balance sheet than anyone else in the industry.

But we couldn't stand still. We needed better equipment. Through my association with Lockheed Aircraft Company, which built the P-38, I learned of its new design for a transport plane, the Constellation.

Howard Hughes and TWA had put a $1.5 million into the development of the new plane and had the exclusive rights. Hughes didn't want to let us in.

"Howard," I said, "are you sure you want to be the only airline using this new plane? If you had an accident with it—and as long as anything moves, an accident is possible—it would have an adverse effect on your line exclusively. But, if we flew this plane too, then any repercussions would be spread out."

Hughes agreed to let us purchase 10 Constellations at $2 million each. We were the first line to fly the Constellation, and we accepted our responsibility for helping to make it a serviceable plane. Our maintenance department made up a list of weaknesses, or "bugs," in the new plane, with a description of how we had repaired each one temporarily and our recommendation for a permanent fix to be handled by the factory for all future models. A group of Eastern people went out to Burbank to discuss the Constellation's problems with Lockheed. Robert E. Gross, the president, was there, along with Hall Hibbard and the production men.

So were the subcontractors, one of whom grew a little angry when I called the ball bearing he was using a piece of junk. He said that the bearing was the best he could obtain in that postwar period of transition. I asked him if he had a purchasing agent. He said "yes" and pointed to him.

"If he was really a purchasing agent," I said, "he'd have had sense enough to go over the catalogues of all the companies manufacturing ball bearings and pick out the ones he could use. Then he'd get a list of customers who had bought these ball bearings over the years, and he'd find tens of thousands of excellent bearings sitting on shelves all over the country."

Within a week the company had bought enough ball bearings at reduced prices to last it several years.

Bob Gross said that it would be impossible to make all the modifications. The company couldn't afford to wait for its money.

"That's exactly the point," I said. "You give us your best project engineer, two good toolmakers and a draftsman, and we'll show them right there on the plane just what needs to be done and how to do it. The draftsman will make a sketch of the new part. The toolmakers will make it themselves, then and there, without going through the engineering department. If it proves out, we'll make enough for all the planes you have on order. And we'll have those airplanes out of here, all changes made, in six weeks."

After two weeks' time, working 12 to 15 hours a day every

day, we had proved every one of the new parts. Eastern spent $1 million advertising and promoting the Constellation. Airline executives came from all over the world to see it in action. Within six months, Lockheed had deposits on more than one hundred Constellations. Bob Gross, in his gratitude, admitted that we had saved the company; it had been on the verge of bankruptcy.

A few years later, I was visiting the Lockheed plant, and Bob told me of his new plans for the Super-Constellation. In order to save money, he was going to build it with a straight, stovepipe-shaped fuselage, rather than retaining that beautiful "Connie" configuration, and make other money-saving changes. Bob said that he didn't think Lockheed could sell enough planes to warrant putting any more money into its design.

"I'll make a deal with you," I said. "If you incorporate the changes we recommend, I'll give you an order for 12 of them tomorrow, with a substantial deposit. And, for every plane that you sell over 20, you give me a rebate on the planes I will buy in the next two years."

Gross agreed. The plane that resulted was an excellent one, and operators, governments and military services the world over bought it. About 300 were made and sold, but I stopped collecting rebates after 50—and several million dollars.

During those years, we were using the aging DC-3 for the short hauls. We investigated the two-engine Martin 202, made by my friend Glenn Martin, and found a weakness in the attachment of the wing to the fuselage. I told Glenn that the day would come when he would change that design but that I was afraid he would kill a lot of people first. A 202 did have a very bad crash caused by this weakness.

Glenn strengthened the ships already in service and brought out a new design called the "404," which was acceptable. TWA contracted to buy 25, and Eastern took 35 with an option on 25 more. Eastern put up a deposit of $11 million and TWA $7.5 million.

Suddenly the Martin company was worse than broke. It had gone through Eastern's money, TWA's money, a loan from the Navy Department and a large loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Martin had somewhere in the neighborhood of 40,000 people on the payroll and no money in the bank to meet that payroll. But, if the company were thrown into bankruptcy, we would all be losers, for no planes would be delivered to anyone. Eastern would be out $11 million, and we were not large enough to stand such a loss. Still Stuart Symington, head of the RFC, wanted to close it down. I called Charles E. Wilson, former head of General Electric, then director of Defense Mobilization. He let out a blast at Symington, then arranged a meeting which saved the company. Glenn Martin stepped down and the company was reorganized. TWA and Eastern received their planes, which served us well for many years and brought in good prices when we sold them, and everything ended happily.

From the Super-Constellation, we went to the Lockheed Electra, a turboprop plane and a new design. I practically commuted to Burbank to sit in with the Lockheed people in the early stages. We agreed to take 40 Electras, and American Airlines agreed to buy 25. When the plane was ready, it did not quite come up to the specifications. I was satisfied with it, because I knew that, with more powerful engines, the deficiencies would be eliminated. American, however, threatened to cancel its order.

The Lockheed people became frightened and lightened the plane by 1,800 pounds in order to meet the specifications. Then it was my turn to become frightened. In my experience, a new plane always requires some strengthening, which means adding weight rather than taking it away. When our planes were delivered, we tested them thoroughly and added reinforcements in certain areas amounting to 600 pounds. We placed the plane in service, and it performed beautifully.

Other lines too bought and used the Electra. Then came a series of crashes involving Electras and causing great loss of life. Representatives of the government, the airlines and the factory all investigated the crashes, seeking the cause, but it remained a mystery for months. Eastern also lost an Electra, but the cause was known. On takeoff at Boston, the plane ran into a flock of starlings, which suffocated two of the engines.

The cause of the crashes was finally pinpointed as a harmonic vibration where the wing joined the fuselage. The metal became fatigued, and the wing snapped off.

All Electras were grounded and returned to the factory. Lockheed had to put back the reinforcements, which strengthened the pods holding the engines to the wing and which had been removed to save weight. The Electra became a very effective plane.

Eastern maintained its position as the most prosperous operator in the entire industry in the years following the war. I was galled by the spendthrift methods of some other airlines, supported through subsidy by the people of the United States. If we could make a profit for our stockholders, why couldn't other operators at least break even?

In May, 1949, I wrote a letter to Sen. Edwin C. Johnson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee. In that letter I named five domestic airlines—National, Delta, Capital, Chicago and Southern, and Colonial—and said:

"Eastern Air Lines, Incorporated, hereby offers to operate the entire domestic system of any one or more of the five above-mentioned air carriers at a nonsubsidy rate. According to my calculations, the five above-named air carriers carried 2,701,000 ton-miles of mail in the above-mentioned areas in 1948 and received an average of $4.45 per ton-mile for doing it, aggregating $12,077,000 received from the government by them in 1948."

We were operating profitably at 60 to 65 cents a ton-mile. I therefore offered to carry those 2,701,000 tons of mail for a fee of $1,676,000, thus saving the taxpayers $10,401,000.

But the other lines did not accept this generous offer.

From my earliest days with Eastern, I had had four major expansion areas in mind. They were Puerto Rico, Canada, Mexico and the southern transcontinental route. Puerto Rico came first. From the beginning, the run was profitable, and today San Juan is the crossroads of the Caribbean area and the West Indies.

We reached Canada and Bermuda by purchasing Colonial Airlines. The Mexico City route was another natural. There was a large, colorful foreign land to the south with a common boundary yet requiring a journey of several days to reach its capital.

With the advent of jet planes and their great range, a nonstop New York-Mexico City flight became possible but the Mexican government didn't want us to come in with a nonstop jet flight. Then I had an inspiration.

We had several jets on order. We could let Mexico have one of them at cost, train their crews and take care of service and maintenance of their plane at our facilities in New York, and permit them to draw upon our inventory of parts. We thus set up and maintained our own competition. But, in exchange, Eastern won permission to fly our own ships into Mexico City, and there was plenty of business for both of us.

Long before we added these new routes, I had been working on the most ambitious of them all, the southern transcontinental route across the states from Florida to California. Two series of hearings were held in Miami, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington and other cities across the continent. Representatives of the communities, states and regions involved; other airlines and transportation companies; trade associations—all attended. Millions of words were spoken, taken down and printed.

After years of delay, the CAB set up a conglomeration which, in effect, froze us out of the route I had conceived and pioneered for 25 years.

Like all major operators, we began to consider the potential of jet-powered planes. I was privileged to fly the prototype of the first American jet in production, the Boeing 707, for a few minutes, and it was a thrilling experience. The directors of Eastern Air Lines were holding our meeting at Los Angeles, and the Boeing Company sent the plane to take us to Seattle so that they could show us around their factory.

I couldn't help recalling that it used to take me 36 hours to go from Los Angeles to Seattle by train—and there we were doing it in three hours and a fraction. Our directors shared my thrill at participating in this demonstration of progress. Actually flying the smooth, vibrationless giant enhanced my appreciation of it. My one criticism was that the fuselage was too narrow. The Boeing people accepted the suggestion, and every model they have built to the date of this writing has maintained the width I recommended.

Though we were impressed by the plane, we did not consider buying it at that time. Our planes were giving excellent eco-

nomical service; to replace them with far more expensive jets seemed unwise. But, eventually, competition forced us to do just that. I told both Boeing and Douglas, one of whom would get the Eastern Air Lines contract, that I would insist on two things, a noise suppressor and a reverser. The jet engines made so much noise that I felt it essential to make some effort to suppress the sound as much as possible. The reverser would be a mechanism on the end of each jet engine that would act in the same capacity as reversing the propeller on piston planes. Additional braking power would be needed, as much on these huge new jets as on propeller-power planes. Douglas was noncommittal about both, but the Boeing people took the attitude that, having built more jet bombers and jet tankers than anyone else in the world, they didn't need my advice.

I'd also been arguing with both companies about the large deposit each insisted that the airline put up. It meant that the airline had to borrow money to finance the manufacturer's production. I insisted that, if Eastern had to put up a deposit, at least the manufacturer should pay interest on it.

The final answer of the Boeing group was a refusal to pay interest on the deposit. That afternoon, a Sunday, Don Douglas came in and agreed to pay us 3.5 percent interest on our deposit.

"And now," I said, "how about the noise suppressor and the reverser?"

Don sighed. "I don't know whether we can give them to you or not, Rick, but you can bet your life we'll try."

"That's enough for me," I said. Don and his engineers did try, and they were successful.

In the early 1950's, Hall Hibbard, the chief engineer for Lockheed, had designed a jet transport with four engines in the tail of the ship. It made a lot of sense to me, but no other operator would go along with it, and Lockheed gave it up. Had the company continued, it would have dominated the jet production of the world, for, from the mid-1960's on, nearly every jet design has had the engines in the tail.

Though we never bought any, Eastern was also interested in the British turboprop and jet planes, both of which were in production before their American counterparts. I rode in the prototype of the Viscount, manufactured by the Vickers Aircraft Corporation, made several suggestions for improvements and modifications and predicted they'd sell up to five hundred of them, and they did. The Viscount, unfortunately, because of insufficient range and capacity was not an efficient plane for American operation.

The first commercial jet was the four-engine Comet, built by De Havilland in England. The De Havilland management invited Eastern's top executives over to take a look at it. We climbed to about 40,000 feet and flew around over England. It was an amazingly smooth and comfortable ride. I visited in the cockpit, then strolled back toward the tail. Halfway down the aisle, I suddenly stopped short. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. The sides of the plane seemed to be moving in and out like an accordion. I pushed my finger up against the side. I could feel it.

It scared the living daylights out of me. Sooner or later that metal would fatigue and crack. At 40,000 feet, the pressurized cabin would explode like a toy balloon.

As casually as I could, I went back to the cockpit, tapped our host on the shoulder and said quietly: "I think we've seen everything we want to see. And we have an appointment, and we're about 30 minutes late now. So we'd like to go back, but please don't hurry on our account. Take your time going down."

How I maintained my composure, I'll never know. I swore to myself, and later to my fellow Eastern executives, that never again would we all fly together in that type of plane. We could have lost the entire top management in one accident.

On the ground, I talked to De Havilland's engineers, even the directors of the company. They refused to believe me. Three Comets crashed before the cause was determined. The fuselage had exploded, just as I had feared it would. The Comet crashes were a great blow to British prestige. From my personal experience with the plane, I was able to warn American manufacturers about this accordion weakness, and steps were taken to prevent it.

During the postwar years, when all the other lines were in red ink and were running to the Civil Aeronautics Board for more routes and more of the taxpayers' money in subsidies, the Board would point to Eastern and suggest that the other airlines emulate our example. At the same time, it continually permitted other airlines to fly routes duplicating Eastern's to the extent that Eastern became the most duplicated airline in the world. Take the New York-Washington run, for example, which Eastern pioneered and developed. The merry-go-round service, which we set up in 1937, was the forerunner of the popular shuttle service established in 1961. By that time, there were nine airlines operating between Washington and New York. Imagine the chaotic state that would result if there were nine separate telephone companies in New York or Washington, nine utility companies, nine water companies. Yet that was the situation Eastern faced at that time: eight other competitors between two cities.

I have never held that there should be no government regulation whatever. But I do deplore the trend toward more and more bureaucracy, more and more governmental control, that has marked the course of government since Roosevelt and the New Deal.

As I neared the age of 70, I became so disgusted with this trend toward socialism that I felt like stepping out of the airline business completely. Malcolm A. MacIntyre, a brilliant lawyer but a man inexperienced in airline operation, took over as president and chief executive officer on October 1, 1959. I remained as director and chairman of the board.

A difficult period followed. To keep up with the Joneses, we had to replace perfectly good piston-powered and turboprop airliners with the expensive new jets. An internal power struggle between the pilots and the flight engineers caused a strike that hurt us. Eastern was in debt and losing more money every day.

A complete new financial setup had to be worked out and new financing arranged. Floyd B. Hall, the solid, dependable, hard-driving senior vice-president and systems general manager of Trans World Airlines, headed a new management team which took over the operation and brought the company out of the red and into the black again.

On December 31, 1963, I retired from active management and from the board of directors. I was 73 years old. There were many more things in this old world that I wished to do and see, and I could not do them while putting in seven days a week running an airline.

For the past 40 years, I have been venturing to predict some of the developments that the future will bring. These predictions have never been imaginative prophesies so much as projections of current knowledge. I have always been interested in the world around me and have sought to add to my store of information about it. Looking ahead is a part of living.

Yet my descriptions of many of the phenomena that we accept as almost commonplace today, especially in the field of transportation—multiengined airliners, transoceanic air service, military aircraft capable of high altitudes and wide ranges, helicopters, multilane highways bypassing towns and cities—were considered by some of my listeners to be the outpourings of an unbalanced mind.

I have lived through five wars, counting the so-called "police action" in Korea and the fighting in Viet Nam as separate phases of the Cold War, which is actually hotter than Hades. In earlier chapters, I have described my official missions to Europe, North Africa, the Middle East, India, China, Russia and the Pacific. Since the war I have made fact-finding visits to the remaining major areas of the world, to South America, Central and South Africa and the Orient—Japan, Okinawa, Taiwan, Southeast Asia, Australia and New Zealand. Some of my predictions, based on knowledge acquired on these trips and in continuing research at home, will be controversial.

In air transportation, the next step will be the breakthrough from the supersonic speeds of the present and near future—2,000 to 4,000 miles per hour. Through the use of ram jet engines, which will go into operation after the plane has reached a speed of 1,500 miles per hour, utilizing the force of air pressure, airplanes will travel at speeds of 3,000 to 5,000 miles per hour. Rocket power will produce speeds as high as 25,000 miles per hour.

I remember the jeers that once followed any proposal that man fly nonstop from New York to London—and later the incredulous looks at the prediction that flying time from New

York to London could be cut to the present six hours. But within the next 50 years, through rocket power, the flying time to London will be less than a quarter of an hour.

Before the supersonic transport becomes commercially economical we shall see the 500-passenger plane become a reality. Then will come the 1,000-passenger plane.

The day will arrive, sooner than most people realize, when anyone can have his own helicopter. A device called the "jet flying belt," which will lift and propel an individual through the air at 60 miles per hour, has passed the preliminary experimental stage and is being perfected for military use. In my opinon, the jet belt will go through a sporting stage, furnishing excitement and exhilaration to hobbyists, as in the early days of motoring. Within the next 50 years, however, with the development of nuclear power and with safety devices designed especially for its use, the jet belt will become a routine means of individual transportation.

When we break through the problems of nuclear power—and we shall—a huge airship will be able to remain aloft for a year or more on a bucketful of fuel, both in motion through the envelope of air surrounding the earth and in orbit beyond it. Such ships will serve as mother ships, with smaller aircraft rising from points below to transfer or take off passengers. American military ships, staying aloft a year or more, will serve as a perpetual peace patrol from which all points on the world beneath can be observed. Should any nation threaten world peace, it could be destroyed.

Huge platforms will orbit the earth to serve as launching pads for ships to the other planets and whatever lies beyond the solar system. These platforms will be essential to the self-preservation of the human race, for whoever controls the immediate area around our planet will also control the universe, militarily, economically and culturally. A shuttle service will be operated from earth to these orbiting way stations, delivering passengers and personnel, mail and express to be dispatched by rocket ship to other planets.

As for the spaceships themselves, within the next half-century they will become commonplace for interplanetary travel. Each will have comfortable accommodations for 50 or more passengers. Using power derived from nuclear energy, they will develop speeds of up to 25,000 miles per hour or better and will have practically unlimited ranges. They will be semiself-sustaining planets in themselves.

These new developments in the field of air transportation can, in the hands of men of goodwill, provide the one instrument that can forever eliminate the barriers of time and distance and, as a consequence, the barriers of ignorance and misunderstanding, which, since the dawn of civilization, have set men apart and against one another. As the world becomes progressively smaller, people of all nationalities, of all areas of the world, will possess the means of meeting and understanding all other people, thus eliminating the petty hates and jealousies born in ignorance, which breed human conflict. I still believe, as I have been saying for 40 years, that, instead of being the most deadly weapon that God ever let man create, the airplane—and its successors—will truly become the angel of peace that He intended it to be.

A major communications breakthrough will occur in the field of extrasensory perception. Serious research work is being conducted in the field of parapsychology. I have had personal experience in extrasensory perception. On the night of February 27, 1965, I awakened from a vivid dream. I remember it clearly. In this dream, my brother Bill telephoned me from his home in Detroit.

"Things are going from bad to worse, Eddie," he said. His voice was unmistakable. "I am not going to stay here very long. I wish you'd come out and see me—the sooner the better. I'd like to have a last word with you and thank you for what you have done for me and my family."

I awakened and started to call him, but I decided against it for fear that it would excite his family. Later that day I received an actual telephone call. Bill had died suddenly. At the funeral his wife Margaret told me that, just before Bill passed away, he said that he wanted to call me and ask me to come to him so that he could say something to me. I know both from my own experiences and from reading about substantiated cases that messages can be sent telepathically.

Is it not possible that all the words, all the thoughts of mankind since the dawn of the human race are still in existence somewhere in the ether? We can transmit impulses electronically through the atmosphere, even into space, and receive them and understand them. Someday I believe that we shall be able to receive and understand the mental impulses that have emanated from the minds of men over the past millennia. They are there; it is only a question of tuning in on them. Someday we shall penetrate this secret and fathom all the great mysteries of mankind, including that of our very origins.

On my travels through the Orient in 1962, I was informed by authorities with whom I spoke that the grand design of the leaders of Communist China was to infiltrate, guerrilla fashion, into the so-called "rural" areas of the world—Asia, Africa and Latin America. This clearly promises at least another half-century of war of one kind or another somewhere in the world. The obvious solution in Southeast Asia is for us—the Westerners—to get out of there. I do not mean immediately, nor do I mean that we should leave the area a vacuum into which Chinese Communism could and would pour. Rather, I believe that this entire part of the world should become, with our blessing and its willing acceptance, part of the sphere of influence of the Japanese.

The people of Asia do not like, trust or understand the white man, in spite of the blood we shed and the dollars we spend in what we maintain is their behalf. But the Japanese and the other Asian peoples do understand each other. Furthermore, Japan has become the most westernized of all the Asian countries. It has made great strides in the past century and has made serious mistakes, from which it has profited. The Japanese have proved themselves capable of great industrial development and, I am certain, are now ready to take their place as one of the world's great leaders—not through conquest, as attempted before, but through energy, intelligence and a new sense of responsibility.

Within 50 years, the white-dominated countries of Africa—South Africa, Rhodesia, Angola—will be no more. No white people will remain in central and southern Africa.

For I am positive in my belief that the world is today and will increasingly become divided, not so much by communist and capitalist ideologies as by color. The yellow, brown and black peoples of the world despise and reject the white man. They are resentful of his color, of his larger individual size, of what is to them his overbearing nature and superiority, of his ignorance of and lack of understanding of their cultures.

The rivalry of color will supplant the current rivalry of ideology. It will pit the whites against the nonwhites.

Geographically this prospect will mean that North America, most of South America, Western Europe and, yes, Russia will be united against the rest of the world. I can see Russia coming down our highway with a free-enterprise system in the not-too-distant future. If this tendency toward alliance does not develop, the United States and Russia will continue in their state of armed neutrality as far as a global conflict is concerned.

Although I see no hope for the pockets of whites in the areas dominated by the nonwhite races, I believe that here, people of color will remain loyal to the United States.

I hope and pray that the future course of history that current trends suggest may be altered for the benefit and preservation of all mankind. Our future could be so rich, so rewarding. Opportunities are stored in abundance wherever we look. They are waiting to be tapped by anyone with imagination, imagination backed by faith in our freedom of enterprise and fortified by the courage to try.

We still have some liberty left. We are at war to preserve that liberty. It is not old-fashioned to wave and love the flag of our country or to worship God in heaven. Let us acknowledge and be grateful for the blessings of freedom that God has given us. Let us dedicate our lives to the perpetuation of the American principles of freedom with confidence. Let us stop and analyze ourselves to find out what life means to us.

I want nothing further in material value or personal prestige—no power, no wealth, no political plums. But I do pray that this exhortation in the name of freedom and liberty will spread into every nook and cranny of this land of ours for the benefit of future generations.

Let us therefore pray every night for the strength and guidance to inspire in others the gratitude, the love, the dedication that we owe our beloved country for the sake of our posterity.

Then and only then, can we say when the candle of life burns low—thank God, I have given my best to the land that has given so much to me. **—Edward V. Rickenbacker**

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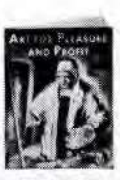

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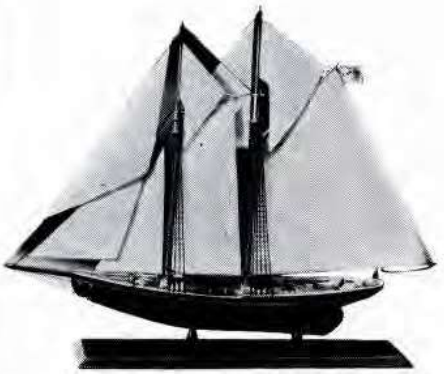

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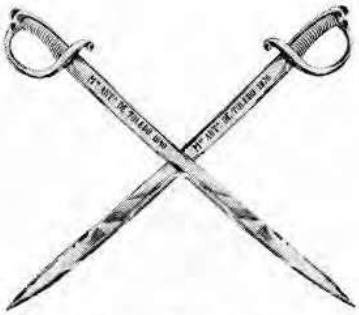

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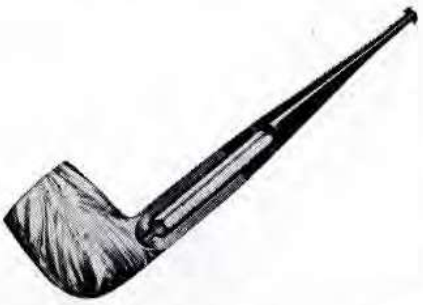

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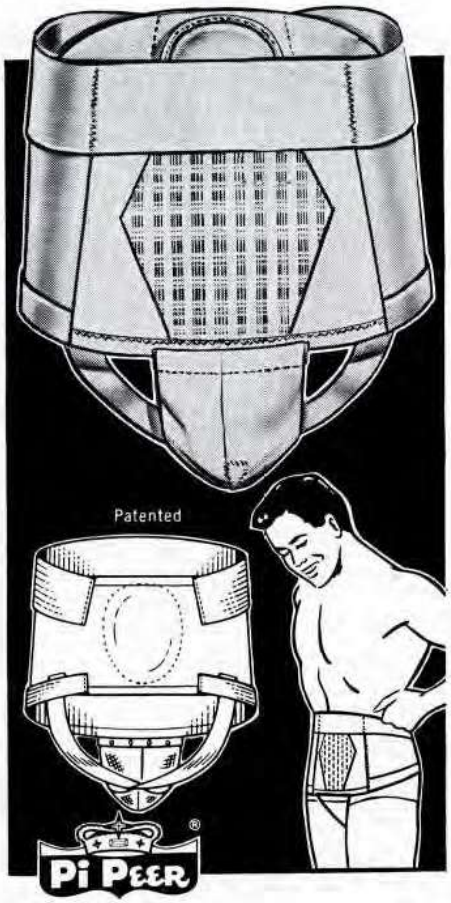

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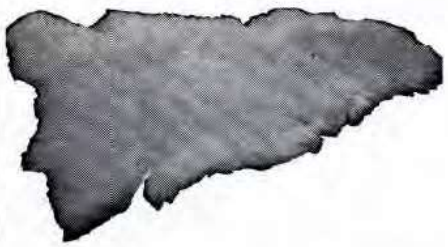

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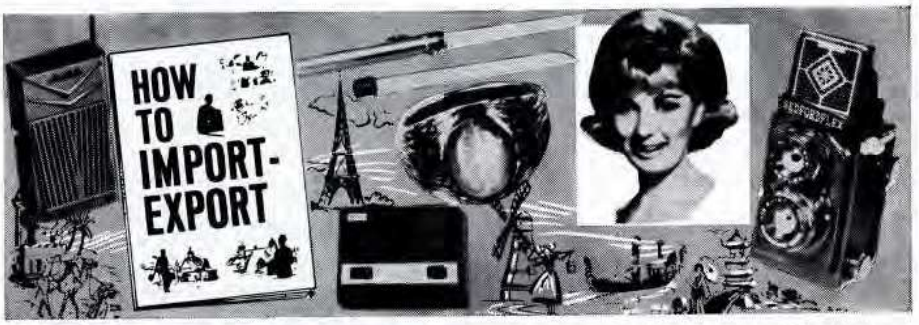

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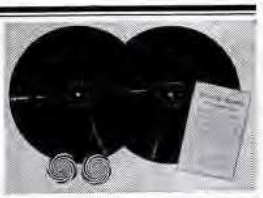

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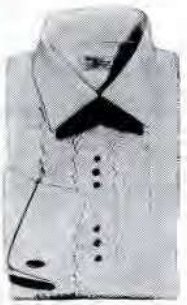

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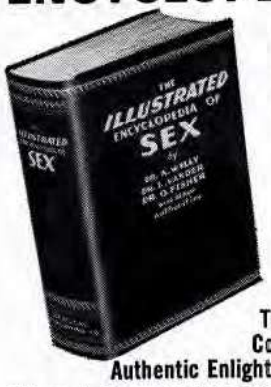

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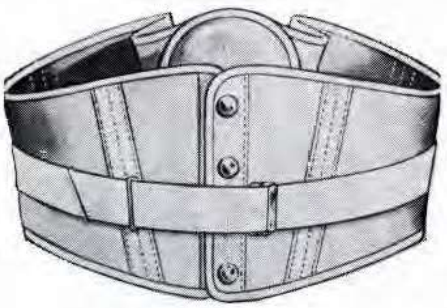

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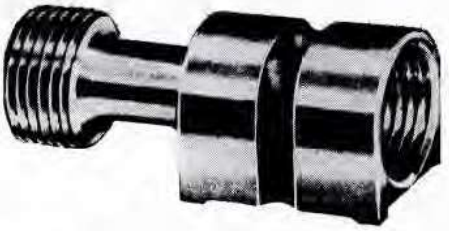

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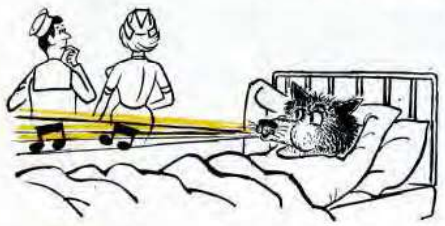
this funny life

While I was stationed in Europe, I was assigned to fly a mission with a young pilot fresh out of flying training and still very aware of his own importance. Our destination was to be a secret known only to the pilot until after we were in the air. Unfortunately, the young man was carried away with the idea, and remained silent for the first hour in spite of repeated questioning by the navigator.

Finally, the pilot called the navigator on the radio and, with a voice full of authority, demanded our exact position at that moment. The navigator, an old-timer with thousands of hours of flying time, calmly replied, "Well, now, son, let's look at it this way. You won't tell me where we're going, so I won't tell you where we are."

Jack Thomas
Pasadena, Texas



Seaman Briggs was escorting the new Navy nurse through the hospital to which she had just been assigned. Although she was a lovely young thing, her ensign's bars were too shiny to allow her to unbend.

As they passed a wardroom full of Marines who were recovering from wounds received in Viet Nam, a chorus of wolf whistles stopped the nurse dead in her tracks.

Unbelieving, she whirled to Briggs and demanded: "Sailor, are those enlisted men whistling at *me?*"

Briggs suppressed a smile and replied: "I hope so, ma'am. I sure hope so."

Herman Wrede
Gardena, Calif.

The local bus driver was meeting with the school board to discuss seat belts. After the conversation had gone this way and that, one member asked him if he felt that the belts were really useful.

"Well," he replied, "they have their uses, but, personally, I would rather use straitjackets."

Blantz Brown
Jackson, Miss.

I was taking my brother-in-law on the two-dollar tour of Los Angeles and just as we were parking the car at Muscle Beach, he spotted a truly stupid-looking strong man holding two scantily clad girls in the air.

Almost reverently, and without shifting his gaze, he said, "My God! Look at the pair of babes on that boob!"

Jack Grantham
Costa Mesa, Calif.

My name is Bob. My wife's name is Ernestine. I teach school. One morning I got up early, fixed my breakfast, put on my winter coat and hat, and then decided I'd better kiss my wife good-bye.

It was fairly dark in the bedroom, and my wife was about half asleep. I gave her a couple of kisses on the neck and cheek and then I whispered in her ear, "Where's Bob?"

She shot out of bed like a rocket, almost knocking me over. It gave me quite a chuckle.

Bob Emerson
Spooner, Wisc.

A loquacious, friendly and inquisitive family grocer, had a new customer—a hippy. The hippy was unbathed, bearded and barefoot. His red hair was matted and he was dressed in the usual spangled, oddball clothing assortments, plus psychedelic beads, bangles and flowers.

"Where you from?" asked the surprised grocer.

While trying to stifle a yawn, the hippy answered, "Earth."

Name withheld at writer's request
Dallas, Texas

Ducking into the local grocery store during a snowstorm, a stranger approached the proprietor, a personal friend of mine, and asked him for directions.

Rather than get up from his comfortable rocker, the proprietor raised his foot, pointed with it and said, "It's about two miles that way."

Abashed by my friend's apparent laziness, the stranger began to chide him. "If you can show me a lazier gesture than that," he snapped, "I'll give you a dollar."

My friend looked directly at the stranger, smiled, clasped his hands behind his head and chuckled, "Put it in my pocket."

Name withheld at writer's request
Erie, Pa.

Each night when my husband arrives home from work, our dachshund "Gretchen" meets him at the front gate and it is difficult to tell who is happier to see whom—dog or man.

One night, when I jokingly chided my husband about the dog getting more attention on his homecoming than I did, his reply was "Yes, but you don't meet me at the front gate with your tail wagging."

Name withheld at writer's request
San Mateo, Calif.

In the men's room of a local restaurant there is an electric hand drier of the warm-air type. On the front of this machine someone has placed a sign reading: "Press Button and Receive a Message from Our Mayor."

R. H. Vining
Laconia, N. H.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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The fiberglass Commando 151 with 151-cubic-foot capacity is versatility itself! Takes up to 90 horses of outboard power. Seats five or more. Tailor-made for skiing . . . and no fisherman ever had it so good! Features Foam-Pac flotation.

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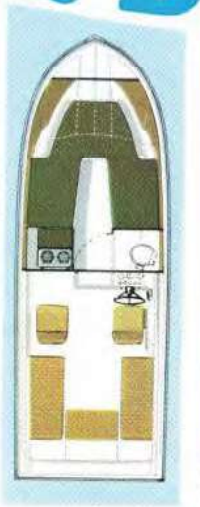

Running—Side View
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Dock Stability
Sponsons are in the water to provide extra stability for boarding, debarking.
Flat Out
Hull settles into level plane, on delta "wing" and lifting strakes.
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